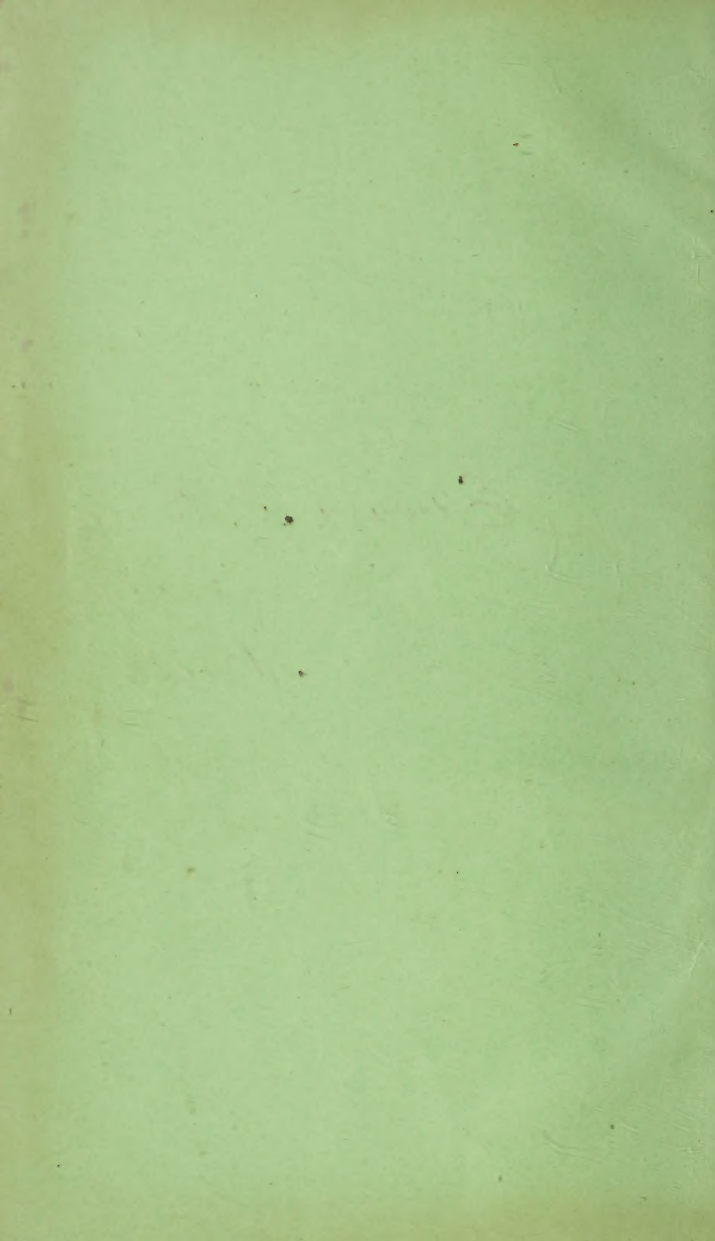


Edward R. Howe
Cambridge
Mass.

1860.



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Plays,

Iron Chest,

Richelieu,

Hunchback

Wife,

Evadne,

Stranger,

Gisippus

Ingomar,

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXVII.

THE IRON CHEST.

A Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH

122 NASSAU-STREET.

PRICE,

12½ CENTS.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

IN THREE ACTS.

THE IRON CHEST.

A TRAGEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, &c.
FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY J. H. M. D.

AT THE SIGN OF THE

IRON CHEST.

RBR
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8805
10-1

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1796.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1816.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Sir Elw'd Mortimer</i>	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Kean.	Mr. C. Kean.
<i>Fitzharding</i>	" Wroughton,	" Powell.	" Vache.
<i>Wilford</i>	" Bannister, jun.	" Wallack.	Mrs. C. Kean.
<i>Adam Winterton</i>	" Dodd.	" Munden.	Mr. Fisher.
<i>Gilbert Rawbold</i>	" Barrymore.	" Holland.	" De Walden.
<i>Samson Rawbold</i>	" Suet.	" Harley.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Boy</i>	Master Welsh.	Master Tibutt.	
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. Banks.	Mr. Evans.	
<i>Walter</i>	" Maddocks.		
<i>Simon</i>	" Webb.		" Heath.
<i>Gregory</i>	" Trueman.	" Winton.	" M'Douall.
<i>Armstrong</i>	" Kelly.	" T. Cooke.	" S. Pearson.
<i>Orson</i>	" Palmer.	" Palmer.	" Barry.
<i>First Robber</i>	" Dignum.	" Cooke.	" Gallot.
<i>Second Robber</i>	" Sedgwick.	" J. Smith.	" King.
<i>Third Robber</i>	" Bannister.	" Miller.	" Gourlay.
<i>Fourth Robber</i>		" Smith.	
<i>Robber's Boy</i>	Master Webb.	Master Phillips.	Master King.
<i>Helen</i>	Miss Farren.	Mrs. Horn.	Mrs. Abbott.
<i>Blanch</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	" Orger.	" Dyott.
<i>Dame Rawbold</i>	Miss Tidswell.	" Maddocks.	
<i>Barbara Rawbold</i>	Signora Storace.	" T. Cooke.	" Wilkins.
<i>Margaret</i>		" Horribow.	
<i>Judith</i>	Miss De Camp.	" Harlowe.	Miss F. Gordon.

SCENE.—*The New Forest in Hampshire, and on its Borders.*

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

A.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

COSTUMES.

- SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.**—Black velvet slashed jacket, trimmed with silver buttons and silver lace, white satin vest, buff tights, handsomely trimmed, crimson scarf, russet boots, point lace collar, and ruffles.
- FITZHARDING.**—Crimson velvet doublet, trunk, and cloak, slashed with white satin, and trimmed with silver bell buttons, velvet hat, and white ostrich feathers, point lace collar, grey hairs—red hose, russet shoes, and rosettes, belt, sword, and walking cane.
- WILFORD.**—Buff tunic and pantaloons, russet boots, black cap and feathers, broad black belt, and brass buckle, plain collar.
- ADAM WINTERTON.**—Black cloth doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with black ribbon, black cap, point lace collar, long grey hairs, black cloth shoes, white worsted hose.
- RAWBOLD.**—Leather doublet, brown cloak and trunks, grey hose, large russet boots, broad belt and buckle, brown flap hat, and collar.
- SAMSON.**—*First dress* : Brown doublet and trunks, red hose, russet shoes, red wig. *Second dress* : Yellow doublet, trunks, and cloak, hat to match, trimmed with red and blue binding—collar.
- BOY.**—Brown tunic and trunks, belt, grey hose, hat to match.
- PETER, WALTER, SIMON, and GREGORY.**—Red doublets, trunks, and hose, russet shoes—collars.
- ARMSTRONG.**—Light brown tunic and trunks, trimmed with red and black, fleshings, hat to match, with black feathers, breastplate, pistols, carbine, sword, chain, and collar, russet boots.
- ORSON.**—Dark brown ditto, without pistols or carbine.
- FIRST ROBBER.**—Dark grey ditto, trimmed with black, &c.
- SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH ROBBERS.**—Stone colour—dark blue—dark green, ditto.
- ROBBER'S BOY.**—Brown tunic, &c.
- HELEN.**—White satin, trimmed with point lace and silver, white silk stockings, white satin shoes, hat, and ostrich feathers.
- BLANCH.**—Black velvet body, pink petticoat, pointed black hat, the whole trimmed with point lace, and black and blue ribbon, point lace apron.
- DAME RAWBOLD.**—Flowered gown, white night cap, white kerchief, check apron.
- BARBARA.**—Light blue stuff petticoat, with black binding, black body, white kerchief and apron, red hose, black shoes.
- MARGARET.**—Flowered chintz gown, red petticoat, check apron, coloured kerchief, black shoes.
- JUDITH.**—Bottle-green petticoat and jacket, trimmed with red binding, long hair, red hose, black shoes.
- CHILDREN.**—Brown tunics, &c.

THE IRON CHEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of Rawbold's Cottage—a narrow staircase in the back, L.—a door, R. F.—a table, R. C., on which a taper is burning—the whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

Several Children, squalid and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the Room, some asleep, L.—DAME RAWBOLD seated, leaning over the embers of the fire—BARBARA seated near her—SAMSON standing in the front, R. C.

GLEE.

Sam. Five times, by the taper's light,
The hour-glass I have turned to-night.

Boy. Where's father?

Sam. He's gone out to roam:
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck
Upon his lusty shoulders home.

Different Voices.

Home! home!

He comes not home!

Hark! from the woodland vale below,
The distant clock sounds dull and slow,

Bome! bome! bome!

Sam. (R.) Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest! An he come not shortly, the sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders. [*Calling.*] Sister Barbara! Well, your rich men have no bowels for us lowly: they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it! Why, sister Barbara!

Bar. [*Rising and coming forward, L. c.*] I am here, brother Samson.

Sam. Here!—Marry, out upon you for an idle baggage!—Why, you crawl like a snail.

Bar. I pr'ythee, now, do not chide me, Samson!

Sam. 'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching: the rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office, where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will; she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

Bar. Truly, brother, I would not make any one unhappy for the world: I am content to do what I can to please, and to mind the house.

Sam. Truly, a weighty matter! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself for want of something to wile away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?

Bar. Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

Sam. A mere nothing; while father and I (bate us but the mother and children,) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

Bar. I wish father and you would give up the calling.

Sam. No: there is one keen argument to prevent us.

Bar. What's that, brother?

Sam. Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience? Yonder sits mother, poor soul! old, helpless, and crazy.

Bar. Alas! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim: it was a piteous tempest!

Sam. Ay, 'twas rough weather.

Bar. I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night in the storm, but I am ready to weep: it remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

Sam. Pish! no matter: the cottage was blown down, the barn fired, father undone. Well, landlords are flinty hearted—no help; what then?—We live, don't we?

Bar. Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate—all is fallen to decay; we live by pilfering on the forest, and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter which fell in the storm struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me 'twill never again be settled. The little ones, too, scarce clothed—hungry—almost starving! Indeed, we are a very wretched family.

[*A knock at the cottage-door, R. F.*

Sam. Hark! methought I heard a tread.

[*He opens the door, R. E.*

Enter RAWBOLD, L.

Raw. (c.) Bar the door; so—softly!

Sam. (R. c.) What success, father?

Raw. Good: my limbs ache for't. How you stand!—The chair, you gander!

Sam. [*To Barbara.*] Why, how you stand!—The chair, you gander.

[*They bring forward a chair—Rawbold sits, c.*

Raw. Here, take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad; I had scarce time to get it in my pocket. [*He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together while they are talking.*] Fie! 'tis sharp work! Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Sam. Barbara, you jade! come hither.

Raw. Who bid thee chide her, lout? Kiss thy old father, wench—kiss me, I say!—So.—Why dost tremble? I am rough as a tempest; evil fortune has blown my lowering nature into turbulence; but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should ever harm thee.

Bar. (L.) Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

Raw. I believe thee. Take the keys; go to the locker in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.

[*Exit Barbara, L. U. E.*

Sam. Well, father, and so—

Raw. Peace!—I ha' shot a buck.

Sam. Oh, rare! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it Where have you stowed him, father?

Raw. Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watched.

Sam. Watched!—Oh, the pestilence!—Our trade will be spoiled if the groom-keepers be after us; the law will persecute us, father.

Raw. Dost know Mortimer?

Sam. What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Ay, sure; he is head-keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy; sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

Raw. He has done me naught but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border here, but he has scent on't at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me: his scouts this night were after me, all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.

Re-enter BARBARA, with the liquor, L. U. E.

Raw. [After drinking.] 'Tis right, i'faith!

Sam. (R.) That 'tis, I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

Raw. Sir Edward Mortimer, look to it!

Bar. (L.) Sir Edward Mortimer! Oh, dear father, what of him?

Raw. Ay, now thou art all agog! Thou wouldst hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford, whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again! What, thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant—conspire against your father!

Sam. Ay, conspire against your father, and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

Bar. Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm; and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean, as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

Raw. When didst see him last?—Speak!

Bar. You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse: 'twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.

Sam. That's the way your sly, grave rogues, work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets with a learned clerk in a copse.

Raw. Let me hear no more of your meeting. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

Bar. I?—Oh, father!

Raw. But he may plot yours. Mark me: fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf; but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast, whom hunger has hardened; I violate the law, but feeling is not dead within me; and callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him! [*A knocking at the door, R. F.*

A voice. [*Without.*] Hilliho! ho!

Raw. How now?

Sam. There, an they be not after us already! I'll—We have talked, too, till 'tis broad daylight.

Wilford. [*Without, R. D. F.*] Open, good Master Rawbold; I would speak to you suddenly.

Bar. Oh, Heaven! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself!

Raw. Wilford!—I'm glad on't! Now he shall—I'm glad on't! Open the door—quickly, I say! He shall smart for it!

Sam. Are you mad, father? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man! The buck you have just shot, you know, is hard at hand.

Raw. Open, I say!

Sam. Oh, lord! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison now, the moment 'tis thrust near our hovel!

[*Opens the door, R. F.*

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wil. (R. C.) Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

Raw. (C.) I am. Your message here, young man, bodes me no good; but I am Gilbert Rawbold, and here's my daughter: dost know her?

Wil. Ah, Barbara! good wench, how fares it with you?

Raw. Look on her well, then consult your own conscience: 'tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain!

Wil. You lie! Hold! I crave pardon. You are her father; she is innocent, and you are unhappy. I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one, or insult the other.

Raw. 'Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

Wil. Because I love her.

Raw. And would ruin her.

Wil. That's a strange way of showing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams; now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

Raw. Wouldst not poison her mind?

Wil. 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil here of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty. I would fain cheer it with the little sunshine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor, like her's: should occasion serve, I might haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To make her aught else would affect her, you, and myself: and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

Raw. Your hand: on your own account, we are friends.

Bar. (L. c.) Oh, dear father!

Raw. Be silent. Now to your errand: 'tis from Mortimer.

Wil. I come from Sir Edward.

Raw. I know his malice: he would oppress me with his power—he would starve me and my family. Search my house.

Sam. (L.) No, father, no!—[*Aside.*] You forget the buck under the furze.

Raw. Let him do his worst, but let him beware—a tyrant! a villain!

[*Samson gets round to R. corner.*]

Wil. Hark ye: he is my master; I owe him my gratitude—every thing; and had you been any but the father of my Barbara, and spoken so much against him, indignation had worked into my knuckles, and crammed the words down your rusty throat!

Sam. [*Aside.*—R. c.] I do begin to perceive how this will end: father will knock down the secretary as flat as a buck!

Raw. Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me?—This morning, as he dogged me in the forest—

Wil. Hush, Rawbold! keep your counsel. Should you make it public, he must notice it.

Raw. Did he not notice it?

Wil. No matter; but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

Raw. From Sir Edward Mortimer?

Wil. 'Tis his way; but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes, which his public duty must punish.

Raw. Did Mortimer do this? did he?—Heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children! Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops now fall, in spite of me! I am not ungrateful, but—I cannot stand it! We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

[*Exit up the staircase, L.*

Wil. Farewell! I must home to the lodge quickly; Ere this, I warrant, I am looked for.

Bar. Farewell!

QUINTETTO.

Wil. The sun has tipped the hills with red,
The lout now flourishes his flail;
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,
Heavy and heated with his last night's ale.
Adieu! adieu!—I must be going,
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara!

Bar. Adieu!—And should you think upon
The lowly cottage, when you're gone,
Where two old oaks, with ivy decked,
Their branches o'er the roof project,
I pray, good sir, just recollect
That there lives little Barbara.

Sam. And Samson, too, good sir, in smoke and smother,
Barbara's very tender, loving brother.

Boy. [*To Samson.*] Brother, look; the sun aloof
Peeps through the crannies of the roof.
Give us food, good brother, pray;
For we ate nothing yesterday.

Children. Give us food, good brother, pray!

Sam. Oh, fire and faggot! what a squalling!

Bar. Do not chide 'em.

Sam. Stop their bawling!

Hungry stomachs there's no balking;
I wish I could stop their mouths with talking.
But very good meat is (cent per cent)
Dearer than very good argument.

Wil. Adieu! adieu!—I must be going;
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara! }

Bar. Oh, think on little Barbara! }

Children. Give us food!

Sam. Leave off squalling!

Wil. & Bar. Adieu! adieu!

Sam. Stop their bawling!

Sam. } Adieu! my little Barbara!

Wil. & } Oh, think on little Barbara!

Bar. } You'll think on little Barbara!

[*Exeunt Wilford, R. D. F., Samson and two Children, L., and the scene closes on Dame Rawbold and two other Children.*]

SCENE II.—*An old-fashioned Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge—a table and two chairs.*

Enter PETER, and several other Servants, R., and cross with flagons, tankards, cold meat, &c.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

Win. Softly, varlets, softly! See you crack none of the stone flagons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfasts be toward, by your scuttling thus. A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave! [*To Peter,*] is it so you carry a dish of pottery?—No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's ware? Fie, Peter Pickbone, fie!

Peter. I am in haste, master steward, to break my fast.

Win. To break thy fast!—To break thy neck, it should seem. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! good, i'faith! Go thy ways, knave! [*Exit Peter, L.*] 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me: I would fain be angry with them, but straight a merry jest passeth across me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck, it should seem! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas! My table-book for the business of the day. Ah! my memory holds not as it

did—it needs the spur. [*Looking over his book.*] Nine-and-forty years have I been house-steward and butler. It is a long lease. Let me see—my tablets.

[*Looking over them and singing.*

“When birds do carol on the bush,
“With a heigh no nonny”—Heigho!

These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on’t: I ha’ seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. ’Tis e’en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. [*Looking off, L.*] Eh! by St. Thomas! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting-gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stirred my fancy like this little rose-bud.

Enter BLANCH, L.

Blanch. A good day, good Adam Winterton.

Win. What, wag! what, tulip!—I never see thee, but I am a score of years the younger.

Blanch. Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second childhood.

Win. What, you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

Blanch. I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

Win. Fie, you mad-cap!—He is my master, and your lady’s friend.

Blanch. Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor lady: he protects her, now she is left an orphan.

Win. A blessing on his heart! I would it were merrier. Well, should they happen to marry, (and I have my fancies on’t,) I’ll dance a galliard with thee in the hall, on the round oak table. ’Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha’ capered with St. Vitus, and beat him.

Blanch. You are as likely to dance now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the parties be agreed? Yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years, since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage hard by his lodge.

Win. Tush! family reasons. Thou knowest nothing—thou art scarce catched. Two years back, when we came

from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office here of head-keeper, thou wert a colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself, to attend on Madam Helen.

Blanch. Nay, I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicsome then as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

Win. Peace, peace, you pie!—An' you prate thus, I'll stop your mouth—I will, by St. Thomas!

Blanch. An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

Win. Tut, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways; [*Blanch crosses to R.*] Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him.—Ah, Mistress Blanch! had you but seen me sixty years ago, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

Blanch. How old art thou now, Adam?

Win. Fourscore, come Martlemas; and, by our lady! I can run with a lapwing.

Blanch. Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

Win. Shall I?—Odsbud! name it, and 'tis mine.

Blanch. Then catch me. [*Runs off, R.*]

Win. Pestilence on't!—There was a time when my legs had served: I was a clean-limbed stripling, when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm-chair in the old oak eating-room. [*Retires up, L.*]

Enter WILFORD, R.

Wil. Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think, the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good! At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful. I would stake my life there's a secret; and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him for my morning's employment. [*Crosses to L.*]

Win. Ah, boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

Wil. Mr. Winterton!—[*Aside.*] Ay, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it to me.—[*Aloud.*] A good morning to you, sir.

Win. Yea, and the like to thee, boy! Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary from my corner cupboard, yonder.

Wil. Not a drop!

Win. Troth I bear thee a good will for thy honest, old, dead father's sake.

Wil. I do thankfully perceive it, sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

Win. Tut, boy! no merit of mine in assisting the friendless; 'tis our duty. I could never abide to see honest industry chop-fallen; I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

Wil. I would you could instil some mirth into our good master, Sir Edward. You are an old domestic, the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent; and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devoured with spleen and melancholy.

Win. You are a prying boy—go to! I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour.

Wil. I should cease to pray, sir, would you but once (as I think you have more than once seemed inclined,) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

Win. What, greenhorn! dost think to trap the old man? Go thy ways, boy! I have a head: old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

Wil. Ah! good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience in another, which I want myself.

Win. [*Aside.*] There is something marvellously engaging in this young man. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another.—[*Aloud.*] Well, beware how you offend Sir Edward.

Wil. I would not, willingly, for the world. He has been the kindest master to me; but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

Win. Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with younkers in a family.

Wil. [*Very eagerly.*] What, then, there is a secret?

Win. Why, how now, hot-head? Mercy on me! an' this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension! Is it thus you take my frequent counsel?

Wil. Dear sir, 'tis your counsel which most I covet: give me but that, admit me to your confidence, steer me with your advice (which I ever held excellent), and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current, which, otherwise, might wreck me.

Win. Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The old answer; yet he softens apace. Could I but clench him now!—[*Aloud.*] Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning, and I care not if I taste the Canary your kindness offered.

Win. Aha! lad, say'st thou so? Here's the key of the corner cupboard yonder; see you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you! [*Exit Wilford, L., and returns with bottle and glasses.*] Ha! fill it up. Od! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—I prithee, tell me, now, Wilford, didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch?

Wil. [*Drinking.*] Here's Mrs. Blanch!

Win. Ah, wag! well, go thy ways! Well, when I was of thy age—'Tis all over, now! But here's little Mrs. Blanch! [*Drinks.*]

Wil. 'Tis thought here, Sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madam Helen.

Win. Nay, I know not: she has long been enamoured of him, poor lady! when he was the gay, the gallant Sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well! two years make a wondrous change!

Wil. Yes, 'tis a good tough love now-a-days that will hold out a couple of twelvemonths.

Win. Away! I mean not so, you giddy pate! He is all honour; yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

Wil. Eh! why so? Did he not bring her, under his protection, to the forest, since, 'tis said, she lost her relations?

Win. Hush, boy!—On your life, do not name her uncle—I would say, her relations!

Wil. Her uncle!—Wherefore?—Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive?

Win. Peace, peace! In that uncle lies the secret.

Wil. Indeed!—How, good Adam Winterton?—I prithee, how? Let us drink Sir Edward's health.

Win. That I would, though 'twere a mile to the bottom. [*Drinking.*] Ha! 'tis cheering, i'faith!

Wil. And this uncle, you say—

Win. Of Madam Helen?—Ah, there lies the mischief!

Wil. What mischief can be in him?—[*Wilford invites Adam to drink again—they do so.*] Why, he is dead.

Win. Come nearer: see you prate not, now, on your life! Our good master, Sir Edward, was arraigned on his account, in open court.

Wil. Arraigned!—How mean you?

Win. Alas! boy, tried—tried for—nearer yet—his murder!

Wil. Mu—mur—murder!

Win. Why, what! why, Wilford!—Out, alas! the boy's passion will betray all! What, Wilford, I say!

Wil. You have curdled my blood!

Win. What, varlet! thou dardest not think ill of our worthy master?

Wil. I—I am his secretary; often alone with him, at dead midnight, in his library; the candles in the sockets; and a man glaring upon me who has committed murder—
Ugh! [*Crosses to R.*]

Win. Committed!—Thou art a base, lying knave to say it! Well, well; hear me, pettish boy, hear me.—Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

Wil. I—I mark—I mark.

Win. I tell thee, then, our good Sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned, a year before, from his travels. Madam Helen's uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor—a mere brute. Dost mark me?

Wil. Like enough; but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

Win. Go to, you firebrand! Our good master laboured all he could, for many a month, to sooth his turbulence, but in vain. He picked a quarrel with Sir Edward in the public county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master, Sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity!

Wil. Well, but the end on't?

Win. Why, our young master took horse for his own house, determined, as it appeared, to send a challenge to this white-livered giant in the morning.

Wil. I see : he killed him in a duel.

Win. See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled; for his antagonist was found dead in the street that night, killed by some unknown assassins on his return from the assembly.

Wil. Indeed!—Unknown assassins!

Win. Nay, 'tis plain our good Sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act; for he was tried, as I told you, at the next assize. Heaven be thanked! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

Wil. He was? [*Crossing to L.*] I breathe again!—'Twas a happy thing—'twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion.

Win. But, alas! lad, 'tis his principal grief; he was once the life of all company, but now—

Sir Edward Mortimer. [*Without, R.*] Winterton!

Win. Hark! some one calls. Out on thee! thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. [*Looking off, R.*] Who calls merry old Adam Winterton?

Sir Edward. [*Without, R.*] Adam Winterton, come hither to me!

Win. Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself!—Pestilence on't! if I seem sad now 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward! Now, I charge thee, Wilford, do not speak of it for thy life. [*Singing.*] "When birds"—[*To Wilford, speaking.*] Not a word, on thy life! [*Singing.*]—"do carol on the bush,

With a heigh no nonny."

Mercy on me!

[*Exit, R.*]

Wil. This accounts, then, for all. Poor, unhappy gentleman! This unravels all, from the first day of my service, when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers in the iron chest, as pale as ashes. Eh! what can be in that chest? Perhaps some proof of—No, I shudder at the suggestion! 'Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of—I know not what to think, nor what to resolve; but curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library—a door, R. F.—a book-case, R. C—
—an iron chest, with a key in it, L. C.—a table, L., with
writing materials, a pistol, &c.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER *discovered at the writing-table, L.,*
ADAM WINTERTON, *attending, R.*

Sir E. 'Tis his first trespass, so we'll quit him, Adam ;
But caution him how he offend again.
As keeper of the forest, I should fine him.

Win. Nay, that your worship should : he'll prove ere
long,—

Mark but my words—a sturdy poacher. Well,
'Tis you know best.

Sir E. Well, well, no matter, Adam :
He has a wife and child.

Win. Ay, bless your honour !

Sir E. They killed his dog ?

Win. Ay, marry, sir, a lurcher ;
Black Martin Wincot, the keeper, shot him—
A perilous good aim. I warrant me,
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.

Sir E. Poor wretch ! Oh, well bethought : send *Wat-*
ter to me ;

I would employ him ; he must ride for me
On business of much import.

Win. Lackaday !
That it should chance so ! I have sent him forth
To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose,
For winter's coming on. Good lack ! that things
Should fall so crossly !

Sir E. Nay, nay, do not fret :
'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam,
Than thy old limbs.

Win. Ah ! you've a kindly heart !

Sir E. Is Wilford waiting ?

Win. [*Aside.*] Wilford !—Mercy on me !
I tremble, now, to hear his name.—[*Aloud.*] He is ;
Here, in the hall, sir.

Sir E. Send him in, I prithee.

Win. I shall, sir. Heaven bless you ! Heaven bless
you !

[*Exit, R.*

Sir E. Good morning, good old heart ! [*Rising.*] This honest soul
Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom,
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,
Where all around him withers. Well, well—wither !
Perish this frail and fickle frame ! this clay,
That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain
The mind's pure ore and essence ! Oh ! that mind,
That mind of man ! that godlike spring of action !
That source whence learning, virtue, honour, flow !
Which lifts us to the stars—which carries us
O'er the swoll'n waters of the angry deep,
As swallows skim the air !—that fame's sole fountain,
That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,
When the vile trunk is rotten !—Give me that !
Oh ! give me but to live in after-age,
Remembered and unsullied ! Heaven and earth !
Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,
When I am cold in death, and the slow fire
That wears my vitals now will no more move me,
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument !

[*A knock at the door, R. F.*]

How now !—Who's there ?—Come in.

Enter WILFORD, R. D. F.

Wilford, is't you ? You were not wont to knock.

Wil. I feared I might surprise you, sir.

Sir E. Surprise me !

Wil. I mean, disturb you, sir ; yes, at your studies.
Disturb you at your studies.

Sir E. Very strange !

You were not used to be so cautious.

Wil. No,

I never used ; but I—hum !—I have learned—

Sir E. Learned !

Wil. Better manners, sir. I was quite raw
When, in your bounty, you first sheltered me ;
But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons
Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,
And pick up something daily.

Sir E. Ay, indeed !

Winterton!—[*Aside.*] No, he dare not! [*Stepping up to Wilford.*] Hark you, sir!

Wil. Sir!

Sir E. [*Retreating from him, L.*] What am I about?
Oh, Honour! Honour!

Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building! Reach me from the shelf
The volume I was busied in last night.

Wil. Last night, sir?

Sir E. Ay; it treats of Alexander.

Wil. Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.
I made some extracts by your order.

[*Goes to the book-case, R. C.*]

Sir E. Books

(My only commerce now,) will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warmed,
So heated by a well-turned rhapsody,
That I have seemed the hero of the tale,
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory, in polished phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am! [*Crosses to R.*]

Wil. [*Coming down, L., and giving him the book.*] To
my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

Sir E. Indeed?—Why so, lad? He is reckoned brave,
Wise, generous, learned, by older heads than thine.

Wil. I cannot tell, sir; I have but a gleanings.
He conquered all the world, but left unconquered
A world of his own passions; and they led him
(It seems so there), on petty provocation,
Even to murder.

[*Mortimer starts—Wilford and he exchange looks—
both confused.*]

[*Aside.*] I have touched the string!
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it.

Sir E. [*Attempting to recover himself.*] Wilford,—
Wilford, I—You mistake the character.

I—mark you—he—Death and eternal tortures!

[*Dashes the book on the floor, and seizes Wilford.*]

Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame,

That no vile particle of prying nature

May—[*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha! ha! ha! I will not
harm thee, boy!

Oh, agony!

[*Exit, R. D. F.*]

Wil. Is this the high-flown honour, and delicate feeling, old Winterton talked of, that cannot bear a glance at the trial? This may be guilt. If so—Well, what have I to do with the knowledge on't?—What could I do?—Cut off my benefactor, who gives me bread,—who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family, blessed by the poor! Pooh! he is innocent. This is his pride and shame. He was acquitted: thousands witnessed it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands—Eh! the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn. Ought I? No matter: these are no common incitements, and I submit to the impulse. I heard him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring, I see. I tremble in every joint!

[*Goes to the chest, L. C.*]

Re-enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R. D. F.

Sir E. I had forgot the key, and—[*Seeing Wilford at the chest.*] Ha! by hell!

[*Snatches a pistol from the table, L., runs up to him, and holds it to his head—Wilford, on his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk, which he has just opened—after an apparent struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the pistol from him.*]

Begone! [*Wilford crosses to R.*] Come back—come hither to me!

Mark me,—I see thou dost at every turn,
And I have noted thee, too. Thou hast found
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace—
Ay, my disgrace!—We must not mince it now.
Public dishonour! trod on! buffeted!
Then tried, as the foul demon who had foiled

My manly means of vengeance! Anguish gnaws me;
Mountains of shame are piled upon me,—me,
Who have made fame my idol! 'Twas enough,
But something must be superadded. You—
A worm, a viper I have warmed, must plant,
In venom'd sport, your sting into my wounds,
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch.
And work me into madness! Thou wouldst question
My very—(slave!)—my very innocence,
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.
Wretch! you have wrung this from me; be content:
I am sunk low enough. *[Retires up.]*

Wil. *[Returning the key.]* Oh! sir! I ever
Honoured and loved you; but I merit all:
My passions hurried me, I know not whither. *[Kneels.]*
Do with me as you please, my kind, wronged master!
Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me!

Sir E. Kill you!

Wil. I know not what I say; I know but this,
That I would die to serve you!

Enter GREGORY, R. D. F.

Gre. Sir, your brother
Is just alighted at the gate.

Sir E. My brother!
He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember!
Come, show me to him.

[Exit, R. D. F., followed by Gregory.]

Wil. Remember!—I shall never, while I live, forget it;
nay, I shall never, while I live, forgive myself! My
knees knock together still, and the cold drops stand on
my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

Enter BARBARA, L.

Bar. Oh, dear! what would any of the servants say if
they should see me? Wilford!

Wil. Eh! Barbara!—How camest thou here?

Bar. With my father, who waits below to see Sir Edward.

Wil. He—he is busied; he cannot see him now; he is
with his brother.

Bar. Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it, by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor. Oh, Wilford! yours is a happy lot, to have such a master as Sir Edward!

Wil. Happy? Oh, yes—I—I am very happy.

Bar. Mercy! has any ill befallen you?

Wil. No, nothing.

Bar. Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me! you look pale. I couldn't bear to see you ill or uneasy, Wilford.

Wil. Couldn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently; 'tis nothing of import.

Bar. Trust me, I hope not.

Wil. Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

Bar. Believe me, I would not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity; though I am told there are such in the world who would.

Wil. I—I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this; 'tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

Bar. Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

Wil. Should not it, sweet? Kiss me. [*Kissing her.*] The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

DUETT.—WILFORD and BARBARA.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove.

Bar. Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,
When little Barbara is met by her love.

Wil. When I am grieved, love, oh! what would you say?

Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.

Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.

Wil. Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation
Care, soon or late, my love, is every man's lot.

Bar. Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.

Wil. When we grow old, love, then what will you say?

Bar. Tattle to you, love,
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.

Wil. Sweet little Barbara, &c.

Bar. Poor little Barbara, &c.

Exeunt Barbara, L., Wilford, R. D. F.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

Enter ARMSTRONG and ORSON, R., from the top through cut wood.

Arm. (c.) Go to!—I tell thee, Orson (as I have told thee more than once), thou art too sanguinary.

Ors. (L.) And I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

Arm. Humanity is scarcely counted a fault; if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

Ors. Umph!—Perhaps not with us: we are robbers.

Arm. And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a show on't to gild their vices. Lawyers, physicians, placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

Ors. They are regulars, and plunder by license.

Arm. Then let us quacks set the regulars a better example.

Ors. This humanity, captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon: some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

Arm. Cruelty is a more dangerous beast. When the rider is thrown, his brains are kicked out, and no one pities him.

Ors. Like enough; but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chase (as we are, captain), I stick at nothing. I hate milk-sops.

Arm. And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson; I have before cautioned you not to glance at me.

Ors. I say nothing; but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have robbed, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

Arm. Wretch! [*Holding a carbine to his head.*] Speak that again, and you shall tell none!

Ors. Flash away! I don't fear death.

Arm. More shame for thee; for thou art unfit to meet it!

Ors. I know my trade: I set powder, ball, and rope, at defiance.

Arm. Brute! you mistake headstrong insensibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice; for I, who shudder at cruelty, will fell your boldness to the earth when I see you practice it. Submit!

Ors. I do. But my courage was never yet doubted, captain.

Arm. Your nerves, fool! Thou art a mere machine: could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest here, clap a flint into it for a heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

Ors. I obey.

Arm. Get thee to our den; [*Orson crosses to R.*] put on thy disguise; then hie thee to the market-town, for provision for our company. Here—here is part of the spoil we took yesternight; [*Giving money.*] see you bring an honest account of what you lay out.

Ors. My honour!

Arm. Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular—its followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk; see you fall not on any poor straggling peasant as you return.

Ors. I would fain encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest;—he is rich.

Arm. Not for your life! 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not—'tis too near home: besides, he is no object for plunder. He is good to the poor, and should walk unmolested by charity's charter.—'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity all day, should be rifled by necessity at night. An' thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

Ors. I must, if it be your order. The profession will soon tumble into decay, when thieves grow tender-hearted. When a man drives the trade of a wolf, he should not go to his business like a lamb. [Exit, R.

Arm. This fellow is downright villain, hardened and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me; it has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow. But nature puts a bar: let him administer to my wants, and pass on; I have done with him!

SONG.—ARMSTRONG.

When the robber his victim has noted,
When the freebooter darts on his prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
Let Mercy forbid him to slay.

Since my hope is by penury blighted,
My sword must the traveller daunt;
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,
The gold he denies to my want.

But the victim when once I have noted,
At my foot when I look on my prey,
Let Humanity spare the devoted,—
Let Mercy forbid me to slay!

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Well, business must be minded; but he stays
A tedious time, methinks.

Enter GREGORY, R., and crosses to L.

You, fellow!

Gre. Sir!

Fitz. Where is Sir Tristful? where's Don Melancholy?

Gre. Who, sir?

Fitz. My brother, knave—Sir Edward Mortimer.

Gre. He was with you but now, sir.

Fitz. Sir, I thank you.

That's information! Louts, and serving-men,
Can never parley straight. Who brought in my luggage?

Gre. It was not I, sir.

Fitz. There—they never can!

Go to your master; pray him to despatch
His household work; tell him, I hate fat folios.
Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see him,
He leaves me, rammed into an elbow chair,
With a huge heavy book, that makes me nod,
Then tumbles on my toes! Tell him—dost hear?
Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

Gre. Whose company?

Fitz. My own, knave.

Gre. Sir, I shall.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fitz. A book to me's a sovereign narcotic,
A lump of opium—every line a dose.
Edward is all deep reading. Poor fellow!
Grief will do much. Well, some it drives to reading,
And some to drinking. Plague upon't! this house
Appears the very cave of melancholy!
Nay, hold, I lie!—Here comes a petticoat.

Enter BLANCH, R., and crosses to L.

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition
In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither:
Let me peruse you.

Blanch. Would you speak to me, sir?

Fitz. Ay, child. I'm going now to read you.

Blanch. Read me!

You'll find me full of errors, sir.

Fitz. No matter.

Come nearer, child; I cannot see to read
At such a distance.

Blanch. You had better, sir,
Put on your spectacles.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] Ay, there she has me!
A plague upon old Time!—Old Scythe and Hourglass
Has set his mark upon me!—[*Aloud.*] Hark ye, child:
You do not know me; you and I must have
Better acquaintance.

Blanch. Oh, I've heard of you:
You are Sir Edward's kinsman, sir—his brother.

Fitz. Ay, his half-brother, by the mother's side;
His elder brother.

Blanch. Yes, sir, I see that.

Fitz. [*Aside.*] This gipsy's tongue is like her eye—I know not

Which is the sharpest.—[*Aloud.*] Tell me what's your name.

Blanch. My name is Blanch, sir; born here in the forest.

Fitz. 'Sbud! I must be a keeper in this forest. Whither art going, sweet one?

Blanch. Home, sir.

Fitz. Home!

Why, is not this thy home?

Blanch. No, sir. I live
Some half mile hence, with Madam Helen, sir.
I brought a letter from her to Sir Edward.

Fitz. Odso! with Helen? So, with her! the object
Of my grave brother's groaning passion! Plague!
I would 'twere in the house. I do not like
Your pastoral rheumatic assignations,
Under an elm, by moonlight! This will end
In flannels and sciatica. My passion
Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one,
Shall I walk with you home?

Blanch. No, sir, I thank you;
It would fatigue you sadly.

Fitz. Fatigue me!

[*Aside.*] Oons! this wild forest filly here would make me
Grandfather to Methusaleh!—[*Aloud.*] Look here,
Here is a purse of money.

Blanch. Oh, the father!
What, will you give me any?
Fitz. [*Aside.*] Gold I find
The universal key—the *passe par tout*:
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,
As easy as a politician's.—[*Aloud.*] Here,—
Here are two pieces, rose-bud; buy a top-knot—
Make thyself happy with them.

Blanch. That I will.
The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,
Lies sick in bed: I'll take her this poor soul!
To comfort her.

Fitz. Hold!—Hey, the devil! hold!

This was not meant to comfort an old woman. -

Blanch. Why, wouldn't you relieve her, sir?

Fitz. Um!—Yes;

But—Psha! pooh!—Pr'ythee—there's a time for all things:

Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool?

Of comforting the aged now?

Blanch. I thought

That you might have a fellow-feeling, sir.

Fitz. This little rural devil's laughing at me!

Oons! come and kiss me, jade!—I am a soldier,
And justice of the peace,

Blanch. Then shame upon you!

Your double calling might have taught you better.

I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,

[*Throws down the money, R.*

Good Captain Justice, stoop for it! and think

How an old soldier and a justice looks,

When he is picking up the bribes he offers

To injure those he should protect!

[*Exit, L.*

Fitz. I warrant me,

Could I but see my face now in a glass,

That I look wondrous sheepish. I'm ashamed

To pick up the two pieces. Let them lie.

I would not wrong the innocent: good reason,—

There be so few that are so. She is honest:

I must make reparation. Odso! Wilford!

Enter WILFORD, L.

How fares it, boy?

Wil. I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoyed
Your health, these three months past, since last you honoured us

With your good presence at the lodge.

Fitz. Indifferent;

Some cramps and shooting pains, boy,—I have dropped

Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend

To pick it up again, lest it should give me

An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford,

There's a good lad.

Wil. Right willingly, sir.

[*Crosses to R., and picks up the money.*

Fitz. So

The soldier and the justice save their blushes!
Now carry it, I pr'ythee, at your leisure,
To an old gossip near the lodge here—northward,
I've heard of her; she's bed-ridden and sick.
You need not say who sent you.

Wil. I conceive.

'Tis private bounty; that's true charity.

Fitz. Nay, pish!—My charity!

Wil. Nay, I could swear

'Tis not the first time you have offered this
In secret.

Fitz. Um!—Why, no, not quite the first.
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?
In Rueful Castle? Harkye, Wilford, harkye:
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What! you could never tell me
Of Helen's waiting-maid—the little cherry;
Of—Plague upon her name! Of—

Wil. Blanch, sir?

Fitz. Blanch;

That's she—the forest fairy. You and I
Must have some talk about her. Come hither.

[*They retire up L.*]

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R.

Sir E. Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford with
him!

That imp is made my scourge. They whisper, too.
Wilford!

Wil. Who calls?—Eh! 'tis Sir Edward!

Fitz. Mum!

Sir E. I seem to interrupt you.

Wil. [*Earnestly.*] No, indeed,—
No, on my life, sir. We were only talking
Of—

Fitz. Hold your tongue! Oons, boy! you must not
tell.

Sir E. Not!

Fitz. Not!—No, to be sure. Why, 'tis a secret.

Wil. You shall know all, sir. 'Twas a trifle—nothing;
In faith, you shall know all.

Fitz. In faith, you lie!

[*Crosses to Sir Edward.*]

Be satisfied, good Edward : 'tis a toy ;
But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't ;
It is a tender subject.

Sir E. (r.) Ay, indeed !

Fitz. (c.) May not I have my secret ? Oons ! good brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling knave
Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,
Which concern you alone ?

Sir E. I'd have him rot,—

Die piecemeal—pine—moulder in misery !
Agent and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,
When castigating plagues are hurled on man,
Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul ; sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others. Like a leech,
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't ; then renders up his food
To nourish Calumny, his foul-lunged mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet ; and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight ! Oh, fie on't ! fie !
Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole,
Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,
A victim, making victims !

Fitz. By the mass,

'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole !
From constable to constable might serve.

Sir E. Your pardon, brother ;

I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you :
Wait for me—ay—an hour after dinner,
Wait for me in the library,

Wil. [Aside.] The library !

I sicken at the sound !—*[Aloud.]* Wait there for you—
and—

Captain Fitzharding, sir ?

Sir E. For me alone.

Wil. Alone, sir ?

Sir E. Yes.—Begone !

Wil. I shall, sir. *[Aside to Sir Edward, r.]* But
If I have ever breathed a syllable
That might displease you, may—

Sir E. Fool ! breathe no more !

Wil. I'm dumb.

[*Aside.*] I'd rather step into a lion's den,
Than meet him in the library !—[*Aloud.*] I go, sir.

[*Exit, R.*]

Fitz. Brother, you are too harsh with that poor boy.

Sir E. Brother, a man must rule his family
In his own way.

Fitz. Well, well, well ; don't be touchy.
I speak not to offend ; I only speak
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,
And have their feelings, brother.

Sir E. So have I.

Fitz. One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,
And that is galling in itself enough ;
We should not goad them under it.

Sir E. Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature :
May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother !
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier ;
And never did I know—I do not flatter—
A heart more stout, more cased with hardy manhood,
More full of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,
If admiration of thy charity
May argue charity in the admirer,
I am not destitute.

Fitz. You !—I have seen you
Sometimes o'erflow with it.

Sir E. And what avails it ?
Honour has been my theme—good-will to man
My study. I have laboured for a name
As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless.
Shame on't ! 'tis blurred with blots ! Fate, like a mildew,
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds !

Fitz. Why, how now, brother ?
This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much
In this dull forest here. Come, come, rouse you, man !
I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,
To jog your spirits. Pr'ythee, now, be gay ;
And, pr'ythee, too, be kind to my young favourite—
To Wilford there.

Sir E. Well, well ; I hope I have been.

Fitz. No doubt, in actions ; but in words and looks.
A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.
I watched him now, when you frowned angrily,
And he betrayed—

Sir E. Betrayed !

Fitz. Ten thousand fears.

Sir E. Oh !

Fitz. The poor devil couldn't have shown more scared
Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.

[*Sir Edward starts.*]

Why, hey-day ! what's the matter ?

Sir E. Brother,

Question me not ; my nerves are aspen-like,
The slightest breath will shake 'em. [*Crossing to R.*]

Come, good brother.

Fitz. You'll promise to be gay ?

Sir E. I'll do my best.

Fitz. Why, that's well said ; a man can do no more.
Od ! I believe my rattling talk has given you
A stir already.

Sir E. That it has, indeed.

Come, brother.

SCENE III.—*Helen's Cottage.*

Enter HELEN and SAMSON, L.

Hel. Are you he that wish to enter in my service ?

Sam. Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want of a better.

Hel. Why, I have seen you in the forest, at Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.

Sam. Yes, so please you, madam, for want of a better.

Hel. I fear me, you may well say that. Your father, as I have heard, bears an ill name in the forest.

Sam. Alas ! madam, he is obliged to bear it—for want of a better. We are all famished, madam ; and the naked and hungry have seldom many friends to speak well of them.

Hel. If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character ?

Sam. My father, madam.

Hel. Why, sirrah, he has none of his own.

Sam. The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman, who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

Hel. Truly, he did so.

Sam. I was told on't some half hour ago, and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So, please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

Hel. Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful?

Sam. Anything: I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy for you, madam.

Hel. Fie on you, knave! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the verderors of the forest for punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

Sam. I would practice anything better that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do? He can't starve.

Hel. Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make a trial of thee.

Sam. No! will you?

Hel. Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this; but whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having opened a path to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue, will more than repay me.

Sam. Oh, bless you, lady! If I do not prove virtuous, never trust in man more! [*Kneeling.*] I am overjoyed!

Hel. Get thee to the kitchen; you will find a livery there will suit you.

Sam. [*Rising.*] A livery!—Oh, the father!—Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds! Heaven bless you!

Hel. Well, get you to your work.

Sam. I go, madam. If I break anything to-day, beseech you let it go for nothing; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me, please to cry Samson, and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you! Here's fortune!

[*Exit, L.*]

Hel. Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dreamed last night of the fire

he saved me from; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

Enter BLANCH, L.

How now, wench? You have almost tired my patience.

Blanch. And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much use of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

Hel. Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer.

Hast seen him?

Blanch. Yes, I have, madam.

Hel. Say—tell me,

How looked he?—How's his health?—Is he in spirits?

What said he, Blanch?—Will he be here to-day?

Blanch. A little breath, madam, and I will answer all duly.

Hel. Oh, fie upon thee, wench!

These interrogatories should be answered

Quicker than breath can utter them.

Blanch. That's impossible, lady.

Hel. Thou wouldst not say so, hadst thou ever loved.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech

To tell love's meaning; his expresses post

Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue

Can shape them into words. A lover's look

Is his heart's Mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence,

Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,

Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,—

The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it!

Blanch. I am not skilled in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue; and I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace upon occasion.

Hel. Then let it gallop now, beseech you, wench, And bring me news of Mortimer.

Blanch. Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library, and delivered your letter. He will be here, either in the evening, or on the morrow—'tis uncertain which; for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him. But Sir Edward's letter may chance to specify further particulars.

Hel. His letter!—has he written? Fie upon thee! Why didst not give it me at once?—Where is it? Thou art turned dreamer, wench! Come—quickly!

Blanch. You talked to me so much of reading eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

[*Gives it.*

Hel. Come to me shortly in my cabinet; I'll read it there. I am almost unfit To open it: I ne'er receive his letters, But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly, And yet I cannot help it. I will ring, Then come to me, good Blanch—not yet. My Mortimer! Now for your letter. [Exit, R.

Blanch. I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

Re-enter SAMSON, L., dressed in a livery.

Sam. This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have looked in the glass already, and if ever man looked braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

Blanch. Hey-day! who have we here?

Sam. Oh, lord! this is the maid—I mean, the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare company in a long winter's evening.

Blanch. Why, who are you?

Sam. I'm your fellow-servant—the new-comer.—The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

Blanch. Why, sure, it cannot be! Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold, old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

Sam. The same. I am not like some upstarts: when I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

Blanch. What, has my lady hired thee?

Sam. She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

Blanch. I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping ere now.

Sam. An' I do not give content, 'tis none of my fault

A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

Blanch. You are well qualified for your office, truly, not to know that.

Sam. To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon forms; we had sometimes no cloth for a dinner—

Blanch. And sometimes no dinner for a cloth.

Sam. Just so. We had little order in our family.

Blanch. Well, I will instruct you.

Sam. That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learned nothing but wickedness yet; but I will instruct you in anything I know, in return.

Blanch. There, I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect. [Exit, R.]

Sam. Nay, an' riches rain upon me, respect will grow, of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

SONG.—SAMSON.

A traveller stopped at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,
But the landlady slighted her guest.
For when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,
As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose and the hump at his back,
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt);
And, though 'tis confessed that the prejudice goes
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money immediately altered the case;
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout, and his face,
Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
Then flopped on his horse at the door like a sack;
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

[Exit, L.]

SCENE IV.—*The Library as before.**WILFORD discovered.*

Wil. I would Sir Edward were come. The dread of a fearful encounter is often as terrible as the encounter itself. Eh! he's coming! No! The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits; and I verily believe, the great folio dropped on my head just now from the shelf, on purpose to increase my terrors.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, R. door, which he locks after him—Wilford turns round on hearing him shut it.

[*Aside, L. c.*] What's that? 'Tis he himself!—Mercy on me! he has locked the door! What is going to become of me!

Sir E. Wilford, is no one in the picture-gallery?

Wil. No—not a soul, sir—not a human soul;
None within hearing, if I were to bawl
Ever so loud.

Sir E. [*Pointing to L.*] Lock yonder door.

Wil. The door, sir!

Sir E. [*Sitting, R. c.*] Do as I bid you.

Wil. What, sir, lock— [*Mortimer waves his hand.*
I shall, sir. [*Goes to the door, L., and locks it.*
His face has little anger in it, neither;
'Tis rather marked with sorrow and distress.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me. What am I to say
For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wil. I!—Oh, sir—

Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wil. Indeed, indeed, sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equals' love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you; and I—I owe you all—
I am most bound to bless you!

Sir E. Mark me, Wilford.
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;

I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.
I feel this—I! How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood? And yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life. Oh, I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures—pangs; but I can end them,—
End them as far as appertains to thee.
I have resolved it: hell-born struggles tear me;
But I have pondered on't, and I must trust thee.

Wil. Your confidence shall not be—

Sir E. You must swear.

Wil. Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then—

Sir E. [*Rising and seizing Wilford's arm.*] Listen:
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like and loathsome, and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth;
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

Wil. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee; swear thou
hopest it,

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me!

Wil. [*Hesitating.*] Well—I—

Sir E. No retreating.

Wil. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind
a man,
Divine or human, never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret—yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you ; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that—Damnation !

Wil. Dearest sir,
Collect yourself ; this shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is. Her uncle—

Wil. Her uncle !

Sir E. Him. She knows it not—none know it :
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am—his murderer !

Wil. Oh, Heaven !

Sir E. His assassin !

Wil. What ! you that—mur—the murder—I am
choked !

Sir E. Honour—thou blood-stained god ! at whose red
altar

Sit war and homicide, oh ! to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries ! By Heaven !
In the world's range there does not breathe a man,
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me !—Oh, death and shame ! the world looked on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down ;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance !
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance !) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street.
I stabbed him to the heart ; and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless at my foot !

[Crosses to L.]

Wil. Oh, mercy on me !
How could this deed be covered ?

Sir E. Would you think it ?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,

And my opponent's death thus linked with it, -
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import and communication.
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on :
'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then ?
How cover it ? you say. Why, by a lie—
Guilt's offspring and its guard ! I taught this breast,
Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie—
This tongue to utter it ; rounded a tale,
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth ;
So well compacted, that the o'er-thronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting " Innocence !" ere I had finished.
The court enlarged me ; and the giddy rabble
Bore me in triumph home. Ay, look upon me !
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wil. Heaven forgive me !

It may be wrong : indeed, I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity—

I ask no consolation ! Idle boy !

Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity ? Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me thus
To quash the curious mischief in its birth :
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying ;—'twould again !
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all, all
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the church-yard ! Boy, I would not kill thee :
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger ;
To check them, there was no way left but this,
Save one—your death. You shall not be my victim,

Wil. My death !—What ! take my life—my life, to
prop

This empty honour !

Sir E. Empty !—Grovvelling fool !

Wil. I am your servant, sir ; child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply—'tis the fault of youth ;
I ne'er meant injury. If it would serve you,
I would lay down my life—I'd give it freely.
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?
You could not—should not.

Sir E. How !

Wil. You dare not.

Sir E. Dare not !

Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved
you ;

Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levelled at his heart,
And ask you which in heaven would show the best—
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
I have endangered mine. But dread my power ;
You know not its extent. Be warned in time ;
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir :
Myriads of engines, which my secret working
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
Your ruin hangs upon a thread ; provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,
And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
Till lingering death shall end his agony,
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than cherubs to the damned !

Wil. Oh, misery !

Discard me, sir ; I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence : I will be mute as death ;
But let me quit your service.

Sir E. Never ! Fool !

To buy this secret you have sold yourself.

Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath,
 From this time forth, are fettered to my will.
 You have said, truly, you are hateful to me;
 Yet you shall feel my bounty: that shall flow,
 And swell your fortunes; but my inmost soul
 Will yearn with loathing when—[*A knock*, R. D. F.] Hark!
 some one knocks.

Open the door. [*Wilford opens the door*, R. F.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

How now, Winterton? [*Crosses to him.*
 Did you knock more than once? Speak—did you listen?
 I mean, good Adam, did you wait—ay, wait
 Long at the door here?

Win. Bless your honour, no:
 You are too good to let the old man wait.

Sir E. What, then, our talk here—Wilford's, here, and
 mine,

Did not detain you at the door?—Ha! did it?

Win. Not half a second.

Sir E. Oh!—Well, what's the matter?

Win. Captain Fitzharding, sir, entreats your company.
 I've placed another flagon on the table;
 Your worship knows it—number thirty-five;
 The supernaculum.

Sir E. Well, well, I come.
 What, has he been alone?

Win. No; I've been with him.
 Od! he's a merry man, and does so jest!
 He calls me first of men, 'cause my name's Adam.
 Well, 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas!

Sir E. Come, Adam, I'll attend the captain. Wilford,
 What I have just now given you in charge,
 Be sure to keep fast locked. I shall be angry—
 Be very angry, if I find you careless.

Come, Adam. [*Exit*, R. D. F., followed by Winterton.

Wil. This house is no house for me: fly I will, I am
 resolved; but whither? His threats strike terror into
 me; and were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I
 should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave—slave
 to his fears, his jealousies! Night is coming on: dark-
 ness be my friend! for I will forth instantly. The thought

of my innocence will cheer me, as I wander through the gloom. Oh! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should barefoot Integrity repine, though its sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Inside of an Abbey, in ruins—part of it converted into a habitation for Robbers—various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c.—Nearly dark.*

Enter JUDITH and a Boy, L.

Jud. Well, sirrah, have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith, not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves: they never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tidings of Orson yet from the market-town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

Jud. That wretch, Orson, slights my love of late!—Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch; 'tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith; but, with good instructions, I may be a robber in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. [*A whistle without, R.*] So, I hear some of our party. [*The whistle again—the Boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*] Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall never come to good if you check me so. [*Looking off, R. U. E.*] Huzza! here come three!

Enter THREE ROBBERS through the broken arches, R. U. E.

Jud. So! you have found your road at last. A murder light upon you!—Is it thus you keep your hours?

1st Rob. What, hag! ever at this trade—ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason: I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorched to cinders. Rogues! would it were poison for you!

1st Rob. [*Aside.*] What a devil in petticoats is this!—I never knew a woman turn to mischief that she did not undo a man clean.

Jud. (c.) Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

1st Rob. (L. c.) Ay, there the hand points. When that fel'ow is abroad, you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

2d Rob. (L.) None of our comrades come yet?—They will be finely soaked

1st Rob. Ay, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey-wall here.

Jud. I'm glad on't: may it drench them, and breed agues!—'Twill teach them to keep time.

1st Rob. Peace, thou abominable railer! A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation. Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent!

Jud. You!—'Tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

1st Rob. What! you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

Jud. Coward! he should not disgrace himself by chastising thee.

1st Rob. [*Drawing his sword.*] Death and thunder!

Jud. Ay, attack a woman—do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

1st Rob. Well, passion hurried me; but I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. [*Returns his sword to the scabbard.*] Come, Judith, be friends; nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it?

1st Rob. You shall have it.

Jud. Well, I—[*Music without, R.*] Hark!

2d Rob. Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—JUDITH and ROBBERS.

[*At different periods of the music, the Robbers enter through various parts of the ruins in groups.*]

Listen!—No; it is the owl,
That hoots upon the mould'ring tower.
Hark! the rain beats—the night is foul;
Our comrades stay beyond their hour.

Listen!

All's hushed around the abbey-wall:
Soft! now I hear a robber's call.

Listen!

They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!
Again!—A comrade comes!—'Tis I!
And here another!—And here another!
Who comes?—A brother! Who comes?—A brother!
Now they all come pouring in,
Our jollity will soon begin.
Sturdy partners, all appear.
We're here!—And here!—And here---And here!
Thus we stout freebooters prowl,
Then meet to drain the flowing bowl.

Enter ORSON, L. U. E., with luggage at his back, as returned from market.

1st Rob. See, hither comes Orson at last. He walks in, like Plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. (R. C.) Oh, Orson! why didst tarry, Orson?—I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy clothes. Oh! my heart leaps to see thee.

Ors. (C.) Stand off! This hamper has been wearisome enough; I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me! I can revenge!—I can—Do not, dear Orson—do not treat me thus!

Ors. Let a man be ever so sweet-tempered, he will meet somewhat to sour him. I have been vexed to madness.

2d Rob. (L.) How now, Orson?—What has vexed thee now?

Ors. A prize has slipt through my fingers.

3d Rob. (R.) Ha!—Marry, how?

Ors. I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me, that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune, and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back! I had no time to rifle him; but I have spoiled him for fortune-seeking, I warrant him.

3d Rob. Orson, you are ever disobeying our captain's order: you are too remorseless and bloody.

Ors. Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine; I will answer to the consequence. *[A whistle heard without, R. U. E.]*

4th Rob. I hear our captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha! he is leading one who seems wounded.

Enter ARMSTRONG, R. U. E., supporting WILFORD.

Arm. Gently, good fellow!—Come, keep a good heart.

Wil. You are very kind: I had breathed my last but for your care. Whither have you led me?

4th Rob. Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "Stand" to a traveller.

Wil. How! among robbers?

4th Rob. Why, so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

Wil. So!—For what am I reserved?

Arm. Fear nothing; you are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in.

Jud. I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks; 'twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity? But come, fellow, since it must be so.—The rogues here call me savage; but I have a kindly heart, for all that. *[Exit, c. f., leading Wilford.]*

Arm. I would I knew which of you had done this!—Well, time must discover him; for he who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

Ors. (L.) Courage, captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words? I did it.

Arm. I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he whom thou hast wounded quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest here; and inquiry will doubtless be made.

2d Rob. Nay, then, we are all discovered.

Arm. Now mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endangered the safety of our party; thou hast broken my order ('tis not the first time by many), in attacking a passenger; and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claimed thy pity. He told you he had dis-

pleased his master, left the house of comfort, and, with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest.—Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

Robbers. None! none!

Arm. Comrades, in this case my voice is single; but if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

Robbers. Oh, brave captain!—Away with him!

Ors. You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

Arm. Rascal! do you mutter threats? Begone!

Ors. Well, if I must, I must. I was ever a friend to you all; but if you are bent on turning me out, why, fare you well.

Robbers. Ay, ay!—Away! away!

Ors. Farewell, then.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

Arm. Come, comrades, think no more of this: let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

FINALE.

Jolly friars tippled here,
Ere these abbey-walls had crumbled;
Still the ruins boast good cheer,
Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.
The monks are gone:
Well—well!
That's all one;
Let's ring their knell.
Ding dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk!
They set an example,
We'll follow the sample,
And all go to bed most religiously drunk.
Huzza! huzza!--We'll drink and we'll sing,
We'll laugh and we'll quaff,
And make the welkin ring.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge*SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, L., and HELEN, R., *discovered on a sofa, c.*

Hel. Sooth, you look better now, indeed you do,—
Much better, since, upon your sudden sickness,
I came to visit you.

Sir E. Thou'rt a sweet flatterer !

Hel. Ne'er trust me, then,
If I do flatter. This is wilfulness :
Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.
I'll cure you of this fancy, Mortimer.

Sir E. And what wouldst thou prescribe ?

Hel. I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced
Through the world's paradise, ere disobedience
Scattered the seeds of care ; then mingle each
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,
As he sailed with thee tow'rd eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,
A golden holiday ; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine.

Sir E. Sweet, sweet Helen ! [*They rise.*]
Death, softened with thy voice, might dull his sting,
And steep his darts in balsam. Oh, my Helen !
These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,
Forerunners of his certain visitation,
Of late, are frequent with me. It should seem
I was not meant to live long.

Hel. Oh, Mortimer !
I could not talk so cruelly to you :
I would not pain you thus for worlds !

Sir E. Nay, come,
I meant not this. I did not mean to say
There's danger now ; but 'tis the privilege

Of sickness to be grave, and moralize
On that which sickness brings. I pr'ythæe, now
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend ;
I feel I shall, already.

Hel. Do you, Mortimer ?

Do you, indeed, feel so ?

Sir E. Indeed, I do.

Hel. I knew you would—I said it—did I not ?
I see it in your looks now—you are better.

Sir E. Scarce possible, so suddenly.

Hel. Oh, yes :

There is no little movement of your face
But I can mark on the instant—'tis my study ;
I have so gazed upon it, that I think
I can interpret every turn it has,
And read your inmost soul.

Sir E. What ?

Hel. Mercy on me !

You change again.

Sir E. 'Twas nothing ; do not fear :
These little shocks are usual—'twill not last.

Hel. Would you could shake them off !

Sir E. I would I could !

Hel. I pr'ythæe, now, endeavour. This young man—
This boy—this Wilford, he has been ungrateful ;
But do not let his baseness wear you thus ;—
E'en let him go.

Sir E. I'll hunt him through the world !

Hel. Why, look you there, now!—Pray be calm.

Sir E. Well, well ;

I am too boisterous. 'Tis my unhappiness
To seem most harsh where I would show most kind
The world has made me peevish : this same boy
Has somewhat moved me.

Hel. He's beneath your care.

Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch !
He carries that away within his breast,
Which will embitter all his life to come,
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

Sir E. The knowledge !

Has he, then, breathed—Carries within his breast !
What does he know ?

Hel. His own ingratitude.

Sir E. Oh! very true.

Hel. Then leave him to his conscience.

Believe me, love,

There is no earthly punishment so great,
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,
To tell him he is guilty.

Sir E. 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't. I am weak:

I did not sleep last night.

Hel. Would you sleep now?

Sir E. No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweetness.

Hel. Tire me!—Nay, that you do not. You forget
How often I have sat by you, and watched,
Fanning the busy summer flies away,
Lest they should break your slumbers. [*Looking off*, R.
Who comes here?

[*Sir Edward retires to the sofa, c.*

Enter ADAM WINTERTON, R.

What, Winterton!—How dost thou, old acquaintance?

How dost thou, Adam?

Win. Bless your goodness, well.

Is my good master better?

Hel. Somewhat, Adam.

Win. Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it!

I have a message—

Hel. Oh, no business now!

Win. Nay, so I said. Quoth I, "His honour's sick—
Perilous sick." But the rogue pressed and pressed,
I could refuse no longer.

Hel. Who has thus importuned you?

Win. To say the truth, a most ill-favoured varlet;
But he will speak to none but to his worship.
I think 'tis forest business.

Sir E. Oh, not now;

Another time—to-morrow—when he will.

I am unfit; they tease me!

Win. E'en as you please, your worship. I should
think,

From what he dropped, he can give some account
Of the poor boy.

Sir E. [*Starting up, and crossing to Wixterton.*] Of Wilford?

Win. Troth, I think so.

The knave is shy, but Adam has a head.

Sir E. Quick!—Send him hither on the instant!—

Haste!—

Fly, Adam, fly!

Win. Well, now, it glads my heart
To hear you speak so briskly.

Sir E. Well, despatch.

Win. I go. Heaven bless you both!—Heaven send
you well,

And merry days may come again! [*Exit, R.*]

Hel. I fear this business may distract you, Mortimer:
I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

Sir E. Not so, sweet.—Do not fear.—I pr'ythee, now,
Let me have way in this. Retire awhile;
Anon I'll come to thee.

Hel. Pray, now, be careful:
I dread these agitations. Pray, keep calm;
Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

Sir E. Farewell, awhile, sweet!

Hel. Since it must be so, farewell! [*Exit, L.*]

Sir E. Dear, simple innocence! thy words of comfort
Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford:
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,
And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me—
Place me the runagate within my gripe,
And I will plant my honour on its base
Firmer than adamant, though hell and death
Should moat the work with blood! Oh! how will sin
Engender sin—throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dashed on the troubled lake,
Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the—

Enter ORSON, R.

How now?—What's your business?

Ors. Part with your office in the forest; part
Concerns yourself in private.

Sir E. How myself?

Ors. Touching a servant of your house—a lad,
Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.

Sir E. Speak—what of him? Quick: know you
where he is?

Canst bring me to him?

Ors. To the very spot.

Sir E. Do it.

Ors. Nay—softly.

Sir E. I'll reward you amply—

Insure your fortunes.

Ors. First insure my neck;

'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;
And, when I die, 'tis like the law will bury me
At its own charge.

Sir E. Be brief, and to your purpose.

Ors. 'Then, to the business which concerns your office,
Here, in the forest.

Sir E. Nay, of that anon.

First, of my servant.

Ors. Well, e'en as you please.

'Tis no rare thing: let public duty wait,
Till private interests are settled. But
My story is a chain: take all together.
'Twill not unlink.

Sir E. Be quick, then. While we talk,
This slave escapes me.

Ors. Little fear of that:

He's in no plight to journey far to-day.

Sir E. Where is he hid?

Ors. Hard by—with robbers.

Sir E. Robbers!

[*Aside.*] Well, I'm glad on't; 'twill suit my purpose best.

[*Aloud.*] What, has he turned to plunder?

Ors. No, not so;

Plunder has turned to him. He was knocked down
Last night here in the forest, flat and sprawling;
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang
Has sheltered him.

Sir E. It seems, then, thou'rt a thief.

Ors. I served in the profession, but last night
The scurvy rogues cashiered me. 'Twas a plot

Thou ruin a poor fellow in his calling,
And take away my means of getting bread.
I ; me now in revenge : I'll hang my comrades
In clusters on the forest's oak, like acorns.

Sir E. Where lies their haunt ?

Ors. Give me your honour first.

Sir E. I pledge it, for your safety.

Ors. Send your officers

To the old abbey ruins ; you will find
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,
And fattened upon pillage.

Sir E. What ! so near me ?

In some few minutes, then, he's mine ! [*Crossing to R.,
and calling.*] Ho ! Winterton !

How for his lurking place : hope dawns again !

[*To Orson.*] Remain you here ; I may have work for you.

[*Aside.*] Oh, I will weave a web so intricate

For this base insect—so entangle him !

[*Calling.*] Why, Winterton !—Thou jewel, Reputation !

Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now,

And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution

Will cheaply pay the purchase ! Winterton ! [*Exit, R.*

Ors. There may be danger in my stay here ; I will e'en
slink off in the confusion I have raised. I value not re-
ward : I hang all my acquaintance, and that shall content
me. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Lodge.

Enter FITZHARDING, L.

Fitz. Rare scuttling tow'rd ! This lodge is little Babel,
And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods
In this, my brother's castle of confusion.
The hue and cry is up. I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Wilford dishonest !
I'll ne'er trust looks again. I'll mix with none
In future but the ugly ; honest men,
Who can out-grin a griffin, or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship, the Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve

For knockers to hell gates.

Enter SAMSON RAWBOLD, R.

Now, who are you ?

Sam. Head serving-man to Madam Helen, sir.

Fitz. Well, I may talk to thee ; for thou dost answer
To the description of the sort of men
I have resolved to live with.

Sam. I am proud, sir,
To find I have your countenance.

Fitz. Canst tell me.
The news of Wilford ?

Sam. He is turned a rogue, sir—
An errant knave, sir. 'Tis a rare thing now
To find an honest servant ; we are scarce.

Fitz. Where lies the abbey where they go to seek him ?
Dost know it ?

Sam. Marry, do I, in the dark.
I have stood near it many a time in winter,
To watch the hares by moonlight.

Fitz. A cold pastime !

Sam. Ay, sir, 'twas killing work ; I've left it off.

Fitz. Think you they will be back soon ?

Sam. On the instant ;
It is hard by, sir. Hark ! I hear their horses.
They are returned, I warrant.

Fitz. Run you, fellow ;
If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.

Sam. Why, he's a rogue, sir : would your worship
stoop

To parley with a rogue ?

Fitz. Friend, I would stoop
To prop a sinking man that's called a rogue,
And count him innocent till he's found guilty.
I learned it from our English laws, where Mercy
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice,
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,
Stands by to prompt her. Till detection comes,
I side with the accused.

Sam. Would I had known
Your worship sooner !—You're a friend, indeed !
All undiscovered rogues are bound to pray for you ;

So, Heaven bless you !

Fitz. Well, well ; bustle—stir ;
Do as I bid thee.

Sam. Ay, sir ; I shall lean
Upon your worship in my time of need.
Heaven reward you ! [*Aside.*] Here's a friend to make !
[*Exit, L.*]

Fitz. I have a kind of movement still for Wilford
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him ? Should the boy
Prove guilty ! Well, why should I pity guilt ?
Philosophers would call me driveller. Let them.
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroad,
Till it run waste, than let a system-monger
Bung it with logic ; or a trencher-cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour. So ! here he comes.

Enter WILFORD, L.

Wil. I am informed it is your pleasure, sir,
To speak with me.

Fitz. Ay, Wilford. I am sorry—
Faith, very sorry, you and I meet thus.
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly ?

Wil. I was unfit to serve him, sir.

Fitz. Unfit !

Wil. I was unhappy, sir. I fled a house
Where certain misery awaited me,
While I was doomed to dwell in't.

Fitz. Misery !

What was this certain misery ?

Wil. Your pardon ; I never will divulge.

Fitz. Indeed !

Wil. No, never.

Pray, do not press me. All that I can say
Is, that I have a strong and rooted reason,
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible
I should be tranquil here : I feel it, sir,
A duty to myself, to quit this roof.

Fitz. Hark ye, young man : this smacks of mystery,
And now looks foully. Truth and innocence
Walk round the world in native nakedness,
But guilt is cloaked.

Wil. Whate'er the prejudice
My conduct conjures up, I must submit.

Fitz. 'Twere better, now, you conjured up your
friends ;

For I must tell you—No, there is no need :
You learned it, doubtless, on the way, and know
The danger you now stand in.

Wil. Danger, sir !
What ?—How ?—I have learned nothing, sir : my guides
Dragged me in silence hither.

Fitz. Then 'tis fit
I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,
To say there is a heavy charge against you,
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

Wil. Mine !—Oh, good Heaven !

Fitz. Pray be calm ; for, soon,
Here, in the face of all his family,
My brother will accuse you.

Wil. He !—What, he ?—
He accuse me ! Oh, monstrous ! Oh, look down,
You who can read men's hearts !—A charge against me !
[*Much agitated.*] Ha ! ha !—I'm innocent ! I'm innocent !

Fitz. Collect your firmness ; you will need it all.

Wil. I shall, indeed. I pray you, tell me, sir,
What is the charge ?

Fitz. I do not know its purport ;
I would not hear on't ; for on my voice rests
The issue of this business ; and a judge
Should come unbiassed to his office. Wilford,
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,
You should have even and impartial justice.
Farewell ; and may you prosper ? [Exit, R.]

Wil. Let me recall my actions. My breast is unclog-
ged with crime ; then why should I fear ? Let him in-
flict his menaces upon me in secret ; he shall not, cannot,
touch my good name.

Enter BARBARA RAWBOLD, L.

Bar. [*Falling on his neck.*] Oh, Wilford !

Wil. Barbara!—At such a time, too!

Bar. To be brought back thus, Wilford! and to go away without seeing me—without thinking of me!

Wil. It was not so: I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian in the forest encountered and wounded me.

Bar. Wounded you!

Wil. When I was dragged hither, the whole troop escaped, or they had vouched for the truth on't.

Bar. Bethink you, Wilford: the time is short; I know your heart is good; but if, in a hasty moment, you have done aught to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy—sue for pardon.

Wil. For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon!—I am innocent—Heaven knows I am innocent!

Bar. Heaven be thanked! The family is all summoned. Oh, Wilford! my spirits sink within me!

Wil. I am now but a sorry comforter. Be of good cheer; I go armed in honesty, Barbara. This charge is to be open in the eyes of the world and of the laws; then wherefore should I fear? I am native of a happy soil, where justice guards equally the life of its richest and poorest inhabitant.

[*Exit, R.*

Bar. Alas! I tremble for his safety. Should they tear him from me!

SONG.—BARBARA RAWDOLD.

Down by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing all for my true love, my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true love, my true love, O!
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating;
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting.
Sing O for my true love, &c.
Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
Sing all for my true love, &c.
When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,
And all for my true love, &c.
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing
And over my corse keep the green willow growing.
'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Lodge.—Table, chairs, &c.*

FITZHARDING, L., WILFORD, R., and various *Domestics*, behind, discovered.

Fitz. Is not Sir Edward coming? Oh, here he is.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, L

Now, brother; you look pale,
And faint with sickness. Here's a chair. [*Sits*, L.]

Sir E. (c.) No matter; to our business, brother.—
Wilford,

You may well guess the struggle I endure
To place you here the mark of accusation.
I gave you ample warning; cautioned you,
When many might have scourged; and even now,
While I stand here to crush you—ay, to crush you,
My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,
And pulls the bolt upon you.

Wil. (R.) You know best
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,
And cannot read them; but there is a Judge,
To whose all-seeking eye our inmost thoughts
Lie open. Think to Him you now appeal.
Omniscience keeps Heaven's register;
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,
And meet their due reward or punishment.

Fitz. Now to the point, I pray you.

Sir E. Thus it is, then.

I do suspect—By Heaven! the story lingers,
Like poison, on my tongue; but he will force it.

Fitz. What is it you suspect?

Sir E. That he has—robbed me!

Wil. Robbed!—Oh, horrible!

Fitz. Pray, tell me, brother,
How ground you this suspicion?

Sir E. Briefly, thus:

You may have noticed in my library
A chest.—[*Wilford starts.*] You see he changes at the
word.

Wil. [*Aside.*] And well I may !

Sir E. Where I have told you, brother,
The writings which concern our family,
With jewels, cash, and other articles
Of no mean value, were deposited.

Fitz. You oftentimes have said so.

Sir E. Yesterday,
Chance called me suddenly away. I left
The key in't; but as suddenly returned,
And found this Wilford
Fixed o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,
As now I think, on plunder. Confusion
Shook his young joints as he let fall the lid,
And gave me back the key.

Fitz. Did you not search
Your papers on the instant ?

Sir E. No : for, first,
(Habit so long had fixed my confidence)
I deemed it boyish curiosity ;
But told him this would meet my further question.
And, at that moment, came a servant in,
To say you were arrived. He must have marked
Our mixed emotion.

Fitz. Is that servant here ?

Gregory. [*Coming down, L.*] 'Twas I, sir.

Sir E. Was it you ? Well, saw you aught
To challenge your attention ?

Gre. Sir, I did.

Wilford was pale and trembling ; and our master
Gave him a look, as if t'would pierce him through,
And cried, " Remember !" Then he trembled more ;
And we both quitted him.

Sir E. [*To Fitzharding.*] When first we met,
You found me somewhat ruffled.

Fitz. 'Tis most true.

Sir E. But somewhat more, when, afterwards, I saw
Wilford conversing with you ; like a snake,
Sunned by your looks, and basking in your favour.
I bade him quit the room with indignation,
And wait my coming in the library.

Fitz. I witnessed that, with wonder.

Sir E. Oh, good brother !

You little thought, while you so gently schooled me
For my harsh bearing toward him, on what ground
That harshness rested. I had made my search
In the brief interval of absence from you,
And found my property had vanished.

Fitz. Well,

You met him in the library ?

Sir E. [*Rising.*] Oh, never

Can he forget that solemn interview !

Wil. Ay, speak to that : it was a solemn interview !

Sir E. Observe, he does acknowledge that we met.

Guilt was my theme : he cannot now deny it.

Wil. It was a theme of—[*Checking himself.*] No !

Sir E. He pleaded innocence ;

While every word he spake belied his features,
And mocked his protestation.

Fitz. What said you to him ?

Sir E. "Regulate your life

In future better. I now spare your youth,

But dare not to proceed. All I exact,

('Tis a soft penance) that you tarry here ;

Attempt not flight :

Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,

And justice to the world unlocks my tongue."

He fled, and I arraign him.

Fitz. [*Rising, and coming down, l.*] Trust me, brother,

This charge is staggering ; yet accidents

Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt

Upon the innocent. May it be so here !

Here is his trunk : 'twas brought here at my order.

'Tis fit it be inspected.

Wil. Take the key—

E'en take it freely. You'll find little there

I value, save a locket, which my mother

Gave me upon her death-bed ; and she added

Her blessing to't. Perhaps her spirit now

Is grieving for my injuries.

Fitz. [*Crossing, and unlocking the box.*] How now ?—

What's here ?

The very watch Sir Edward's father wore,

And here our mother's jewels !

Wil. I am innocent !

Just heaven hear me—I am innocent !

[*Sir Edward Mortimer sits, R. C.*

Fitz. Make it appear so. [*Pointing to the trunk.*] But look there ! look there !

Wil. Do you not know—

Sir E. What ?

Wil. 'Tis no matter, sir ;

But I could swear—

Sir E. [*Rising.*] Nay, Wilford, pause awhile : Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force Of these asseverations—mark it well :

“ I swear, by all the ties that bind a man, Divine or human ! ” Think on that, and shudder.

Wil. [*Aside.*] The very words I uttered !—I am tongue-tied !

Fitz. Wilford, if there be aught that you can argue To clear yourself, advance it.

Wil. Oh ! I could—

I could say much, but must not—no, I will not ! Do as you please. I have no friend—no witness, Save my accuser. Did he not—pray, ask him— Did he not menace, in his pride of power, To blast my name, and crush my innocence ?

Fitz. What do you answer, sir ?

Sir E. I answer, no.

More were superfluous, when a criminal Opposes empty volubility To circumstantial charge. A steadfast brow Repels not fact, nor can invalidate These dumb, [*Pointing to the trunk, L. C.*] but damning, witnesses before him.

Wil. By the just Power that rules us, I am ignorant How they came there !—But 'tis my firm belief, You placed them there to sink me.

Fitz. Oh, too much !

You steel men's hearts against you. [*To the Servants.* !

Call the officers :

He shall meet punishment. [*The Servants are going, R.*

Sir E. Hold ! [*Seating himself, R.*] Pray you, hold. Justice has thus far struggled with my pity, To do an act of duty to the world. I would unmask a hypocrite—lay bare

The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it.

'Tis done, and I will now proceed no further.

Fitz. Look ye, brother ; this act
Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,
That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves—run !
And let him be secured. [*Exeunt Servants, R.*] You tarry
here. [*To Wilford.*]

Sir E. I will not have it thus.

Fitz. You must—you shall !

Does not this rouse you, too ? Look on these jewels ;
Look at this picture—'twas our mother's. Stay,
Let me inspect this nearer. [*Examining the trunk.*] What
are here ?

Parchments !

Sir E. Oh, look no further. They are deeds,
Which, in his haste, no doubt, he crowded there,
Not knowing what, to look o'er at his leisure.
Family deeds : they all were in my chest.

Wil. [*Aside.*] Oh, 'tis deep laid ! These, too, to give
a colour !

Fitz. What have we here ? Here is a paper
Of curious enfolding ; slipt, as 'twere,
By chance within another. This may be
Of note upon his trial. What's this drops ?
A knife, it seems.

Sir E. [*Starting up.*] What !

Fitz. Marks of blood upon it !

Sir E. Touch it not ! throw it back ! bury it ! sink it !
Oh, carelessness and haste ! Give me that paper !
Darkness and hell !—Give back the paper !

[*Sir Edward rushes down, R., and attempts to snatch
it—Wilford runs between the two brothers, falls on
his knees, and prevents him, clinging to Fitzharding.*]

Wil. [*Rapidly.*] No !

I see—I see ! Preserve it : you are judge.
My innocence—my life, rests on it !

Sir E. Devils !

Foil me at my own game ! Fate ! [*Laughing hysterical-
ly.*] Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sport, Lucifer ! He struck me—

[*Mortimer is fainting and falling—Wilford runs and
catches him.*]

Wil. (c.) I'll support him.

Read ! read ! read !

Fitz. What is this ? My mind misgives me :

It is my brother's hand. [*Reading.*] "*To be destroyed
before my death.*

Narrative of my murder of—" Oh, great Heaven !
[*Reading.*] "*If, ere I die, my guilt should be disclosed,
May this contribute to redeem the wreck*

Of my lost honour !" I am horror-struck !

Wil. Plain—plain ! Stay ! he revives.

Sir E. What has been—Soft !

I have been wandering with the damned, sure ! Brother !
And—ay, 'tis Wilford ! Oh ! thought flashes on me
Like lightning !—I am brain-scorched !—Give me leave ;
I will speak—soon I will—a little yet !—
Come hither, boy—wronged boy ! Oh, Wilford ! Wil-
ford !

[*Bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.*

Wil. Be firm, sir—pray, be firm ! My heart bleeds
for you—

Warms for you ! Oh ! all your former charity
To your poor boy is in my mind ;—still, still
I see my benefactor.

Sir E. Well, I will—

I will be firm : one struggle, and 'tis over.
I have most foully wronged you. Ere I die,
And I feel death-struck, let me haste to make
Atonement. Brother, note. The jewels—
Yes, and that paper—Heaven and accident
Ordained it so—were placed—curse on my flesh,
To tremble thus !—were placed there by my hand

Fitz. Oh, mercy on me !

Sir E. More. I feared this boy ;
He knew my secret, and I blackened him,
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story
His word might meet no credit. Infamy
Will brand my memory for't ; Posterity,
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame
Green in her damning record. Oh ! I had—
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts
For all mankind : one fatal—fatal turn
Has poisoned all ! Where is my honour now ?

To die—to have my ashes trampled on
 By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Hell!
 Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?
 Wrack me that grinning fiend!—Damnation!
 Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again!
 I'll—Oh!

[Falls.

Fitz. This rives my heart in twain!—Why, brother!
 brother!
 His looks are ghastly.

Enter GREGORY, R.

Gre. Sir, the officers—

Fitz. Away, knave!—Send them hence—the boy is innocent!

Tell it your fellows. Hence! Send in some help:
 Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help.

[Exit Gregory, R.

Wil. [*Crossing to Sir Edward.*] 'Twere best to raise
 him, sir.

Fitz. Soft—who comes here?

Enter HELEN, R

Hel. Where is he?—Ill, and on the ground!—Oh!
 Mortimer!

Oh, Heaven!—My Mortimer!—Oh, raise him—gently!
 Speak to me, love. He cannot!

Sir E. Helen—'twas I—that—killed—

[*He struggles to speak, but, unable to utter, he falls and
 dies—Helen kneels over him as the curtain slowly
 descends.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
 THE CURTAIN.

HELEN.

WILFORD.
 R.]

MORTIMER.

FITZHARDING.
 [L.

THE END.

No. IV.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

RICHELIEU:

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S LATEST EDITION.

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ACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS
ETC.**

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,
GASTON, Duke of Orleans, (brother to Louis XIII.)
BARADAS, (Favourite of the King, first gentleman of the Chamber, Premier, Ecuyer, &c.)
CARDINAL RICHELIEU,
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT.
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, (in attendance on the King,* one of the conspirators,)
JOSEPH, (a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant,)
HUGUET, (an officer of Richelieu's household guard—a Spy,)
FRANCOIS, (first Page to Richelieu,)
 First Courtier,
 Captain of the Archers,
 First,
 Second, } Secretaries of State.
 Third, }
Governor of the Bastile,
Gaoler,
 Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

JULIE DE MORTEMAR, (an Orphan Ward to Richelieu.)
MARION DE LORME, (Mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay.)

* Properly speaking, the King's First Valet de Chambre, a post of great importance at that time.

NOTE.

THE length of the Play necessarily requires curtailments on the Stage—the passages thus omitted are those inserted with inverted commas. Many of the passages thus left out, however immaterial to the audience, must obviously be such as the reader would be least inclined to dispense with—viz : those which, without being absolutely essential to the business of the Stage, contain either the subtler strokes of character, or the more poetical embellishments of description. A more important consequence of these suppressions is, that Richelieu himself is left too often, and too unrelievedly, to positions which place him in an *amiable* light, without that shadowing forth of his more sinister motives and his fiercer qualities which is attempted in the written play. Thus, the *character* takes a degree of credit due only to the *situation*. To judge the Author's conception of Richelieu fairly, and to estimate how far it is consistent with historical portraiture, the Play must be *read*.

THEATRICAL MEMORANDA.

R. means Right ; **L.** Left ; **C.** Centre ; **R. C.** Right of Centre ; **L. C.** Left of Centre ; **D. F.** Door in Flat ; **R. D.** Right Door ; **L. D.** Left Door ; **S. E.** Second Entrance ; **U. E.** Upper Entrance ; **C. D.** Centre Door.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

RRR
Jant
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11.2

RICHELIEU:

OR,
THE CONSPIRACY.

A C T I.

FIRST DAY.

SCENE 1.—*A room in the house of MARION DE LORME ; a table towards the front of the stage (with wine, fruits, &c.,) at which are seated BARADAS, Four Courtiers splendidly dressed in the costume of 1641-2 ; the DUKE of ORLEANS reclining on a large fauteuil ; MARION DE LORME, standing at the back of his chair, offers him a goblet and then retires. At another table, DE BERINGHEN, DE MAUPRAT, playing at dice ; other Courtiers of inferior rank to those at the table of the Duke looking on.*

Orleans (drinking) HERE'S to our enterprize!—

Baradas (glancing at MARION). Hush, Sir!

Orleans (aside). Nay, Count.

You may trust her; she doats on me; no house

So safe as Marion's. "At our statelier homes

"The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.

"There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors

"But seems a glance from that malignant eye

"Which reigns o'er France ; our fatal greatness lives

"In the sharp glare of one relentless day.

"But Richelieu's self forgets to fear the sword

"The myrtle hides ; and Marion's silken robe

"casts its kind charity o'er fiercer sins

"Than those which haunt the rosy path between

"The lip and eye of beauty. Oh, no house

"So safe as Marion's."

Baradas. Still, we have a secret,
And oil and water—woman and a secret—
Are hostile properties.

Orleans. Well—Marion, see
How the play prospers yonder. [*MARION goes to the next table, looks on for a few moments, then exit.*]

Baradas (*producing a parchment.*) I have now
All the conditions drawn ; it only needs
Our signatures ; upon receipt of this,
(Where to is joined the schedule of our treaty
With the Count-Duke, (1) the Richelieu of the Escorial)
Bouillion will join his army with the Spaniard,
March on to Paris,—there, dethrone the King :
You will be Regent ; I, and ye, my Lords
From the new Council. So much for the core
Of our great scheme.

Orleans. But Richelieu is an Argus :
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then—good bye to life.

Baradas. To gain the prize
We must destroy the Argus :—Ay, my Lord,
The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins
Of our design ; while this despatched to Bouillon,,
Richelieu despatched to Heaven ! The last *my* charge.
Meet here to-morrow night. *You*, Sir, as first
In honour and in hope, meanwhile select
Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to Bouillon ;
'Midst Richelieu's foes, *I'll* find some desperate hand
To strike for vengeance, while we stride to power.

Orleans. So be it ;—to-morrow, midnight.—Come, my
Lords.

Exeunt ORLEANS, and the Courtiers in his train. Those at the other table rise, salute ORLEANS, and re-seat themselves.

De Beringhen. Double the stakes.

De Maup. Done.

De Ber. Bravo ; faith, it shames me
To bleed a purse already *in extremis*.

De Maup. Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself—
So long, no other doctor should despatch it.

(*DE MAUPRAT throws and loses.*)

Omnes. Lost ! Ha, ha—poor De Mauprat !

De Ber. One throw more ?

De Maup. No ; I am bankrupt (*pushing gold.*) There goes all except

My honour and my sword.

De Ber. Long cloaks and honour

Went out of vogue together, when we found

We got on much more rapidly without them ;

The sword, indeed, is never out of fashion,—

The devil has care of *that*

First Gamester. Ay, take the sword

To Cardinal Richelieu :—he gives gold for steel,

When worn by brave men.

De Maup. Richelieu !

De Ber. (*to BARADAS.*) At that name

He changes colour, bites his nether lip.

Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper “Richelieu,”

And you cloud all his sunshine.

Bar. I have mark'd it,

And I will learn the wherefore.

De Maup. The Egyptian

Dissolved her richest jewel in a draught :

Would I could so melt time and all its treasures,

And drain it thus,

[*Drinking*

De Ber. Come, gentlemen, what say ye :

A walk on the Parade ?

Omnes. Ay, come, De Mauprat.

De Maup. Pardon me ; we shall meet again, ere night fall.

Bar. I'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

De Ber. Comfort !—when

We gallant fellows have run out a friend,

There's nothing left—except to run him through !

There's the last act of friendship.

De Maup. Let me keep

That favor in reserve ; in all beside

Your most obedient servant.

Exeunt DE BERINGHEN, &c. *Manent* DE MAUPRAT and
BARADAS.

Bar. You have lost—

Yet are not sad.

De Maup. Sad !—Life and gold have wings.

And must fly one day ;—open then, their cages
And wish them merry.

Bar. You're a strange enigma :—
Fiery in war and yet to glory lukewarm ;—
All mirth in action—in repose all gloom—
These are extremes in which the unconscious heart
Betrays the fever of deep-fix'd disease.
Confide in me ! our young days roll'd together
In the same river, glassing the same stars
That smile i' the heaven of hope ;—alikè we made
Bright-winged steeds of our uniform'd chimeras,
Spurring the fancies upward to the air,
Wherein we shaped fair castles from the clouds :
Fortune of late has sever'd us—and led
Me to the rank of Courtier, Count, and Favourite,—
You to the titles of the wildest gallant
And bravest knight in France—are you content ?
No ;—trust in me—some gloomy secret——

De Maup. Ay :—
A secret that doth haunt me, as of old,
Men were possess'd of fiends !—Where'er I turn,
The grave yawns dark before me—I *will* trust you :
Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I join'd the Languedoc revolt—
Was captured—sent to the Bastile——

Bar. But shared
The general pardon, which the Duke of Orleans
Won for himself and all in the revolt,
Who but obey'd his orders.

De Maup. Note the phrase ;—
“ *Obey'd his Orders,*” Well, when on my way
To join the Duke in Languedoc, I (then
The down upon my lip—less man than boy)
Leading young valours—reckless as myself,
Seized on the town of Faviaux, and displaced
The Royal banners for the Rebel. Orleans,
(Never too daring,) when I reach'd the camp,
Blamed me for acting—mark—*without his orders* :
Upon this quibble Richilieu razed my name
Out of the general pardon.

Bar. Yet released you
From the Bastile——

De Maup. To call me to his presence,
And thus address me :—" You have seized a town
Of France without the orders of your leader,
And for this treason, but one sentence—DEATH."

Bar. Death !

De Maup. " I have pity on your youth and birth,
Nor wish to glut the headsman ; join your troop,
Now on the march against the Spaniards ;—change
The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave ;—
Your memory stainless—they who shared your crime
Exiled or dead—your king shall never learn it."

Bar. O tender pity—O most charming prospect !
Blown into atoms by a bomb, or drill'd
Into a cullendar by gunshot !—Well ?—

De Maup. You have heard if I fought bravely.—Death
became
Desired as Daphne by the eager Daygod.
Like him I chased the Nymph—to grasp the laurel !
I could not die !

Bar. Poor fellow !

De Maup. When the Cardinal
Review'd the troops—his eyes met mine ;—he frown'd,
Summon'd me forth—" How's this ?" quoth he ; you have
shunn'd
The sword—beware the axe !—'twill fall one day !"
He left me thus—we were recalled to Paris.
And—you know all !

Bar. And, knowing this, why halt you,
Spell'd by the rattlesnake,—while in the breasts
Of your firm friends beat hearts, that vow the death
Of your grim tyrant ?—wake !—Be one of us ;
The time invites—the King detests the Cardinal,
Dares not disgrace—but groans to be deliver'd
Of that too great a subject—join your friends,
Free France, and save yourself.

De Maup. Hush ! Richelieu bears
A charm'd life :—to all who have braved his power,
One common end—the block !

Bar. Nay, if he live,
The block your doom.

De Maup. Better the victim, Count,

Than the assassin—France requires a Richelieu,
 But does not need a Mauprat. Truce to this ;—
 All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres,
 What to me fame?—what love?—

Bar. Yet dost thou love not ?

De Maup. Love?—I am young——

Bar. And Julie fair ! (*Aside*) It is so.

Upon the margin of the grave—his hand
 Would pluck the rose that I would win and wear !
 (*Aloud.*) Thou lovest—

De Maup. “ Who lonely in the midnight tent,
 “ Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
 “ Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts
 “ To bless it in the name of some fair face
 “ Set in his spirit as the star in Heaven ?
 “ For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
 “ Move ever, ever musical.

Bar. “ You speak
 “ As one who fed on poetry
De Maup. “ Why, man,
 “ The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
 “ As leaves with summer wind. The heart that loves
 “ Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
 “ As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
 “ My Julie and not felt it henceforth dull
 “ To live in the common world—and talk in words
 “ That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
 “ Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
 “ As on his native bed of of roses flush’d
 “ With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps :—Her voice
 “ The blessed interpreter of thoughts as pure
 “ As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
 “ Or Fairies dip their changelings !—In the maze
 “ Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty
 “ (Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
 “ Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
 “ Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
 “ His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
 “ Dissolve the spell that binds him ! Oh, those eyes
 “ That woo the earth—shadowing more soul that lurks
 “ Under the lids of Psyche !—Go !—thy lip

“Curls at the purpled phrases of a lover—
 “Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
 “Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

Bar. (aside) “With each word

“Thou wak’st a jealous demon in my heart,
 “And my hand clutches at my hilt—

De Maup. (gaily) No more !—

I love !—Your breast holds both my secrets ;—Never
 Unbury either !—Come, while yet we may,
 We’ll bask us in the noon of rosy life :—

Lounge through the gardens, flaunt it in the taverns,—
 Laugh,—game,—drink,—feast :—If so confined my days,
 Faith, I’ll enclose the nights. Pshaw, not so grave ;
 I’m a true Frenchman !—*Vive la bagatelle !*

As they are going out enter HUGUET and four Arquebusiers.

Huguet. Messire De Mauprat,—I arrest you !—Follow
 To the Lord Cardinal.

De Maup. You see, my friend,
 I’m out of my suspense ; the tiger’s play’d
 Long enough with his prey.—Farewell ! Hereafter
 Say, when men name me, “Adrien de Mauprat
 Lived without hope, and perished without fear !”

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT, HUGUET, &c.]

Bar. Farewell ! I trust forever ! I design’d thee
 For Richelieu’s murderer—but, as well as his martyr !
 In childhood you the stronger, and I cursed you ;
 In youth the fairer, and I cursed you still ;
 And now my rival !—While the name of Julie
 Hung on thy lips, I smiled—for then I saw
 In my mind’s eye, the cold and grinning Death
 Hang o’er thy head the pall ! Ambition, Love,
 Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,
 Sit in my house of Life ! By the King’s aid
 I will be Julie’s husband, in despite
 Of my Lord Cardinal. By the King’s aid
 I will be minister of France, in spite
 Of my Lord Cardinal ; and then ; what then ?
 The King loves Julie ; feeble prince ! false master !

[*Producing and gazing on the parchment.*

Then, by the aid of Buillion, and the Spaniard,

I will dethrone the King ; and all—ha !—ha !

All, in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal, the walls hung with arras. A large screen in one corner. A table covered with books, papers, &c. A rude clock in a recess. Busts, statues, book-cases, weapons of different periods, and banners suspended over RICHELEUS'S chair.*

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

Rich. And so you think this new conspiracy
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox ?—
Fox !—Well, I like the nickname ? What did Plutarch
Say of the Greek Lysander ?

Joseph. I forget.

Rich. That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it
Out with the fox's ! A great statesman, Joseph,
That same Lysander !

Joseph. Orleans heads the traitor's.

Rich. A very wooden head then ! Well ?

Joseph. The favourite,
Count Baradas—

Rich. A weed of hasty growth
First gentleman of the chamber,—titles, lands,
And the King's ear ! It cost me six long winters
To mount as high, as in six little moons
This painted lizard—But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake he falls ! What more ?

Joseph. A scheme
To make your orphan-ward an instrument
To aid your foes you placed her with the Queen,
One of the royal chamber, as a watch
I' th' enemy's quarters—

Rich. And the silly child
Visits me daily, calls me “ Father,”—prays
Kind heaven to bless me. And for all the rest,
As well have placed a doll about the Queen !
She does not heed who frowns, who smiles ; with whom
The King confers in whispers ; notes not when
Men who last week were foes, are found in corners
Mysteriously affectionate ; words spoken

Within closed doors she never hears ; by chance
Taking the air at keyholes—Senseless puppet !
No ears nor eyes ! And yet she says : “ She loves me ! ”
Go on—

Joseph. Your ward has charmed the King.

Rich. Out on you !

Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots
Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love ?
And shall it creep around my blossoming tree
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music
That spirits in heaven might hear ? They're sinful, too,
Those passionate surfeits of the rampant flesh,—
The Church condemns them ; and to us, my Joseph,
The props and pillars of the Church, most hurtful.
The King is weak—whoever the King loves
Must rule the King ; the lady loves another,
The other rules the lady, thus we're balked
Of our own proper sway. The King must have
No goddess but the State :—the State ! That's Richelieu !

Joseph. This is not the worst ; Louis, in all decorous,
And deeming you her least compliant guardian,
Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion,
Yovr prosperous foe, Count Baradas !

Rich. Ha ! ha !

I have another bride for Baradas !

Joseph. You my lord ?

Rich. Ay—more faithful than the love
Of fickle woman : when the head lies lowliest
Clasping him fondest ;—Sorrow never knew
So sure a soother,—and her bed is stainless !

Joseph (aside) If of the grave he speaks, I do not wonder
That priests are bachelors.

Enter FRANCOIS.

Francois. Mademoiselle De Mortemar !

Rich. Most opportune—admit her. [*Exit FRANCOIS.*

In my closet

You'll find a rosary, Joseph ; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you.—Stay, Joseph ;
I did omit an Ave in my matins,—
A grievous fault ; atone it for me, Joseph ;

There is a scourge within ; I am weak, you strong ;
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful.

Joseph. I ! guilty of such criminal presumption
As to mistake myself for you—No, never !
Think it not ! (*Aside.*) Troth, a pleasant invitation !

[*Exit* JOSEPH.]

Enter JULIE DE MORTEMAR.

Richelieu. That's my sweet Julie ! why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the morning
Were come to visit Tithon.

Julie (*placing herself at his feet*). Are you gracious ?
May I say " Father ?"

Rich. Now and ever !

Julie. Father !

A sweet word to an orphan.

Rich. No ; not orphan

While Richelieu lives ; thy father loved me well ;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young
In years, not service, and bequeathed thee to me ;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amid the mightiest. Drooping ?—sighs ?—
Art thou not happy at the court ?

Julie. Not often.

Rich. (*aside.*) Can she love Baradas ? Ah ! at thy heart
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath ! Thou art admired—art young ;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty—
Ask thee to sing to him ?—and swear such sounds
Had smooth'd the brows of Saul ?

Julie. He's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.

Rich. Fie ! Kings are never tiresome
Save to their ministers. What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most ?—De Sourdiac, Longueville, or
The favourite Baradas ?

Julie. A smileless man—
Fear and shun him.

Rich. Yet he courts thee !

Julie. Then

He is more tiresome than his Majesty.

Rich. Right, girl, shun Baradas. Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honeyed breath
Thy heart hears summer whisper?

Enter HUGUET.

Huguet. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

Julie (*starting up*). De Mauprat!

Rich. Hem!

He has been tiresome too!—Anon.

[*Exit HUGUET.*

Julie. What doth he?

I mean—I—Does your Eminence—that is—
Know you Messire de Mauprat?

Rich. Well!—and you—

Has he addressed you often?

Julie. Often! No—

Nine times: nay, ten;—the last time by the lattice
Of the great staircase. (*In a melancholy tone.*) The Court
sees him rarely.

Rich. A bold and forward royster!

Julie. He? nay, modest,

Gentle and sad, methinks.

Rich. Wears gold and azure?

Julie. No; sable.

Rich. So you note his colours, Julie?

Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass,
I have business with this modest gentleman.

Julie. You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.

Rich. No cause—you hate my foes?

Julie. I do!

Rich. Hate Mauprat?

Julie. Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

Rich. Adrien!

Familiar!—Go, child; no,—not *that* way; wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.

Julie. His brows are knit; I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak. Your Eminence—

Rich. (*sternly.*) Well, girl!

Julie. Nay,

Smile on me—one smile more ; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes ; he is not,
I know he is not ; he loves France too well.

Rich. Not rank De Mauprat with my foes ?
So be it.

I'll blot him from that list.

Julie. That's my own father. [*Exit* JULIE.]

Rich. (*Ringing a small bell on the table.*) Huguet !

Enter HUGUET.

De Mauprat struggled not not murmur'd ?

Huguet. No: proud and passive.

Rich. Bid him enter.—Hold :

Look that he hide no weapon. Hump, despair
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,
Glide round unseen ; place thyself yonder (*pointing to the*
screen ;) watch him ;

If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine ;

So, a good weapon ;) if he play the lion,

Why—the dog's death.

Exit HUGUET ; RICHELIEU *seats himself at the table, and*
slowly arranges the papers before him. *Enter* DE MAUPRAT
preceded by HUGUET, *who then retires behind the screen.*

Rich. Approach, Sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honoured me ?

De Mauprat. It is, my lord,
One of my most—

Rich. (*drily.*) Delightful recollections. (2)

De Maup. (*aside.*) St. Denis ! doth he make a jest of axe
and headsman ?

Rich. (*sternly.*) I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited—you still live ?

De Maup. “To meet death face to face at last.”

Rich. “Your words
“Are bold.

De Maup. My deeds have not belied them.”

Rich. “Deeds !

“O miserable delusion of man's pride !

“Deeds ! cities sack'd, field's ravaged, hearth's profaned,

“Men butcher'd ! In your hour of doom behold

"The *deeds* you boast of ! From rank showers of blood,
"And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
"The rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
"Cry : Lo ! the bridge to Heaven ?"

De Maup. "If war be sinful

"Your hand the gauntlet cast

Rich. "It was so, Sir.

"Note the distinction : I weigh'd well the cause

"Which made the standard holy ; raised the war

"But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd ;

"But look'd beyond ; and, in the vista, saw

"France saved, and I exulted. You—but you

"Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing naught,

"Foreseeing naught, naught hoping, naught lamenting,

"And for naught fit,—save cutting throats for hire.

"Deeds ! marry, deeds !"

De Maup. "If you would deign to speak

"Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,

"Perchance your Eminence might have the pain

"Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

Rich. (*Aside.*) "He has wit,

"This Mauprat—(*Aloud*)—Let it pass ; there is against you

"What you can less excuse." Messire de Mauprat,

Doom'd to sure death, how hast since consumed

The time allotted thee for serious thought

And solemn penance ?

De Maup. (*embarrassed.*) The time, my Lord ?

Richelieu. Is not the question plain ? I'll answer for
thee.

Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine ; no sackcloth
chafed

Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head

Have not, with pious meditation, purged

Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done

Brief told ; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch,

Turbulent riot :—for the morn the dice-box—

Noon claim'd the duel—and t e night the wassail :

These, your most holy pure preparatives

For death and judgment ! Do I wrong you, Sir ?

De Maup. I was not always thus :—if changed my
nature.

Blame that which changed my fate.—Alas, my Lord,
 “ There is a brother which calm-eyed Reason,
 “ Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.
 “ My birth-place mid the vines of sunny Provence,
 “ Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
 “ Came from that wine of passionate life, which erst
 “ Glow’d in the wild heart of the Troubadour :
 “ And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
 “ But fevers me with an insane delight ;
 “ As one of old who on the mountain-crag
 “ Caught madness from a Mænad’s haunting eyes.
 “ Were you, my Lord, whose path imperial power,
 “ And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard
 “ From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—
 By bed and board, dogg’d by one ghastly spectre
 The while within youth beat high, and life
 Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death—
 The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds
 Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
 In the same hour.—Were this your fate, perchance,
 You would have err’d like me !

Richelieu. I might, like you,
 Have been a brawler and a reveller ;—not,
 Like you, a trickster and a thief,—

De Maup. (*advancing threateningly*). Lord Cardinal !
 Unsay those words !—

[*HUGUET deliberately raises his carbine.*]

Rich. (*waving his hand.*) Not quite so quick, friend
 Huguet ;
 Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
 And he can wait !—

You have outrun your fortune ;
 I blame you not that you would be a beggar—
 Each to his taste !—but I do charge you, Sir,
 That being beggar’d, you would coin false moneys
 Out of that crucible, called DEBT.—To live
 On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
 Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets ;—all
 Not *yours*—ungiven, unherited—unpaid for ;
 This is to be a trickster ; and to filch

Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—"Friend,
You're troublesome?"—Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call "*Theft*!"—You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!

De Maup. (*aside.*) The old conjurer!
Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner!

Rich. This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, Sir
That you must pay your debts—

De Maup. With all my heart,
My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

Rich. (*aside and laughing.*) A humurous dare-devil
—The very man

To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold!

[*Rising and earnestly.*

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;
I am not; I am *just*!—I found France rent asunder,—
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths—
I have re-created France; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepid carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars,—phoenix-like, to Jove!—what was my art?
Genius, some say,—some Fortune,—Witchcraft, some.
Not so; my art was JUSTICE!—Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!
My champion you!—You met me as your foe.
Depart my friend—you shall not die—France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honor'd,
Be great—[*DE MAUPRAT falls on his knee*—RICHELIEU
raises him.] I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dowry shall match,
Yet not exceed her beauty.

De Maup. I, my Lord—
I have no wish to marry.

Rich. Surely, Sir,
To die were worse.

[*Besitating.*

De Maup. Scarcely ; the poorest coward
Must die,—but knowingly to march to marriage—
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion !

Rich. Traitor, thou triflest with me !—I know *all* !
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

De Maup. As rivers
May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,
And hurrying on !—

Rich. Thou has told her of thy love ;

De Maup. My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her,
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

Rich. I believe thee ;
Yet since she knows not of thy love renounce her ;
Take life and fortune with another !—Silent ?

De Maup. Your faith has been one triumph. You know
not

How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish,
Love hath no need of words ;—nor less within
That holiest temple—the heaven-built soul—
Breathes the recorded vow.—Base night,—false lover
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy ; I prefer the fate
I look'd for !

Rich. Huguet to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.

(*To MAUPRAT.*) You will there behold
The executioner :—your doom be private—
And Heaven have mercy on you !

De Maup. When I'm dead,
Tell her, I loved her.

Rich. Keep such follies, Sir,
For fitter ears ;—go—

De Maup. Does he mock me ?

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT and HUGUET*

Rich. Joseph,
Come forth.

Enter JOSEPH.

Methinks your cheek has lost its rubies ;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh ;
The scourge is heavy.

Joseph. Pray you, change the subject.

Rich. You good men are so modest !—Well, to business !
Go instantly—deeds—notaries !—bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg—*my* house
No more !—a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.

Joseph. Weds, with whom ?

Rich. De Mauprat.

Joseph. Penniless husband ?

Rich. Bah ! the mate for beauty
Should be a man and not a money-chest !
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vowed to be a father to his Julie ;—
And when he died—the smile upon his lips !—
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again !—Who else.
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favourite ;—balk the King—
Baffle their schemes ?—I have tried him :—he has honour
And courage ; qualities that eagle-plume
Men's soul's,—and fit them for the fiercest sun
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power !
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat :—When my play was
acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers, (3)
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places ; trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise !

Joseph. And yet your foe.

Rich. Have I not foes enow ?—

Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims !—First employ
All methods to conciliate. (4)

Joseph. Failing these ?

Rich. (*fiercely.*) All means to crush ; as with the
opening, and

The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

Joseph. And when
Check the conspiracy?

Rich. Check, check! Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit—the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.

Go Joseph;
When you return I have a feast for you—
The last great act of my great play; the verses,
Methinks are fine,—ah, very fine.—*You write*
Verses! (5)—(*aside*) *such* verses! You have wit,
discernment.

Joseph. (*aside.*) Worse than the scourge! Strange that
so great a statesman
Should be so bad a poet.

Rich. What dost say?

Joseph. That it is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

Rich. Ah, you rogue;
Laws die; books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain; but of my muse, I own it.
Come you shall hear the verses now. (*Takes up a MS.*)

Joseph. My lord,
The deeds, the notaries!

Rich. True, I pity you;
But business first, then pleasure. [*Exit JOSEPH.*]

Rich. (*seating himself, and reading.*) Ah, sublime!

Enter DE MAUPRAT and JULIE.

De Maup. Oh, speak, my lord! I dare not think
you mock me.
And yet——

Rich. Hush, hush—this line must be considered!

Julie. Are we not both your children?

Rich. What a couplet!——

How now! Oh, Sir—you live!

De Maup. Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life.

Julie. He smiles ! you smile,
My father ! From my hear for ever, now,
I'll blot the name of orphan !

Rich. Rise, my children,
For ye are mine—mine both ; and in your sweet
And young delight, your love—life's first-born glory,)
My own lost youth breathes musical !

De Maup. I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward :—were it but
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.

Rich. Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon ; the morrow's sun
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris. Go, my children ;
Even *I* loved once !—Be lovers while ye may.
How is it with you, Sir ? You bear it bravely :
You know it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt DE MAUPRAT and JULIE.*

Oh, godlike Power ! Wo, Rapture, Penury, Wealth—
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—
As the will whispers ! And shall things, like motes
That live in my daylight ; lackeys of court wages,
Dwarf'd starvelings ; manikins upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas—cast
Lots for my robes and sceptre ? France, I love thee !
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart !
My mistress, France ; my wedded wife, sweet France ;
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me !

[*Exit. RICHELIEU.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T I I.

/ SECOND DAY.

SCENE I.—*A splendid Apartment in MAUPRAT'S new House. Casements opening to the Gardens, beyond which the domes of the Luxembourg Palace.*

Enter BARADAS,

Bar. Mauprat's new home :—too splendid for a soldier !

But o'er his floors—the while I stalk—methinks
My shadow spreads gigantic to the gloom
The old rude towers of the Bastile cast far
Along the smoothness of the jocund day.
Well, thou hast 'scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu !
But art thou farther from the headsman, fool ?
Thy secret I have whisper'd to the King :
Thy marriage makes the King thy foe. Thou stand'st
On the abyss—and in the pool below
I see a ghastly, headless phantom mirror'd :
Thy likeness, ere the marriage moon had waned.
Meanwhile—meanwhile—ha, ha ! if thou art wedded,
Thou art not wived !

Enter MAUPRAT (splendidly dressed.)

De Maup. Was ever fate like mine ?—
So blessed, and yet so wretched !

Bar. Joy, de Mauprat !

Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding-day !

De Maup. Jest not.—Distraction !

Bar. What ! your wife a shrew

Already ? Courage, man—the common lot !

De Maup. Oh, that she were less lovely, or less loved !

Bar. Riddles again !

De Maup. You know what chanced between
The Cardinal and myself.

Bar. This morning brought

You letter—faith, a strange account ! I laugh'd
And wept at once for gladness.

De Maup. We were wed
At noon, the rite performed, came hither—scarce
Arrived, when——

Bar. Well !——

De Maup. Wide flew the doors, and lo !
Messire de Beringhen. and this epistle !

Bar. 'Tis the King's hand !—the royal seal !

De Maup. Read—read !

Bar. (*reading.*) “Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of high treason, by the seizure of our town of Faviaux, has presumed without our knowledge, consent, or sanction, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, without our knowledge or consent.—We do hereby proclaim and declare the said marriage contrary to law. On penalty of death, Adrien de Mauprat will not communicate with the said Julie de Mortemar by word or letter, save in the presence of our faithful servant, the Sieur de Beringhen, and then with such respect and decorum as are due to a Demoiselle attached to the Court of France, until such time as it may suit our royal pleasure to confer with the Holy Church on the formal annulment of the marriage, and with our Council on the punishment to be awarded to Messire de Mauprat, who is cautioned for his own sake, to preserve silence as to our injunction, more especially to Made-moiselle de Mortemar. Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre.

LOUIS.”

Bar. (*returning the letter.*) Amazement !—Did not

Richelieu say, the King
Knew not your crime ?

De Maup. He said so.

Bar. Poor de Mauprat !

See you the snare, the vengeance worse than death
Of which you are the victim ?

De Maup. Ha !

Bar. (*aside.*) It works ;

(*JULIE and DE BERINGHEN in the gardens.*)

You have not sought the Cardinal yet, to——

De Maup. No !

Scarce yet my sense awaken'd from the shock !

Now I will see him.

Bar. Hold—beware ! Stir not

Till we confer again,

De Maup. Speak out, man !

Bar. Hush !

Your wife !—De Beringhen !—Be on your guard—

Obeys the royal orders to the letter.

I'll look around your palace. By my troth,

A princely mansion !

De Maup. Stay——

Bar. So new a bridegroom

Can want no visitors.—Your servant, Madam,

Oh, happy pair—oh, charming picture !

[*Exit through a side door.*]

Julie, Adrien,

You left us suddenly—are you not well ?

De Maup. Oh, very well—that is—extremely ill.

Julie. Ill, Adrien ? (*taking his hand.*)

De Maup. Not when I see thee.

(*He is about to lift her hand to his lips, when DE BERINGHEN coughs, and pulls his mantle. DE MAUPRAT drops the hand and walks away.*)

Julie. Alas !

Should he not love me ?

De Ber. (aside.) Have a care : I must

Report each word, each jesture to his Majesty.

De Maup. Sir, if you were not in his Majesty's service,

You'd be the most officious, impudent,

Damn'd busy-body ever interfering

In a man's family affairs.

De Ber. But as

I do belong, sir, to his Majesty——

De Maup. You're lucky !—Still, were we a story higher

'Twere prudent not to go too near the window.

Julie. Adrien, what have I done ? Say am I changed

Since yesterday ?—or was it but for wealth,

Ambition, life—that—that—you swore you loved me ?

De Maup. I shall go mad ! I do, indeed I do——

De Ber. (aside.) Not love her ! that were highly disrespectful.

Julie. You do—what, Adrien ?

De Maup. Oh ! I do, indeed——

I do think that this weather is delightful !

A charming day ! the sky is so serene !

And what a prospect !—(*To De Beringhen.*) Oh ! you Pop
injay !

Julie. He jests at me !—he mocks me !—yet I love him,
And every look becomes the lips we love !

Perhaps I am too grave ?—You laugh at Julie ;

If laughter please you, welcome be the music !

Only say, Adrien, that you love me.

De Maup (kissing her hand.) Ay ;—

With my whole heart I love you !——

Now, Sir, go,

And tell that to his Majesty !—Who ever

Heard of its being a state offence to kiss

To kiss the hand of one's own wife !

Julie. He says he loves me,

And starts away, as if to say “ I love you”

Meant something *very* dreadful.—Come sit by me—

I place your chair—fie on your gallantry.

*They sit down ; as he pushes her chair back, she draws hers
nearer.)*

Julie. Why must this strange Messire De Beringhen
be always here ? He never takes a hint.

Do you not wish him gone ?

De Maup. Upon my soul

I do, my Julie !—Send him for your *bouquet*,

Your glove, your—anything—

Julie. Messire De Beringhen,

I dropped my glove in the garden by the fountain,

Or the alcove, or—stay—no, by the statue

Of Cupid ; may I ask you to——

De Beringhen. To send for it ?

Certainly. (*ringing a bell on the table.*) Andre, Pierre (*you
rascals—how*

Do ye call them ?)

Enter SERVANTS.

Ah—*Madame* has dropp'd her glove

In the gardens, by the fountain, or the alcove ;
Or—stay—no, by the statue—eh ?—of Cupid.
Bring it.

De Maup. Did ever now one pair of shoulders
Carry such wagon-loads of impudence
Into a gentleman's drawing-room ?

Dear Julie,
I'm busy—letters—visitors—the devil !
I do beseech you leave me—I say—leave me

Julie. (weeping.) You are unkind. *Exit.*

(*As she goes out, Mauprat drops on one knee and
kisses the hem of her mantle, unseen by her.*)

De Bering. Ten millions of apologies——

De Maup. I'll not take one of them. I have as yet
Withstood all things—my heart—my love—my rights,
But Julie's tears !——When is this farce to end ?

De Bering. Oh ! when you please. His Majesty re-
quests me,

As soon as you infringe his gracious orders,
To introduce you to the Governor
Of the Bastile. I should have had that honour
Before, but, 'gad, my foible is good nature :
One can't be be hard upon a friend's infirmities.

De Maup. I know the king can send me to the scaffold.
Dark prospect !—but I'm used to it ; and if
The Church and Council by this hour to-morrow,
One way or the other settle not the matter,
I will——

De Bering. What, my dear Sir ?

De Maup. Show you the door,
My dear, dear Sir ; talk as I please, with whom
I please, in my own house, dear Sir ! until
His Majesty shall condescend to find
A stouter gentleman than you, dear Sir,
To take me out ; and now you understand me,
My dear, most dear—Oh, damnably dear Sir !

De Bering. What, almost in a passion ! you will cool
Upon reflection. Well, since *Madame's* absent,
I'll take a small refreshment. Now, don't stir ;
Be careful ;—how's your Burgundy ?—I'll taste it—

Finish it all before I leave you. Nay,
No form ;—you see I make myself at home.

Exit DE BERINGHEN.

*De Maup. (going to the door through which BARADAS
had passed) Baradas ! Count !*

Enter BARADAS.

You spoke of snares—of vengeance
Sharper than death—be plainer.

Bar. What so clear ?

Richelieu has but two passions.

De Maup. Richelieu !

Bar. Yes.

Ambition and revenge—in you both blended.

First for ambition—Julie is his ward.

Innocent—docile—pliant to his will—

He placed her at the court—foresaw the rest—

The King loves Julie !

De Maup. Merciful Heaven ! The King !

Bar. Such Cupids lend new plumes to Richelieu's
wings :

But the court etiquette must give such Cupids

The veil of Hymen—(Hymen but in name.)

He looked abroad—found you his foe—*thns* served

Ambition—by the grandeur of his ward,

And vengeance—by dishonour to his foe ?

De Maup. Prove this.

Bar. You have the proof—the royal Letter :—

Your strange exemption from the general pardon,

Known but to me and Richelieu ; can you doubt

You friend, to acquit your foe ? The truth is glaring—

Richelieu alone could tell the princely lover

The tale which sells your life,—or buys your honour !

De Maup. I see it all !—Mock pardon—hurried nuptials !

False bounty !—all !—the serpent of that smile ;

Oh ! it stings home !

Bar. You shall crush his malice :

Our plans are sure —Orleans is at our head ;

We meet to night ; join us and with us triumph.

De Maup. *To-night !—Oh Heaven !—my marriage
night !—Revenge !*

Bar. “ What classs of men whose white lips do not curse

"The grim, insatiate, universal tyrant ?

"We, noble-born—where are our atique rights. -

"Our feudal seignories—our castled strength,

"That did divide us from the base Plebeians,

"And made our swords our law—where are they ?—trod

"To dust—and o'er the graves of our dead power

"Scaffolds are monuments—the Kingly house

"Shorn of its beams—the Royal Sun of France

"Clipsed by this blood-red comet. Where we turn,

"Nothing but Richelieu !—Armies—Church—State—Laws

"But mirrors that do multiply his beams.

"He sees all—acts all—Argus and Briaræus—

"Spy at our boards—and deathsman at our hearths,

"Under the venom of one laidley nightshade,

"Wither the lilies of all France.

De Maup. (impatiently.) "But Julie—

Baradas, (unheeding him.) "As yet the Fiend that serves
hath saved his power

"From every snare ; and in the epitaphs

"Of many victims dwells a warning moral

"That preaches caution. Were I not assured

"That what before was hope is ripen'd now

"Into most certain safety, trust me, Mauprat,

"I still could hush my hate and mark thy wrongs,

"And say "Be patient !" Now, the King himself

"Smiles kindly when I tell him that his peers

"Will rid him his Priest. You knit your brows,

"Noble impatience ! Pass we to our scheme !

"Tis Richelieu's wont, each morn within his chapel,

(Hypocrite worship ended,) to dispense

Alms to the mendicant friars,—in that guise

A band (yourself the leader) shall surround

And seize the despot

De Maup. But the King ? but Julie ?

Bar. The King ? infirm in health, in mind more feeble,
Is but the playing of a Minister's will.

Were Richelieu dead, his powers were mine ; and Louis

Soon should forget his passion and your crime.

But whither now ?

De Maup. I know not ; I scarce hear thee ;

A little while for thought : anon I'll join thee ;

But now, all air seems tainted, and I loathe
The face of man ! [*Exit DE MAUPRAT through the gardens*]

Bar. Start from the chase, my prey !
But as thou speed'st, the hell-hounds of Revenge
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

Enter DE BERINGHEN, his mouth full a napkin in his hand.

De Ber Chevalier,
Your cook's a miracle,—what my Host gone ?
Faith, Count, my office is a post of danger ;
A fiery fellow, Mauprat ! touch and go,—
Match and saltpetre,—pr-r-r-r !

Bar. You
Will be released ere long. The king resolves
To call the bride to court this day.

De Ber. Poor Mauprat !
Yet, since *you* love the lady, why so careless
Of the King's suit !

Bar. Because the lady's virtuous,
And the king timid. Ere he win the suit
He'll lose the crown,—the bride will be a widow—
And I—the Richelieu of the Regent Orleans.

De Ber. Is Louis still so chafed against the Fox,
From snatching yon fair dainty from the Lion !

Bar. So chafed that Richelieu totters. Yes, the King,
Is half conspiring against the Cardinal.
Enough of this. I've found the man we wanted,—
The man to head the hands that murder'd Richelieu,—
The man, whose name the synonyme for daring.

De Ber. He must mean me ! No' Count, I am, I own,
A valiant dog—but still—

Bar. Whom can I mean
But Maupret ?—Mark, to-night we meet at Marion's,
There shall we sign : thence send this scroll (*showing it*)
to Bouillon.
You're in that secret (*affectionately*) one of our new Coun-
cil.

De Ber. But to admit the Spaniard—France's foe.
Into the heart of France,—dethrone the King !
It looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

Bar. Oh, Sir too late to falter ; when we meet

We must arrange the separate, coarser scheme,
 For Richelieu's death. Of this despatch De Mauprat
 Must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance,
 And he would start from treason. We must post him
 Without the door at Marion's—as a sentry
 (*Aside*)—So, when his head is on the block—his tongue
 Cannot betray our more august designs !

De Ber. I'll meet you, if the King can spare me. (*Aside.*)
 —No !

I am too old a goose to play with foxes,
 I'll roost at home. Meanwhile, in the next room
 There's a delicious pate, let's discuss it.

Bar. Pshaw ! a man filled with a sublime ambition
 Has no time to discuss your pates.

De Ber. Pshaw.
 And a man filled with a sublime as pate.
 Has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad,
 I have the best of it !

Enter JULIE hastily with first COURTIER.

Julie (to COURTIER). A summons, Sir,
 To attend the Louvre ?—On *this* day, too ?

Courtier. Madame.
 The royal carriage waits below.—(*To DE BERINGHEN.*)
 You will return with us.

Julie. What can this mean ?—
 Where is my husband ?

Bar. He has left the house
 Perhaps till nightfall—so he bade me tell you.
 Alas, were I the lord of such fair treasure—

Julie (impatiently). Till nightfall ?—Strange—my heart
 missgives me !

Cour Madame,
 My orders will not brook delay.
Julia (to BARADAS.) You'll see him—
 And you will tell him !

Bar. From the flowers of Hybla
 Never more gladly did the bee bear honey,
 Than I take a sweetness from those rosiest lips,
 Though to the hive of others !

Cour. (to DE BERINGHEN.) Come, Messire.

De Ber. (hesitating.) One moment, just to—
Cour. Come, Sir.

De Ber. I shall not.

Discuss the the pate after all. 'Ecod,
I'm puzzled now. I don't know who's the best of it !

Exeunt JULIE, DE BERINGHEN, and COURTIER.

Bar. Now this will fire his fever into madness !
All is made clear ; Mauprat *must* murder Richelieu—
Die for that crime :—I shall console his Julie—
This will reach Bouillon !—from the wrecks of France
I shall crave out—who knows—perchance a throne !
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal.

Enter DE MAUPRET from the gardens.

De Mauprat. Speak ! can it be ?—Methought that from
the terrace

I saw the carriage of the King—and Julie !
No !—no !—my frenzy peoples the void air
With its own phantoms !

Bar Nay, too true.—Alas !
Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,
Than Richelieu's forked guide ?

De Maup. I'll to the Louvre——

Bar. And lose all hope ! The Louvre !—the sure
gate
To the Bastile !

De Maup. The King.

Bar. Is but the wax,
Which Richelieu stamps ? Break the malignant seal,
And I will raze the print. Come, man, take heart !
Her virtue well could brave a sterner trial
Than a few hours of cold imperious courtship.
Where Richelieu *dust*—no danger !

De Maup. Ghastly Vengeance !
To thee and thine angust solemn sister,
The unrelenting Death ! I dedicate
The blood of Armand Richelieu ! When Dishonour
Reaches our hearths Law dies and Murder takes
The angel shape of Justice !

Bar. Bravely said !
At midnight, Marion's !—Nay, I cannot leave thee

To thoughts that——

De Mauv. Speak not to me !—I am yours !
But speak not ! There's a voice within my soul,
Whose cry could drown the thunder. Oh ! if men
Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,
Let them, who raise the spell, beware the fiend !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palais Cardinal (as the first Act).*

RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.

FRANCOIS, *writing at a table.*

Joseph. Yes ;—Huguet, taking his accustom'd round,—
Disguised as some plain burgher,—heard these rufflers
Quoting your name :—he listen'd—"Pshaw !" said one,

"We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace
To-morrow !"—"How?" the other ask'd ;—"You'll hear
The whole design to-night : the Duke of Orleans
And Baradas have got the map of action
At their fingers' end"—"So be it," quoth the other,
"I will be there,—Marion de Lorme's—at midnight !"

Rich. I have them, man, I have them !

Jos. So they say

Of you, my Lord ;—believe me, that their plans
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ
Means no less vast to meet them !

Rich. Bah ! in policy

We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,
But dwarfs.——The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe ! (1)
Ah ! were I younger—by the knightly heart
That beats between these priestly robes, (2) I would
Have pastime with these cut-throats ! Yea, as when,
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea !
Reach me you falchion, Francois—not that bauble
For carpet-warriors—yonder—such a blade
As old Charles Martel might have wielded,
He drove the Saracen from France

(FRANCOIS brings him one of the long two-handed swords worn in the middle ages.)

With this,

I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher—no mongrels, boy,
Those island mastiffs !—mark the notch, a deep one
His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist !
A toy—a feather, then ! (*Tries to wield and lets it fall.*)

You see, a child could

Slay Richelieu now.

Francois (his hand on his hilt). But now, at your
command

Are other weapons good my lord.

Rich. (who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen).

True THIS !

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand—itself a nothing !
By taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless ! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it ! (*Looking on the clock.*)

'Tis the hour—

Retire, sir.

[*Exit FRANCOIS.*

A knock—a door, concealed in the arras, opens cautiously

Enter MARION DE LORME.

Joseph (amazed). Marion de Lorme !

Rich. Hist ! Joseph

Keep guard.

(*JOSEPH retires to the principal entrance.*)

My faithful Marion !

Marion. Good my lord,
They meet to-night in my poor honse. The Duke
Of Orleans heads them.

Rich. Yes ; go on.

Marion. His Highness
Much question'd if I knew some brave, discreet,
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,
And who had those twin qualities for service,
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu.

Rich. You——

Marion. Made me answer, "Yes, my brother;—bold and trusty :

Whose faith, my faith could pledge ;"—The Duke then bade me

Have him equipp'd and arm'd—well mounted—ready
This night to part for Italy.

Rich. Aha !—

Has Bouillon too turn'd traitor ?—So methought !
What part of Italy ?

Marion. The Piedmont frontier,
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

Rich. Now there is danger !
Great danger ! If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my council, as,
Without sure proof he will not, France is lost !
What more !

Marion. Dark hints of some design to seize
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—
His Highness trembled while he spoke ;—the words
Did choke each other.

Rich. So ! Who is the brother,
You recommended to the Duke ?

Marion. Whoever
Your eminence may father !

Rich. Darling Marion ! (3)

[*Goes to the table, and returns with a large bag of gold.*]
There—pshaw—trifle ! What an eye you have !
And what a smile, child !—(*kisses her.*)—Ah you fair
perdition—
'Tis well I'm old ?

Marion (*aside and seriously*). What a great man he is !

Rich. You are sure they meet ?—the hour ?

Marion. At midnight.

Rich. And
You will engage to give the Duke's despatch.
To whom I send ?

Marion. Ay, marry !

Rich. (*aside.*) Huguet ? No ;
He will be wanted elsewhere. Joseph ?—zealous,
But too well known—too much the *elder* brother

Mauprat?—alas ! his wedding day !
Francois?—the Man of Men !—unnoted—young—
Ambitious—(*goes to the door*)—Francois !

Enter FRANCOIS.

Rich. Follow this fair lady :

(Find him the suiting garments, Marion ;) take
My fleetest steed : arm thyself to the teeth ;
A packet will be given you, with orders,
No matter what ! The instant that your hand
closes upon it—clutch *it*, like your honour,
Which death alone can steal, or ravish ; set
Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand
Again before me. Stay, Sir ! You will find me
Two short leagues hence—at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe ! for—note me—from the hour
I grasp that packet, think your guardian star
Rains fortune on you !

Fran. If I fail—

Rich. Fail—

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail* !—You will instruct him further, Marion.
Follow her—but at distance ;—speak not to her,
Till you are housed ;—Farewell, boy ! Never say
“*Fail*” again.

Fran. I will not !

Rich. (*patting his locks.*) There is my young hero !

Exeunt FRANCOIS and MARION.

Rich. So, they would seize my person in this place ?
I cannot guess their scheme :—but my retinue
Is here too large !—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the fate of thousands ;—Joseph
Art sure of Huguet ?—Think—we hang’d his father !

Joseph. But you have bought his son ;—heap’d favours on
him !

Rich. Trash !—favours past—that’s nothing ! In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favours
To *come* he counts on ?

Joseph. Yes—a Colonel’s rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

Rich. What Huguet !

(*Here HUGUET enters, as to address the Cardinal, who does not perceive him.*)

Huguet. My own name soft !—*[glides behind the screen.*

Rich. Colonel and Nobleman !

My bashful Huguet—that can never be !—

We have him not the less—we'll *promise it* !

And see the King withholds !—Ah, kings are oft

A great convenience to a minister !

No wrong to Huguet either !—Moralists

Say, Hope is sweeter than possession !—Yes—

We'll count on Puguët ! Favours *prst* do gorge

Our dogs ; leave service drowsy—dull to the scent,

Slacken the speed ;—favours to *come*, my Joseph,

Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,

A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur

Would make a Cerberus. You are right, this treason.

Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crush'd,

Its very ashes shall manure the soil

Of power ; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,

That all the summer of my fate shall seem

Fruitless beside the autumn !

[HUGUET holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.

Joseph. The saints grant it !

Rich. (*solemnly.*) Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it !—O my country,

For thee—thee—only—though men deem it not—

Are toil and terror my familiars !—I

Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows

Wreath'd the old Roman laurel :—at thy feet

Bow'd nations down.—No puse in my ambition

Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart !

“ In the old times before us, patriots lived

“ And died for liberty—

Joseph. “ As you would live

And die for despotry—

Rich. “ False monk, not so !

“ Not for the purple and the power wherein

“ State clothes herself,—I love my native land—

“ Not as Venetian Englisher, or Swiss,

“ But as a Noble and a Priest of France ;

“ All things for France'—lo, my eternal maxim !

"The vital axle of the restless wheels
"That bear me on ! With her I have entwined
"My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
"Hated and loved, (4) and schemed, and shed men's blood
"As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
"Those who would make their country great. Beyond
"The map of France, my heart can travel not,
"But fills that limit to the farthest verge ;
"And while I live—Richelieu and France are one."
We priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name Father—we are yet
Not holier than humanity, and must
Fulfil humanity's condition—Love !
Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life
To chill the marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In the unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state
This pomp, this palace ? perishable baubles !
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People !

Enter HUGUET

Huguet. My Lord Cardinal,
Your eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

Rich. Did I ?—True, Huguet.—So—you overheard
Strange talk amongst these gallants Snares and traps
For Richelieu ?—Well—we'll balk them ; let me think—
The men at arms you head—how many ?

Huguet. Twenty, (5)
My Lord.

Rich. All trusty !

Huguet. Yes, for ordinary
Occasions—if for great ones, I would change
Three-fourths at least ?

Rich. Ay, what are great occasions ?

Huguet. Great bribes !

Rich. (to JOSEPH). Good lack, he knows some paragons
Superior to great bribes !

Huguet. True gentlemen,
Who have transgress'd the laws—and value life—
And lack not gold ; your eminence alone
Can grant them pardon. *Ergo* you can trust them !

Rich. Logic !—So be it—let this *honest* twenty
Be arm'd and mounted.—(*Aside.*) So they meet at midnight,
The attempt on me to-morrow—Ho ! we'll strike
'Twixt wind and water.—(*Aloud.*) Does it need much time
To find these ornaments to Human Nature ?

Huguet. My Lord the trustiest are not birds
That love the daylight.—I do know a haunt
Where they meet nightly.

Rich. Ere the dawn be grey,
All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle
In my old hall ?

Huguet. By one hour after midnight.

Rich. The castle's strong. You know its outlets, Huguet ?

Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard
That not one step—(and Murder's step is stealthy)—
Could glide within unseen ?

Huguet. A triple wall—
A drawbridge and portcullis—twenty men—
Under my lead, a month might hold that castle
Against a host.

Rich. They do not strike till morning,
Yet I will shift the quarter—bid the grooms
Prepare the litter—I will hence to Ruelle
While day-light last—and one hour after midnight
You and your twenty saints shall seek me thither !
You're made to rise ! You are, Sir ;—eyes of lynx
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow ;
You are a valiant fellow ;—yea, a trusty,
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet !
If I live long enough,—ay, mark my words——
If I live long enough, you'll be a Colonel——
Noble, perhaps !—One hour, Sir, after midnight.

Hug. You leave me dumb with gratitude, my lord ;
I'll pick the trustiest (*aside*) Marion's house can furnish !

[*Exit* HUGUET.]

Rich. How like a spider shall I sit in my hole,
And watch the meshes tremble.

Jos. But, my lord,
Were it not wiser still to man the palace,
And seize the traitors in the act?

Rich. No ; Louis,
Long chafed against me—Julie stolen from him,
Will rouse him more. He'll say I hatch'd the treason,
Or scout my charge ;—He half desires my death :
But the despatch to Bouillon, some dark scheme
Against *his* crown—*there* is our weapon Joseph !
With that all safe—without it all is peril !
Meanwhile to my old castle ; *you* to court
Diving with careless eyes into men's hearts,
As ghostly churchmen should do ! See the King,
Bid him peruse that sage and holy treatise,
Wherein 'tis set forth how a Premier should
Be chosen from the Priesthood—how the King,
Should never listen to a single charge
Against his servant, nor conceal one whisper
That rank envies of a court distil
Into his ear—to fester the fair name
Of my—I mean his Minister !—O ! Joseph,
A most convincing treatise. (6)
Good—all favours,
If Francois be but bold, and Huguet honest.—
Huguet—I half suspect—he bow'd too low—
'Tis not his way.

Jos. This is the curse, my lord
Of your high state ; suspicion of all men.

Rich. (*sadly*). True ; true ; my leeches bribed to poison
pages

To strangle me in sleep—my very King
(This brain the unresting loom, from which was woven
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me—
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but—

Jos. What ?

Rich. The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu !

Jos. Nought beside ?

Rich. Why Julie,
My own dear foster-child, forgive me ! Yes ;
This morning, shining through their happy tears,
Thy soft eyes bless'd me !—and thy Lord,—in danger
He would forsake me not.

Jos. And Joseph——

Rich. (*after a pause*). You——
Yes, I believe you—yes ; for all men fear you—
And the world loves you not. And I friend Joseph,
I am the only man, who could, my Joseph,
Make you a Bishop. (7) Come we'll go to dinner,
And talk the while of methods to advance
Our Mother Church. (8) Ah, Joseph—*Bishop Joseph !*
[*Exeunt*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SECOND DAY.—MIDNIGHT

SCENE I.—*Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle—A gothic chamber—
Moonlight at the window occasionally obscured.*

Rich. (*reading*) [1.] “ In silence, and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power.”
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist !
But wert thou tried ? Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels, but alas !
We see thee like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy ! with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star

In this soliloquy the lines from 23 to 49 are spoken on the stage.

Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their aery towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought, or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time ?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizzard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures ?
O ! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell ;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops ;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features !
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton ! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous !

I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,

And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke,
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had (2)—if my wrath was deadly.
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own. (3)
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies (4)—murder at my bed ;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
And this is Power ! Alas ! I am not happy. (*After a pause.*)
And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up : but never yet
Did one last barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless then that I do hate
Them who hate me ? Tush, tush ! I do not hate ;
Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,
But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy ; forgiveness is mine own.
Destruction is the State's ! For private life,
Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.
Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were worth ?
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.
Ah !—here !—that spasm—again ! How Life and Death
Do wrestle for me momentarily ! And yet
The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King !
And then, thou insolent Austrian—who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover, (5)
Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham,—
Thou shalt—no matter ! I have outlived love.
O ! beautiful—all golden—gentle youth !
Making thy palace in the careless front

And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
 Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)
 Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
 O ! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
 Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
 Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair !
 Could I recall the past—or had not set
 The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
 In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea ;
 The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
 Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike
 Or day or night. Ambition has no rest !
 Shall I resign ?—Who can resign himself ?
 For custom is ourself ! As drink and food
 Become our bone and flesh—the aliments
 Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,
 Passions and aims, in the revolving cycle
 Of the great alchemy—at length are made
 Our mind itself ! and yet the sweets of leisure—
 An honour'd home—far from these base intrigues—
 An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—
(*Taking up the book.*)
 Speak to me, moralist ! I'll heed thy counsel.
 Were it not best——

Enter FRANCOIS hastily, and in part disguised.

Richelieu (flinging away the book.) Philosophy, thou
 liest !

Quick—the despatch !—Power—Empire ! Boy—the
 packet !

Francois. Kill me, my lord !

Rich. They knew thee—they suspected—

They gave it not——

Francois. He gave it—he—the Count
 De Baradas—with his own hand he gave it

Rich. Baradas ! Joy ! out with it !

Francois. Listen.

And then dismiss me to the headsman.

Rich. Ha !

Go on.

Francois. They led me to a chamber. There

Orleans and Baradas—and some half-score,
Whom I knew not—were met——

Rich. Not more !

Francois. But from

Th' adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,
The clattering tread of armed men ;—at times
A shriller cry, that yelled out, “ Death to Richelieu !”

Rich. Speak not of *me* ; thy *country* is in danger !

Th' adjoining room—So, so—a *separate* treason !

The one thy ruin, France !—the meaner crime,
Left to their tools—my murder !

Francois. Baradas

Questioned me close—demurr'd—until, at last,
O'erruled by Orleans—gave the packet—told me
That life and death were in the scroll :—This gold—

Rich. Gold is no proof——

Francois. And Orleans promised thousands,
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris
Rang out the shrill answer : hastening from the house
My footstep in the styrrup, Marion stole
Across the threshold, whispering, “ Lose no moment
Ere Richelieu have the packet : tell him, too—
Murder is in the winds of Night, and Orleans
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay.”
She said, and trembling fled within : when lo !
All and of iron griped me ! Thro' the dark,
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man :
Ere I could draw, the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasp'd—“ Spy, I spare thee, for
This steel is virgin to thy lord !”—with that
He vanish'd.—Scared and trembling for thy safety,
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,
Implore thee to acquit my faith—but not,
Like him, to spare my life.

Rich. Who spake of *life* ?

I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honour*—

A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives !

Begone ! redeem thine honour ! Back to Marion—

Or Baradas—or Orleans—track the rokker—

Regain the packet—or crawl on to Age—

Age and gray hairs like mine—and know, thou hast lost

That which hath made the great and saved thy country.
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.
Away ? Nay cheer thee ! thou hast not fail'd yet—
There's no such word as "fail !"

Francois. Bless you, my Lord.
For that one smile ! I'll wear it on my heart
To light me back to triumph.(6) (*Exit.*)

Rich. The poor youth !
An elder had ask'd life ! I love the young !
For as great men live not in their own time
But the next race,—so in the young my soul
Makes many Richelieus. He will win it yet.
Francois ? He's gone. My murder ! Marion's warning.
This bravo's threat ! O for the morrow's dawn !
I'll set my spies to work—I'll make all space
(As does the sun) an Universal Eye—
Huguet shall track—Joseph confess—ha ! ha !
Strange, while I laugh'd I shudder'd, and ev'n now
Thro' the chill air the beating of my heart
Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow ;
If Huguet *could* deceive me—hoofs without—
The gates uncloset—steps, near and nearer !

Enter JULIE.

Julie. Cardinal !
My father ! (*falls at his feet.*)

Rich. Julie at this hour ! and tears.
What ails the ?

Julie. I am I am safe with thee !

Rich. Safe ! why in all the storms of this wild world
What wind would mar the violet ?

Julie. That man—
Why did I love him ?—clinging to a breast
That knows no shelter ?

Listen—late at noon—
The marriage-day—ev'n then no more a lover,
He left me coldly ! Well I sought my chamber
To weep and wonder ; but to hope and dream
Sudden a mandate from the king,—to attend
Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre.

Rich. Ha !
You did obey the summons ; and the king

Reproach'd your hasty nuptials,

Julie. Were that all !

He frown'd and chid ; proclaim'd the bond unlawful ;
Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
And there at night—alone—this night ! all still
He sought my presence—dared !—thou read'st the heart
Read mine—I cannot speak it !

Rich. He, a king !

You—woman ; well, you yielded !

Julie. Cardinal !

Dare you say “ yielded ? ” Humbled and abash'd,
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis ;
Crept like a baffled felon !—yielded ! Ah !
More royalty in woman's heart
Than dwells within the crowned majesty
And scepter'd anger of a hundred kings !
Yielded ! Heavens !—yielded !

Rich. To my breast,—close—close !

The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempers, Vanity and Power !——
He left you—well !

Julie. Then came a sharper trial !

At the king's suit, the Count De Baradas
Sought me, to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, while
On his smooth lip insult appear'd more hateful
For the false mask of pity : letting fall
Dark hints of treachery, with a world of sighs
That heaven had granted to so base a lord
The heart whose coldest friendship were to him
What Mexico to misers ! Stung at last
By disdain, the dim and glimmering sense
Of his cloak'd words broke into bolder light,
And THEN—ah ! then, my haughty spirit fail'd me !
Then I was weak—wept—oh ! such bitter tear !
For (turn thy face aside, and let me whisper
The horror to thine ear) then I did learn
That he—that Adrien—that my husband—knew
The king's polluting suit, and deemed it *honour* !

Then all the terrible and loathsome truth
 Glared on me ; coldness—waywardness—reserve—
 Mystery of looks—words—all unravell'd !—and
 I saw the imposter where I had lov'd the God !

Rich. I think thou wrong'st thy husband—but proceed.

Julie. Did you say “wrong'd” him ? Cardinal, my father,
 Did you say “wrong'd ?” Prove it ! and life shall glow
 One prayer for thy reward and his forgiveness !

Rich. Let me know all.

Julie. To despair he caused
 The courtier left me ; but amid the chaos
 Darted one guiding ray—to 'scape—to fly—
 Reach Adrien, learn the worst—'twas then near midnight ;
 Trembling I left my chamber—sought the queen—
 Fell at her feet—reveal'd the unholy peril—
 Implored her aid to flee our joint disgrace.
 Moved, she embraced and soothed me ; nay, preserved :
 Her word sufficed to unlock the palace-gates ;
 I hasten'd home—but home was desolate—
 No Adrien there ! Fearing the worst, I fled
 To thee, directed hither. As my wheels
 Panted at the gates—the clang of arms behind
 The ring of hoofs—

Rich. 'Twas but my guards, fair trembler.

(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wrong'd him.)

Julie. Oh, in one hour what years of anguish crowd !

Rich. Nay, there's no danger now. Thou need'st rest.
 Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush ! be cheer'd,
 My rosiest Amazon—thou wrong'st thy Theseus.
 All will be well—yet, yet all well.

[*Exeunt through a side door.*]

SCENE II.—*The moonlight obscured at the casement.*

Enter HUGUET—DE MAUPRAT *in complete armour, his vizzor down.*

Hug. Not here !

De Maup. Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence and
 guard

The galleries where the menials sleep—plant sentries
 At every outlet. Chance should throw no shadow

Between the vengeance and the victim ! Go !
 Ere yon brief vapor that obscures the moon,
 As doth our deed pale conscience, pass away,
 The mighty shall be ashes.

Hug. Will you not
 A second arm ?

De Maup. To slay one weak old man ?
 Away ! No lesser wrongs than mine can make
 This murder lawful. Hence !

Hug. A short farewell !

Exit

Re-enter RICHELIEU, not perceiving DE MAUPRAT.

Rich. How heavy is the air ! the vestal lamp
 Of the sad moon, weary with vigil, dies
 In the still temple of the solmen heaven !
 The very darkness lends itself to fear—
 To treason—

De Maup. And to death !

Rich. My omens lied not !
 What art thou, wretch ?

De Maup. Thy doomsman !

Rich. Ho, my guards !
 Huguet ! Monthbrassial ! Vermont !

De Maup. Ay, thy spirits
 Forsake thee, wizzard ; thy bold men of mail
 Are *my confederates*. Stir not ! but one step,
 And know the next—thy grave !

Rich. Thou liest, knave !
 I am old, infirm—most feeble—but thou liest !
 Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand
 Of man—the stars have said it (7)—and the voice
 Of my own prophet and oracular soul
 Confirms the shining Sybils ! Call them all—
 Thy brother butchers ! Earth has no such fiend—
 No ! as one paracide of his father-land.
 Who dares in Richelieu murder France !

De Maup. Thy stars
 Deceive thee, Cardinal ; thy soul of wiles
 May against kings and armaments avail,
 And mock the embattled world ; but powerless now
 Against the sword of one resolved man,
 Upon whose forehead thou hast written *shame* !

Rich. I breathe ;—he is not a hireling. Have I wronged thee ?

Beware surmise—suspicion—lies ! I am
Too great for men to speak the truth of me !

De Maup. Thy *acts* are the accusers, Cardinal.
In his hot youth, a soldier urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life ;—
You did not strike the blow—but o'er his head,
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,
Hovered the axe.—His the brave spirit's hell,
The twilight terror of suspense ;—your death
Had set him free ;—he purposed not nor prayed it.
One day you summoned—mocked him with smooth pardon
Showered wealth upon him—bade an angel's face
Turn earth to paradise——

Rich. Well !

De Maup. Was this mercy ?

A Cæsar's generous vengeance ?—Cardinal, no !
Judas not Cæsar, was the model ! You
Saved him from death for shame ; reserved to grow
The scorn of living men—to his dead sires
Leprous reproach—scoff of the age to come—
A kind convenience—a Sir Pandarus
To his own bride, and the august adulterer !
Then did the first great law of human hearts,
Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's name
Crowned the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,
Make misery royal—raise this desperate wretch
Into thy destiny ! Expect no mercy !
Behold Be Mauprat !

[*Lifts his visor.*]

Rich. To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon ; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
Would bid the strike that I might be avenged !
It was to save my Julie from the king,
That in my valour I forgave thy crime ;—
It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—
Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave thy hearth
To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

(*Goes to the side door.*)

Julie de Mauprat—Julie !

Enter JULIE.

Lo ! my witness !

De Maup. What marvel's this ?—I dream ! My Julie
—*thou !*

This, thy beloved hand ?

Julie. Henceforth all bond

Between us twain is broken. Were it not
For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost
The right—now mine—to scorn thee !

Rich. So, you hear her !

De Maup. Thou with some slander hast her sense in-
fected !

Julie. No, Sir ; he did excuse thee in despite
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy friend—
Thy confident—familiar—*Baradas*—
Himself revealed thy baseness,

De Maup. Baseness !

Rich. Ay ;

That *thou* didst court dishonour !

De Maup. Baradas !

Where is thy thunder, Heaven ? Duped ! snared ! undone !
Thou—thou couldst not believe him ! Thou dost love me !
Love cannot feed on falsehood !

Julie (aside). Love him ! Ah !

Be still, my heart ! Love you I did :—how fondly,
Woman—if women were my listeners now—
Alone could tell ! For ever fled my dream :
Farewell—all's over !

Rich. Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of day-break love
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer. Take her hand
And speak the truth with which your heart runs over—
That this Count Judas—this incarnate falsehood—
Never lied more than when he told thy Julie
That Adrien loved her not—except, indeed,
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

Julie (embracing De Maup.) You love me, then ! you
love me ! and they wrong'd you !

De Maup. Ah, could'st thou doubt ?

Rich. Why the very mole
Less blind than thou ! Baradas loves thy wife :—
Had hoped her hand—aspired to be that cloak
To the king's will, which to thy bluntness seems
The Centaur's poisonous robe—hopes even now
To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed !
Where was thy wit, man ? Ho ! these schemes are glass !
The very sun shines through them.

De Maup. O, my Lord,
Can you forgive me ?

Rich. Ay, and save you !

De Maup. Save !—
Terrible word ! O, save *thyself* : these halls
Swarm with thy foes : already for thy blood
Pants thirsty murder !

Julie. Murder !

Rich. Hush ! put by
The woman. Hush ! a shriek—a cry—a breath
Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause
The swooping Death ! Go to the door, and listen !
Now for escape !

De Maup. None—none ! Their blades shall pass
This heart to thine.

Rich (*dryly.*) An honourable outwork.
But much too near the citadel. I think
That you can trust now (*slowly and gazing on him :*)
yes ;

I can trust you.

How many of my troop league with you ?

De Maup. All !—

We are your troop !

Rich. And Huguet ?—

De Maup. Is our captain.

Rich. A retributive Power ! This comes of spies.
All ? then the lion's skin too short to-night,—
Now for the fox's ?

Julie. A hoarse gathering murmur !
Hurrying and heavy footsteps !

Rich. Ha ! the posterns !

De Maup. No egress where no sentry !

Rich. Follow me—

I have it ! to my chamber—quick ! Come, Julie !
Hush ! Mauprat come !

Murmur at a distance—“ Death to the CARDINAL !”

Rich. Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye ! ha ! ha ! we will
Baffle them yet. Ha ! ha !

Exeunt Julie, Mauprat, Richelieu

Huguet (without). This way—this way !

SCENE III.—*Enter HUGUET and the Conspirators.*

Hug. De Mauprat's hand is never slow in battle ;
Strange, if it falter now ! Ha ! gone !

First Conspirator. Perchance
The fox had crept to rest ; and to his lair
Death, the dark hunter tracks him.

*Enter MAUPRAT throwing open the doors of the recess in—
which a bed, whereon RICHELIEU lies extended.*

Maup. Live the King !
Richelieu is dead !

*Huguet (advancing towards the recess ; MAUPRAT following,
his hand on his dagger.)* Are his eyes open ?

De Maup. Ay ;
As if in life !

Huguet (turning back.) I will not look on him.
You have been long.

De Maup. I watched him till he slept
Heed me. No trace of blood reveals the deed ;—
Strangled in sleep. His health had long been broken—
Found breathless in his bed. So runs our tale,
Remember ! Back to Paris—Orleans gives
Ten thousand crowns, and Baradas a lordship,
To him who first gluts vengeance with the news
That Richelieu is in heaven ! Quick, that all France
May share your joy !

Huguet. And you ?

De Maup. Will stay to crush
Eager suspicion—to forbid sharp eyes
To dwell too closely on the clay ; prepare
The rites, and place him on his bier—this *my* task.
I leave you, sirs, the more grateful lot
Of wealth and honours. Hence !

Huguet. I shall be noble !

De Maup. Away.

First Conspirator. Five thousand crowns !

Omens. To horse ! to horse ! [*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE IV.—*Still night.*—*A room in the house of* COUNT DE
BARADAS, *lighted, &c.*

ORLEANS *and* DE BERINGHEN .

De Ber. I understand. Mauprat kept guard without :
Knows nought of the despatch—but heads the troop
Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.
Save us from such protection !

Orleans. Yet if Huguet,
By whose advice and proffers we renounced
Our earlier scheme, should still be Richelieu's minion,
And play us false—

De Ber. The fox must then devour
The geese he gripes. I'm out of it, thank Heaven !
And you must swear you smelt the trick, but seem'd
To approve the deed to render up the doers.

Enter BARADAS.

Bar. Julie is fled :—The King, whom now I left
To a most thorny pillow, vows revenge
On her—on Mauprat—and on Richelieu ! Well ;
We loyal men anticipate his wish
Upon the last—and as for Mauprat,—

(*Showing a writ.*)

De Ber. Hum !

They say the devil invented printing ! Faith,
He has some hand in writing parchment—eh, Count ?
What mischief now ?

Bar. The King at Julie's flight
Enraged will brook no rival in a subject—
So on this old offence—the affair of Faviaux—
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of *us*, we build
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.

Orleans. Well ; if our courier can but reach the army,
The cards are ours ! and yet, I own I tremble.
Our names are in the scroll—discovery, death !

Bar. Success ! a crown !

De Ber. (apart to Baradas.) Our future regent is
No hero.

Bar (to De Beringhen.) But his rank makes others
valiant ;

And on his cowardice I mount to power.

Were Orleans Regent—what were Baradas ?

Oh ! by the way—I had forgot your highness,

Friend Huguet whisper'd me, " Beware of Marion :

I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's palace."

Upon that hint—I've found her lodgings elsewhere.

Orleans. You wrong her, Count :—Poor Marion ! she
adores me.

Bar. (apologetically.) Forgive me, but——

Enter PAGE.

Page. My Lord, a rude, strange soldier,
Breathless with haste, demands an audience.

Bar. So !

The archers ?

Page. In the ante-room, my Lord,
As you desired.

Bar. 'Tis well, admit the soldier.

] Exit Page

Huguet ! I bade him seek here !

Enter HUGUET.

Huguet. My Lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil your word,
And make me noble !

Bar. Richelieu dead ?—art sure ?
How died he ?

Huguet. Strangled in his sleep :—no blood,
No tell-tale violence.

Bar. Strangled ? monstrous villian !
Reward for murder ! Ho, there !

[Stamping

Enter CAPTAIN with five Archers.

Huguet. No, thou durst not !

Bar. Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag him ! Off
To the Bastile !

Huguet. Your word—your plighted faith !

Bar. Insolent liar :—ho, away !

Huguet. Nay, Count ;
I have that about me, which——

Bar. Away with him !

[*Exeunt HUGUET and Archers*

Now, then all's safe ; Huguet must die in prison,
So Mauprat :—coax or force the meaner crew
To fly the country. Ha, ha ! thus, your highness,
Great men make use of little men

De Ber. My Lords,
Since our suspense is ended—you'll excuse me ;
'Tis late—and, *entre nous*, I have not supp'd yet !
I'm one of the new Council now, remember ;
I feel the public stirring here already ;
A very craving monster. *Au revoir !*

[*Exit DE BERINGHEN.*

Orleans. No fear, now Richelieu's dead.

Bar. And could he come
To life again, he could not keep life's life—
His power,—nor save De Mauprat from the scaffold,—
Nor Julie from these arms—nor Paris from
The Spaniard—nor your highness from the throne !
All ours ! all ours ! in spite of my Lord Cardinal !

Enter PAGE.

Page. A gentleman, my Lord, of better mein
Than he who last—

Bar. Well, he may enter.

[*Exit PAGE.*

Orleans. Who
Can this be ?

Bar. One of the conspirators:
Mauprat himself, perhaps.

Enter FRANCOIS,

Fran. My Lord——

Bar. Ha, traitor !
In Paris still !

Fran. The packet—the despatch—
Some nave play'd spy wihout, and reft it from me,
Ere I could draw my sword.

Bar. Play'd spy *without* !
Did he wear armour ?

Fran. Aye, from head to heel.

Orleans. One of our band. Oh, heavens !

Bar. Could it be Mauprat ?

Kept guard at the *door*—knew *naught of the despatch*—

How HE ?—and yet, who other ?

Fran. Ha, De Mauprat !

The night was dark his valour closed.

Bar. 'Twas he !

How could he guess ?—'sdeath ! if he should betray us.

His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu—and

He was not great enough for treason. Hence !

Find Mauprat—beg, steal, filch, or force it back,

Or, as I live, the halter——

Fran. By the morrow

I will regain it, (*aside.*) and redeem my honour !

[*Exit FRANCOIS.*]

Orleans. Oh ! we are lost—

Bar. Not so ! But cause on cause

For Mauprat's seizure—silence—death ! Take courage.

Orleans. Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's
arm

Could smite us from the grave.

Bar. Sir, think it not !

I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow,

And France is ours ! Thou dark and fallen Angel,

Whose name on earth's AMBITION—thou that mak'st

Thy throne on treasons, stratagems, and murder—

And with thy fierce and blood-red smile canst quench

The guiding stars of solemn empire—hear us—

(For we are thine)—and light us to the goal !

END OF ACT III.

A C T I V.

THIRD DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Gardens of the Louvre.*

ORLEANS, BARADAS, DE BERINGHEN, *Courtiers, &c.*

Orleans. How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

Bar. With grief when thinking of the toils of State ;
With joy, when thinking on the eyes of Julie :—
At times he sighs, " Who now shall govern France ?"
Anon exclaims—" Who now shall baffle Louis ?"

Enter LOUIS and other Courtiers. They uncover.

Orleans. Now, my liege, now, I can embrace a brother.

Louis. Dear Gaston, yes. I do believe you *love* me ;—
Richelieu denied it—sever'd us too long.

A great man, Gaston ! Who shall govern France ?

Bar. Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star
Eclipsed your royal orb. He served the country.
But did he *serve*, or seek to *sway* the King ?

Louis. You're right—he was an able politician (1)
That's all :—between ourselves, Count, I suspect
The largeness of his learning—specially
In falcons (2)—poor huntsman, too !

Bar. Ha—ha !
Your Majesty remembers—

Louis. Ay, the blunder
Between the *greffier* and the *souillard*, when—

[*Checks and crosses himself*

Alas ! poor sinners that we are ! we laugh
While this great man—a priest, a cardinal,
A faithful servant—out upon us !

Bar. Sire,
If my brow wear no cloud, 'tis that the Cardinal
No longer shades the King.

Louis (*Looking up at the skies*). Oh Baradas !
Am I not to be pitied ?—what a day
For—

Bar. Sorrow ?—No, sire !

Louis. Bah ! for *hunting*, man,
And Richelieu's dead ; 'twould be an indecorum
Till he is buried—(*yawns*)—life is very tedious.
I made a madrigal on life last week ;
You do not sing, (3) Count ? Pity ; you should learn.
Poor Richelieu had no ear—yet a great man.
Ah ! what a weary weight devolves upon me !
These endless wars—these thankless Parliaments—
The snares in which he tangled States and Kings,
Like the old fisher of the fable, Proteus,
Netting great Neptune's wariest tribes and changing
Into all shapes when Craft pursued himself ;
Oh, a great man !

Bar. Your royal mother said so,
And died in exile.

Louis, (sadly). True : I loved my mother ! (4)

Bar. The Cardinal dies. Yet day revives the earth
The rivers run not back. In truth, my liege,
Did your high orb on others shine as on him,
Why, things as dull in their own selves as I am
Would glow as brightly with the borrowed beam. (5)

Louis. Ahem ! He was too stern.

Orleans. A very Nero.

Bar. His power was like the Capitol of old—
Built on a human skull.

Louis. And, had he lived,
I know another head, my Baradas,
That would have propp'd the pile : I've seen him eye these
With a most hungry fancy.

Bar. (anxiously). Sire, I *knew*
You would protect me.

Louis. Did you so ? of course !
And yet he had a way with him—a something
That always—But no matter, he is dead.
And, after all, men called his King "The Just," (6)
And so I am. Dear Count, this silliest Julie,
I know not why, she takes my fancy. Many

As fair, and certainly more kind : but yet
It is so. Count, I am no lustful Tarquin,
And do abhor the bold and frontless vices
Which the Church justly censures ; yet, 'tis sad
On rainy days to drag out weary hours—(7)
Deaf to the music of a woman's voice—
Blind to the sunshine of a woman's eyes.
It is no sin in Kings to seek amusement ;
And that is all I seek. I miss her much :
She has a silver laugh—a rare perfection.

Bar. Richelieu was most disloyal in that marriage.

Louis (querulously). He knew that Julie pleased me :—
a clear proof

He never loved me !

Bar. Oh, most clear ! But now
No bar between the lady and your will !
This writ makes all secure : a week or two
In the Bastile will sober Mauprat's love,
And leave him eager to dissolve a hymen
That brings him such a home.

Louis. See to it, Count ; *[Exit BARADAS.]*
I'll summon Julie back. A word with you.

(*Takes aside First Courtier and DE BERINGHEN, and passes,*
conversing with them, through the gardens.)

Enter FRANCOIS.

Fran. All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat ! Not
At home since yesternoon—a soldier told me
He saw him pass this way with hasty strides ;
Should he meet Baradas they'd rend it from him—
And then benignant Fortune smiles upon me—
I am thy son. If thou desert'st me now,
Come Death and snatch me from disgrace. But no !
There's a great Spirit ever in the air
That from prolific and far-spreading wings
Scatters the seeds of honour—yea, the walls
And moats of castled forts, the barren seas,
The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds
Talk with melodious science—all are sown

With everlasting honours if our souls
Will toil for fame as boors for bread——

Enter DE MAUPRAT.

Maup. Oh, let me—
Let me but meet him foot to foot—I'll dig
The Judas from his heart ;—albeit the King
Should o'er him cast the purple !

Fran. Mauprat ! hold :—
Where is the——
Maup. Well ! What would'st thou ?

Fran. The despatch !
The packet. LOOK ON ME—I serve the Cardinal—
You know me. Did you not keep guard last night,
By Marion's House ?

Maup. I did :—no matter now !
They told me *he* was *here* !

Fran. O joy ! quick—quick—
The packet thou didst wrest from me ?

Maup. The packet ?
What, art thou he I deemed the Cardinal's spy
(Dupe that I was)—and overhearing Marion—

Fran. The same—restore it ! haste !
Maup. I have it not :
Methought it but revealed our scheme to Richelieu,

Enter BARADAS.

Stand back !
Now, villian ! now, I have thee !
(*To Francois.*)—Hence, Sir ! *Draw* !

Fran. Art mad ? the King's at hand ! leave *him* to
Richelieu !
Speak—the despatch to whom—

Maup. (*Dashing him aside and rushing to BARADAS.*)
Thou triple slanderer !
I'll set my heel upon thy crest ! (*A few passes.*)

Fran. Fly—fly !
The King !

*Enter at one side, LOUIS, ORLEANS, DE BERINGHEN,
Courtiers, &c., at the other, the guards hastily.*

Louis. Swords drawn, before our very palace !
Have our laws died with Richelieu ?

Bar. Pardon, Sire,—

My crime but self-defence. (8) (Aside to KING.) It is De Mauprat !

Louis. Dare he thus brave us ?

[BARADAS goes to the guard and gives the writ.]

Maup. Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

Bar. Seize him—disarm—to the Bastile !

(DE MAUPRAT seized, struggles with the guard—FRANCOIS restlessly endeavouring to pacify and speak to him—when the gates open.)

Enter RICHELIEU and JOSEPH, followed by arquebusiers

Bar. The dead
Return'd to life !

Louis. What ! A mock death ! this tops
The infinite of insult.

Maup (breaking from guards.) Priest and Hero !
For you are both—protect the truth !

Rich. What's this ? *(Taking the writ from guard.)*

De Ber. Fact in philosophy. Foxes have got
Nine lives as well as cats !

Bar. Be firm, my liege.

Louis. I have assumed the sceptre—I will wield it !

Joseph. The tide runs counter—there'll be shipwreck
somewhere.

(BARADAS and ORLEANS keep close to the KING—whispering and prompting him, when RICHELIEU speaks.)

Rich. High treason—Faviaux ! still that stale pretence !
My leige, bad men (ay, Count, most knavish men !)
Abuse your royal goodness. For this soldier,
France hath none braver—and his youth's hot folly,
Mised—(by whom *your Highness* may conjecture !)—
Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.
I, sire, have pardoned him.

Louis. And we do give
Your pardon to the winds. Sir, do your duty !

Rich. What, Sire ? you do not know—Oh, pardon me—
You know not yet, that this brave, honest heart,

Stood between mine and murder ! Sire ! for my sake—
For your old servant's sake—undo this wrong.
See, let me rend the sentence.

Louis. At your peril !

This is too much.—Again, Sir, do your duty !

Rich. Speak not, but go :—I would not see young
Valour

So humbled as grey Service !

De Maup. Fare you well !

Save Julie, and console her.

Fran. (*aside to Mauprat.*) The Despatch !

Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word ! to whom ?

De Maup. To Huguet.

Fran. Hush—keep council ! silence—hope !

[*Exeunt MAUPRAT and Guard*

Bar (*aside to Francois*). Has he the packet ?

Fran. He will not reveal—

(*Aside.*) Work, brain ! beat heart ! “ *There's no such word
as fail.*” [Exit. FRANCOIS.]

Rich. (*fiercely*). Room, my Lords, room ! The minister
of France

Can need no intercession with the king.

(*They fall back.*)

Louis. What means this false report of death, Lord
Cardinal ?

Rich. Are you then anger'd, Sire, that I live still ?

Louis. No ; but such artifice—

Rich. Not mine :—look elsewhere !

Louis—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.

Bar. (*advancing*). We have punish'd them already.

Huguet now

In the Bastile. Oh ! my Lord, *we* were prompt

To avenge you—*we* were—

Rich. WE ? Ha ! ha ! you hear,

My leige ! what page, man, in the last court grammar

Made you a plural ? Count, you have seized the *hireling* :—

Sire, shall I name the *master* ?

Louis. Tush ! my Lord,

The old contrivance :—ever does your wit

Invent assassins,—that ambition may

Slay rivals—

Rich. Rivals, sire ! in what ?
Service to France ! *I have none !* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu ?

Louis. What, so haughty ?
Remember, he who made, can unmake.

Rich. Never !
Never ! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre !
Pass sentence on me, if you will ; from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time ! “ Be just, my liege—
“ I found your kingdom rent with heresies
“ And bristling with rebellion ; lawless nobles
“ And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord ;
“ Austria—her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
“ Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
“ To arm’d thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead,
“ Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
“ Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
“ Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole,
“ Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
“ From Ganges to the Iceberghs. Look without—
“ No foe not humbled ! Look within ! the Arts
“ Quit for our schools, their old Hesperides,
“ The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins
“ Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
“ TRADE the calm health of nations !

“ Sire, I know
“ Your smother courtiers please you best—nor measure
“ Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt
“ If Statesmen rock’d and dandled into power
“ Could leave such legacies to kings !”

(*LOUIS appears irresolute.*)

Bar. (*passing him, whispers.*) But Julie,
Shall I not summon her to court ?

Louis (*motions to BARADAS and turns haughtily to the Cardinal*). Enough !
Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.

To your own palace :—For our conference, this
Nor place—nor season.

Rich. Good my leige, for *Justice*,
All place a temple, and all season, summer !
Do you deny me justice ? Saints of Heaven !
He turns from me ! *Do you deny me justice ?*
For fifteen years while in these hands dwelt Empire,
The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Tho' loathed by Charity, might ask for justice !
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—
Kneeling for *favours* ;—but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights ! my liege, my Louis,
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
In the pale presence of the baffled Murther ? (9)

Louis. Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd from
me

The bonds of human love—all near and dear
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred ;—you would tear them from me ;
They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love.
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign !
Home ! home ! and sleep away these phantoms !

Rich. Sire !

I—patience, Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! Sire, from the foot
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the foot
Of that high throne,—spurn you the gray-hair'd man,
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety ?

Louis. No :—when we see your eminence in truth
At the foot of the throne—we'll listen to you. *Exit Louis.*

Orleans. Saved !

Bar. For this, deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat !

Rich. My Lord De Baradas—I pray your pardon—
You are to be my successor ! your hand, sir !

Bar. (aside) What can this mean ?

Rich. It trembles, see ! it trembles !

The hand that holds the destinies of nations

Ought to shake less ! Poor Baradas ! poor France !

Bar. Insolent—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rich. Joseph ! Did you hear the king ?

Joseph. I did—there's danger ! Had you been less haughty—(10)—

Rich. And suffered slaves to chuckle—"See the Cardinal,

How meek his eminence is to-day !"—I tell thee,

This is a strife in which the loftiest look

Is the most subtle armour.

Joseph. But—

Rich. No time

For ifs and buts—I will accuse these traitors !

François shall witness that De Baradas

Gave him the secret mission for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.

I will—I will !

Joseph. Tush ! François is your creature :

So they will say, and laugh at you ! *Your witness*

Must be that same despatch !

Rich. Away to Marion !

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—imprisoned—

By the Count's orders.

Rich. Goddess of bright dreams,

My Country, shalt thou lose me now, when most

Thou need'st thy worshippers ! My native land !

Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,

And die but on thy bosom !

Enter JULIE, L.

Julie. Heaven, I thank thee !

It cannot be, or this all-powerful

Would not stand idly thus.

Rich. What dost thou here ?

Home !

Julie. Home ? Is *Adrien* there ? you're dumb, yet strive

For words ; I see them trembling on your lip,

But choked by pity. *It was truth—all truth !*

Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too !
 Cardinal, where is Adrien ? Think ! he saved
 Your life : your name is infamy, if wrong
 Should come to his !

Rich. Be sooth'd, child.

Julie, Child no more ;

I love, and I am woman ! Hope and suffer ;
 Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
 And majesty of woman ? Where is Adrien ?

Rich. (to Joseph) Your youth was never young—you
 never loved :

Speak to her.

Joseph. Nay, take heed—the king's command,
 'Tis true—I mean—the—

Julie. (to Richelieu) Let thine eyes meet mine
 Answer me but one word—I am a wife—
 I ask thee for my *home*, my FATE, my ALL !
 Where is my *husband* ?

Rich. You are Richelieu's ward,
 A soldier's bride : they who insist on truth
 Must outface fear ; you ask me for your husband ?
 There where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
 The domes of the Bastile !

Julie. I thank you father ;
 You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you
 The sin of this desertion !

Rich (detaining her.) Whither would'st thou ?

Julie. Stay me not. Fie ! I should be there already
 I am thy ward, and haply he may think
 Thou'st taught *me* also to forsake the wretched !

Rich. I've fill'd those cells—with many—traitors all
 Had *they* wives too ? Thy memories, Power, are solemn !
 Poor sufferer ! think'st thou that yon gates of woe
 Unbar to love ? Alas ! if love once enter,
 'Tis for the last farewell ; between those walls
 And the mute grave (11)—the blessed household sounds
 Only heard once—while hungering at the door,
 The headsman whets the axe.

Julie. O, mercy ! mercy !
 Save him restore him, father ! Art thou not
 The Cardinal-King ? the Lord of life and death—

Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
She solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—
Art thou not Richelieu?

Rich. Yesterday I was!—
To-day a very weak old man! To-morrow,
I know not what!

Julie. Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses
Are duller than they were!

Joseph. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lacky of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Rich. "And yet the air is still; Heaven wears no cloud;
"From Nature's silent orbit, starts no portent
"To warn the unconscious world; albeit, this night
"May with a morrow teem which in my fall,
"Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,
"And change the Christian globe. What would'st thou
woman?

"Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
"Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life,
"Millions such units merge.

Enter FIRST COURTIER.

F. Cour. Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie. (*clinging to Richelieu.*) Think of my dead father!
Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,
Fresh from the dews of Heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

Rich. To those who sent you!
And say you found the virtue they would slay,
Here—couch'd upon this heart, as an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

F. Cour. My Lord, I am your friend and servant!

Misjudge me not ; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you ;—shall I take this answer ?—
It were to be your foe.

Rich. All time my foe.

If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum !

F. Cour. He is lost.

Rich. God help thee, child ! she hears not ! Look upon
her !

The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so ! and in that age
When friends are brothers ! She has been to me
Soothe, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears ?
Oh ! shame ! shame ! dotage !

Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, when it cowers in secret ! The Despatch !
Set every spy to work ; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse ! I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me ; my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blacken'd to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample ! Yes ! to-morrow
Triumph or death ! Look up, child ! Lead us, Joseph.

As they are going out.

Enter BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN.

Bar. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness.
As to resist his mandate ! Pray you, Madam,
Obey the King—no cause for fear !

Julie. My father !

Rich. She shall not stir ?

Bar. You are not of her kindred—
An orphan—

Rich. And her country is her mother !

Bar. The country is the King !

Rich. Ay, is it so ;

Then wakes the power, which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where she stands, around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church !
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though, it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome !

Bar. I dare not brave you !

I do but speak the orders of my King.
The church, you rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance ;—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power !

Rich. That *my* stake. Ah !

Dark gamester ! *what is thine ?* Look at it well !—
Lose not a trick. By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head !

Bar. (*aside to De Beringhen.*) He cannot
Have the Despatch ?

De Ber. No : were it so, your stake
were lost already.

Joseph. (*aside.*) Patience is your game :
Reflect you have not the Despatch !

Rich. O ! monk !

Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human !
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan !
And now they say thou hast no father. Fie !
Art thou not pure and good ? if so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which in all climes, men that have hearts adore
By the great title of their mother country !

Bar. (*aside.*) He wanders !

Rich. So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st—lies France ! I am very feeble—
Of little use it seems to either now
Well, well—we will go home.

Bar. In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest—burthens of the state
O'ertask your health !

Rich. (*to JOSEPH.*) I'm patient, see !

Bar. (aside.) His mind
And life are breaking fast ?

Rich (overhearing him.) Irreverent ribbald !
If so, beware the falling ruins ! Hark !
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood !
Avaunt ! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee !
Walk blindfold on ; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha ! ha !—how pale he is ! Heaven save my country !

Falls back in Joseph's arms.

(Exit Baradas, followed by De Beringhen, betraying his exultation by his gestures.)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

FOURTH DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Bastille—a corridor—in the back ground the door of one of the condemned cells.*

Enter JOSEPH and GAOLER.

Gaoler. Stay, father, I will call the Governor.

[Exit Gaoler]

Jos. He has it, then—this Huguet,—so we learn
From Francois :—Humph ! Now if I can but gain
One moment's access, all is ours ! The Cardinal
Trembles 'tween life and death. His life is power.—
Smite one—slay both ! No Æsculapian drugs,
By learned quacks baptized with Latin jargon,
E're bore the healing which that scrap of parchment
Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.
France shall be saved—and Joseph be a bishop !

Enter GOVERNOR and GAOLER.

Gov. Father, You wish to see the prisoners Huguet
And the young knight De Mauprat ?

Jos. So my office,
And the Lord Cardinal's order warrant, son !

Gov. Father, it cannot be ; Count Baradas
Has summon'd to the Louvre Sieur De Mauprat.

Jos. Well, well ! But Huguet—

Gov. Dies at noon !

Jos. At noon !

No moment to delay the pious rites
Which fit the soul for death—quick, quick—admit me !

Gov. You cannot enter monk ! Such are my orders !

Jos. Orders ! vain man !—the Cardinal still is minister.
His orders crush all others !

Gov. (*lifting his hat.*) Save his king's !
See, monk, the royal sign and seal affix'd
To the Count's mandate. None may have access
To either prisoner, Huguet or De Mauprat,
Not even a priest, without the special passport
Of Count De Baradas. I'll hear no more !

Jos. Just Heaven ! and are we baffled thus !—Despair !
Think on the Cardinal's power—beware his anger.

Gov. I'll not be menaced, Priest ! Besides, the Cardinal
Is dying and disgraced—all Paris knows it.
You hear the prisoner's knell

[*Bell tolls.*]

Jos. I do beseech you—
The Cardinal is not dying—But one moment
And—hist !—five thousand pistoles !—

Gov. How ! a bribe,
And to a soldier gray with years of honour !
Begone !—

Jos. Ten thousand—twenty !—

Gov. Gaoler—put this
Monk without the walls.

Jos. By those gray hairs,
Yea, by this badge (*touching the cross of St. Louis worn by
the GOVERNOR.*)—the guerdon of your valour—
By all our toils—hard days and sleepless nights—
Borne in your country's service, noble son—
Let me but see the prisoner !—

Gov. No !—

Jos. He hath
Secrets of state—papers in which—

Gov. (Interrupting.) I know—
Such was his message to Count Baradas,
Doubtless the Count will see to it—

Jos. The Count !

Then not a hope !—you shall—

Gov. Betray my trust !

Never—not one word more—you heard me, gaoler ?

Jos. What can be done ?—distraction !—Richelieu yet
Must—what ?—I know not—thought, nerve strength, for-
sake me.

Dare You refuse the Church her holiest rights ?

Gov. I refuse nothing—I obey my orders—

Jos. And sell your country to her parricides !

Oh, tremble yet—Richelieu—

Gov. Begone !

Jos. Undone !

[*Exit* JOSEPH.

Gov. A most audacious shaveling—interdicted,
Above all others, by the Count—

Gaoler. I hope, Sir,

I shall not lose my perquisites. The *Sieur*
De Mauprat will not be reprieved ?

Gov. Oh, fear not :

The Count's commands by him who came for *Mauprat*
Are to prepare headsman and axe by noon ;
The Count will give you perquisites enough ;
Two deaths in one day !

Gaoler. Sir, may Heaven reward him !

Oh, by the way, that troublesome young fellow,
Who calls himself the prisoner *Huguet's* son,
Is here again—implores, weeps, raves, to see him.

Gov. Poor youth, I pity him !

Enter DE BERINGHEN, followed by FRANCOIS.

De Ber. (to FRANCOIS.) Now, prithee, friend,
Let go my cloak ; you really discompose me.

Fran. No, they will drive me hence : my father ! Oh !
Let me but see him once—but once—one moment !

De Ber. (to GOVERNOR.) Your servant, Messire,—this
poor rascal, *Huguet*,
Has sent to see the Count *De Baradas*
Upon state secrets that afflict his conscience.

The Count can't leave his Majesty for an instant ;
I am his proxy,

Gov. The Count's word is law !

Again, young scapegrace ! How com'st thou admitted ?

De Ber. Oh ! a most filial fellow : Huguet's son !

I found him whimpering in the court below.

I pray his leave to say good bye to father,

Before that very long unpleasant journey

Father's about to take. Let him wait here

Till I return.

Fran. No ; take me with you.

De Ber. Nay ;

After me, friend the public first !

Gov. The Count's

Commands are strict. No one must visit Huguet

Without his passport.

De Ber. Here it is ! Pshaw ! nonsense !

I'll be your surety. See, my Cerberus,

He is no Hercules !

Gov. Well, you're responsible.

Stand there, friend. If, when you come out, my Lord ;

The youth slip in, 'tis *your* fault.

De Ber. So it is !

[Exit through the door of cell, followed by the GAOLER.]

Gov. Be calm, my lad. Don't fret so. I had once

A father too ! I'll not be hard upon you,

And so stand close. I must not see you enter ;

You understand. Between this innocent youth

And that intriguing monk there is, in truth,

A wide distinction.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Come, we'll go our rounds :

I'll give you just one quarter of an hour ;

And if my Lord leave first, make my excuse

Yet stay, the gallery's long and dark ; no sentry

Until he reach the grate below. He'd best

Wait till I come. If he should lose the way,

We may not be in call.

Fran. I'll tell him sir,—

[Exeunt Gov. and GAOLER.]

He's a wise son that knoweth his own father.

I've forged a precious one ! So far, so well !
 Alas, what then ? this wretch has sent to Baradas—
 Will sell the scroll to ransom life. Oh, Heaven !
 On what a thread hangs hope ! *[Listens at the door.*
 Loud words—a cry ! *[Looks through the key-hole.*
 They struggle ! Ho !—the packet !!!
[Tries to open the door.

Lost ! He has it—
 The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,
 Grapples !—well done ! Now—now ! *[Draws back*
 The gallery's long !
 And this is left us !

[Drawing his dagger, and standing behind the door.]
Re-enter DE BERINGHEN, with the packet.

Victory ! Yield it robber—
 Yield it—or die— *[A short struggle.*
De Ber Off ! ho !—there !—
Francois, (grappling with him.) Death or honour !
Exeunt struggling.

SCENE II.—*The King's closet at the Louvre. A suite of
 rooms in perspective at one side.*

BARADAS, and ORLEANS.

Bar. All smiles ! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday
 Heralds his death to-day ; could he survive,
 It would not be as minister—so great
 The King's resentment at the priest's defiance !
All smiles ! and yet, should this accurs'd De Mauprat
 Have given our packet to another—'Sdeath !
 I dare not think of it !

Orleans. You've sent to search him ?

Bar. Sent, Sir, to search ?—that hireling hands may find
 Upon him, naked, with its broken seal,
 That scroll whose every word is death ! No—no—
 These hands alone must clutch that awful secret.
 I dare not leave the palace, night nor day,
 While Richelieu lives—his minions—creatures—spies—
 Not one must reach the king !

Orleans. What hast thou done ?

Bar Summon'd De Mauprat hither.

Orleans. Could this Huguet,

Who pray'd thy presence with so fierce a fervour,
Have thieved the scroll?

Bar. Huguet was housed with us,
The very moment we dismiss'd the courier.
It cannot be! a stale trick for reprieve.
But, to make sure, I've sent our truest friend
To see and sift him. Hist! here comes the King.
How fare you, Sire?

Enter LOUIS.

Louis. In the same mind I have
Decided! yes, he would forbid your presence,
My brother,—your's, my friend,—then, Julie, too;
Thwarts—braves—defies—(*suddenly turning to BARADAS.*)

We make you minister.
Gaston, for you—the baton of our armies.
You love me, do you not?

Orleans. Oh, love you, Sire?
(*Aside*) Never so much as now.

Bar. May I deserve
Your trust (*aside*),—until you sign your abdication!
My liege, but one way left to daunt De Mauprat,
And Julie to divorce.—We must prepare
The death-writ; what, tho' sign'd and seal'd? we can
Withhold the enforcement.

Louis. Ah, you may prepare it;
We need not urge it to effect.

Bar. Exactly!
No haste, my liege (*looking at his watch and aside.*) He may
live one hour longer.

Enter COURTIER.

Court. The Lady Julie, Sire, implores an audience.

Louis. Aha! repentant of her folly!—Well.
Admit her.

Bar. Sire, she comes for Mauprat's pardon,
And the conditions——

Louis. You are minister,
We leave to you our answer.

*As JULIE enters,—the Captain of the Archers, by another
door,—and whispers BARADAS.*

Capt. The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

Bar. (*aside.*) Now the despatch !

[*Exit with Officer.*]

Enter JULIE.

Julie. My liege, you sent for me. I come where Grief
Should come when guiltless, while the name of King
Is holy on the earth !—Here, at the feet
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

Louis. Mercy, Julie,
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should
In this be your interpreter.

Julie. Alas !
I know not if that mighty spirit now
Stoops to the things of earth. Nay, while I speak,
Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne
Where Kings themselves need pardon ; O, my liege,
Be father to the fatherless ; in you
Dwells my last hope !

Enter BARADAS.

Bar. (*aside.*) He has not the despatch ;
Smiled while we search'd, and braves me.—Oh !

Louis. (*gently.*) What would'st thou ?

Julie. A single life.—You reign o'er millions.—What
Is one man's life to you ?—and yet to *me*
'Tis France—'tis earth—'tis everything !—a life
A human life—my husband's.

Louis. (*aside.*) Speak to her,
I am not marble,—give her hope—or—

Bar. Madam,
Vex not your king, whose heart, too soft for justice,
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

[*LOUIS walks up the stage.*]

Julie. You *were* his friend.

Bar. I *was*, before I loved thee.

Julie. Loved me !

Bar. Hush, Julie : could'st thou misinterpret
My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,
Here—in this palace ?

Julie. Now I know I'm mad,
Even that memory fail'd me.

Bar. I am young,
Well-born and brave as Mauprat :—for thy sake
I peril what he has not—fortune—power ;
All to great souls most dazzling. I alone
Can save thee from thy tyrant, now my puppet !
Be mine : annul the mockery of this marriage,
And, on the day I clasp thee to my breast,
De Mauprat shall be free.

Julie. Thou durst not speak
Thus in *his* ear (*pointing to LOUIS*) Thou double traitor !—
tremble.

I will unmask thee.

Bar. I will say thou ravest.
And see this scroll ! its letters shall be blood !
Go to the King, count with me word for word :
And while you pray the life—I write the sentence !

Julie. Stay, stay. (*rushing to the king.*) You have a kind
and princely heart,
Tho' sometimes it is silent : you were born
To *power*—it has not flushed you into madness,
As it doth meaner men. Banish my husband—
Dissolve our marriage—cast me to that grave
Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,
In the dark convent's everlasting winter—
(Surely eno' for justice—hate—revenge—)
But spare this life, thus lonely, seathed, and bloomless ;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

Louis. (*much affected.*) Go, go, to Baradas : and annul
thy marriage,

And——

Julie, (*anxiously, and watching his countenance.*) Be his
bride !

Louis. A form, a mere decorum ;
Thou know'st I love thee.

Julie. O thou sea of shame,
And not one star. (*The KING goes up the stage, and passes
through the suite of rooms at the side in evident emotion.*)

Bar. Well, thy election, Julie :
This hand—his grave !

Julie. His grave ! and I—

Bar. Can save him.

Swear to be mine.

Julie. That were a bitterer death !
Avaunt, thou tempter ! I did ask his life
A boon, and not the barter of dishonour.
The heart can break, and scorn you ; wreak your malice ;
Adrien and I will leave you this sad earth,
And pass together hand in hand to Heaven !

Bar. You have decided. (*withdraws to the side scene for a moment, and returns.*) Listen to me, Lady ;
I am no base intriguer. I adored thee
From the first glance of those inspiring eyes ;
With thee entwined ambition, hope, the future.
I will not lose thee ! I can place thee nearest—
Ay, to the throne—nay, on the throne, perchance
My star is at its zenith. Look upon me ;
Hast thou decided ?

Julie. No, no ; you can see
How weak I am ; be human, Sir—one moment.

Baradas, (*stamping his foot, DE MAUPRAT appears at the side of the stage, guarded.*)
Behold thy husband !—Shall he pass to death,
And know thou could'st have saved him ?

Julie. Adrien, speak !
But say you wish to *live* !—if not your wife,
Your slave,—do with me as you will ?

De Maup. Once more !—
Why this is mercy, Count ! Oh, think, my Julie,
Life, at the best, is short—but love immortal !

Baradas, (*taking JULIE'S hand.*) Ah, loveliest—

Julie. Go, that touch has made me iron.
We have decided—death !

Bar. (*to DE MAUPRAT.*) Now, say to whom
Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

De Maup. I'll tell thee nothing.

Bar. Hark,—the rack !

De Maup. Thy penance

For ever, wretch !—What rack is like the conscience ?

Julie. I shall be with thee soon.

Bar. (*giving the writ to the Officer.*) Hence to the headsman.

[*The doors are thrown open. The Huissier announces*
“His Eminence the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu.”

Enter RICHELIEU, attended by Gentlemen, Pages, &c., pale, feeble, leaning on JOSEPH, followed by three Secretaries of State, attended by Sub-secretaries with papers, &c.

Julie, (rushing to Richelieu.) You live—you live—and
Adrien shall not die !

Rich. Not if an old man's prayers, himself near death,
Can aught avail thee, daughter ! Count, you now
Hold what I held on earth :—one boon, my Lord,
This soldier's life.

Bar. The stake—my head !—you said it
I cannot lose one trick.

Julie. No !—No !—

Enter LOUIS from the rooms beyond.

Rich. (*to officer.*) Stay, Sir, one moment. My good
liege,

Your worn-out servant, willing, Sire, to spare you
Some pain of conscience, would forestall your wishes.
I do resign my office.

De Maup. You !

Julie. All's over.

Rich. My end draws near. These sad ones, Sire, I
love them,

I do not ask his life ; but suffer justice
To halt, until I can dismiss his soul,
Charged with an old man's blessing.

Louis. Surely !

Bar. Sire——

Louis. Silence—small favour to a dying servant.

Rich. You would consign your armies to the baton
Of your most honour'd brother. Sire, so be it !
Your minister, the Count de Baradas ;
A most sagacious choice !—Your Secretaries
Of State attend me, Sire, to tender up
The ledgers of of a realm.—I do beseech you,
Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn

The nature of the glorious task that awaits them,
Here, in my presence.

Louis. You say well, my Lord.

(*To secretaries as he seats himself.*) Approach, Sirs.

Rich. I—I—faint!—air—air—

[*JOSEPH and a gentleman assist him to a sofa, placed beneath a window.*]

I thank you—

Draw near, my children.

Bar. He's too weak to question,

Nay, scarce to speak ; all's safe.

SCENE III.—*Manent RICHELIEU, MAUPRAT and JULIE, the last kneeling beside the Cardinal ; the officer of the guard behind MAUPRAT. JOSEPH near RICHELIEU, watching the KING. LOUIS. BARADAS at the back of the KING's chair, anxious and disturbed. ORLEANS at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The Secretaries. As each Secretary advances in his turn he takes the portfolios from the Sub-secretaries.*

First Secretary. The affairs of Portugal,
Most urgent, Sire ;—One short month since the Duke
Braganza was a rebel.

Louis. And is still !

First Secretary. No, Sire ; *he has succeeded !* He is now
Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour
Against the arms of Spain.

Louis. We will not grant it
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count ?

Bar. No, Sire.

First Secretary. But Spain's your deadliest foe ; whatever
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal
Would send the succours ;—(solemnly,)—balance, Sire, of
Europe !

Louis. The Cardinal !—balance !—We'll consider.—Eh,
Count ?

Bar. Yes, Sire ; fall back.

First Secretary. But——

Bar. Oh ! fall back, Sir.

Joseph. Humph !

Second Secretary. The affairs of England, Sire, most ur-
gent ; Charles

The First has lost a battle that decides
One-half his realm—craves moneys, Sire, and succour.

Louis. He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?

Bar. Yes, Sire.

(Oh that Despatch!—my veins are fire!)

Rich. (*feeble, but with great distinctness.*) My liege,

Forgive me, Charles's cause is lost! A man,
Named Cromwell, risen—a great man! your succour
Would fail—your loans be squander'd! Pause—reflect.(1)

Louis. Reflect. Eh, Baradas?

Bar. Reflect, Sire.

Joseph. Humph!

Louis. (*aside.*) I half repent! No successor to Richelieu
Round me thrones totter! dynasties dissolve!

The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!

Joseph. Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King?
Oh! had we the Despatch!

Rich. Ah! Joseph! Child—

Would I could help thee.

Enter GENTLEMAN, whispers JOSEPH, they exeunt hastily.

Bar. (*to SECRETARY.*) Sir, fall back.

Second Secretary. But—

Bar. Pshaw, Sir!

Third Secretary, (mysteriously.) The secret correspon-
dence, Sire, most urgent—

Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—

Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!

Louis. Myself! most urgent! [*Looking on the documents.*]

*Re-enter JOSEPH with FRANCOIS, whose pourpoint is streaked
with blood. FRANCOIS passes behind the Cardinal's attendants,
and sheltered by them from the sight of BARADAS, &c., falls
at RICHELIEU's feet.*

Francois. O! my Lord!

Rich. Thou art bleeding!

Francois. A scratch—I have not fail'd! [*gives the packet*

Rich. Hush! [*looking at the contents.*]

Third Secretary, (to KING.) Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers,
The Duc de Bouillon—

Rich. Hold ! In this department—
A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take
The Count's advice in't.

Enter DE BERINGHEN hastily, and draws aside BARADAS.

(RICHELIEU, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.)

Bar. *(bursting from DE BERINGHEN.)* What ! and reft it !
from thee !

Ha !—hold !

Joseph. Fall back, son it is your turn now !

Bar. Death !—the Despatch !

Louis. *(reading.)* To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans !—

Baradas too—league with our foes of Spain !—

Lead our Italian armies—what ! to Paris !—

Capture the King—my health requires repose !

Make me subscribe my proper abdication !

Orleans, my brother, Regent ! Saints of Heaven !

These are the men I loved ! *BARADAS draws,—attempts
to rush out,—is arrested. ORLEANS, endeavoring to es-
cape more quickly, meets JOSEPH'S eye, and stops short.*

RICHELIEU falls back.

Joseph. See to the Cardinal !

Bar. He's dying !—and I yet shall dupe the King !

Louis, *(rushing to RICHELIEU.)* Richelieu !—Lord Car-
dinal !—'tis I resign !—

Reign thou !

Joseph. Alas ! too late !—he faints !

Louis. Reign, Richelieu !

Richelieu *(feebly.)* With absolute power ?—

Louis. Most absolute !—Oh, live !

If not for me—for France !

Rich. FRANCE !

Louis. Oh ! this treason !

The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens ! the Spaniard !

Where will they be next week ?—

Rich. *(starting up.)* There,—at my feet !

(To First and Second Secretary.) Ere the clock strike !—

The Envoys have their answer !

(To Third Secretary, with a ring.) This to De Chavigny—
he knows the rest—

No need of parchment here—he must not halt

For sleep—for food—In *my* name,—MINE—he will
 Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head
 Of his army !—Ho ! there, Count de Baradas
 Thou hast lost the stake !—Away with him ! (2)

[*As the Guards opens the folding-doors, a view of the ante-room beyond, lined with Courtiers BARADAS passes thro' the line.*

Ha !—ha !—

[*Snatching DE MAUPRAT'S death warrant from the Officer*
 See here, De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie !—

Parchment for battledores !—Embrace your husband !
 At last the old man blesses you !

Julie. O joy !

You are saved, you live—I hold you in these arms.

De Maup. Never to part—

Julie. No—never. Adrien—never !

Louis. (*peerishly*). One moment makes a startling cure,
 Lord Cardinal. (3)

Rich. Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass
 Into this wither'd frame the might of France !—
 My own dear France—I have thee yet—I have saved thee !
 I clasp thee still !—it was thy voice that call'd me
 Back from the tomb ! What mistress like our country ?

Louis. For Mauprat's pardon !—well ! But Julie,—
 Richelieu !

Leave me one thing to love !

Rich. A subject's luxury !

Yet, if you must love something, Sire,—*love me ?*

Louis. (*smiling in spite of himself.*) Fair proxy for a
 young fresh Demoiselle !

Rich. Your heart speaks for my clients :—kneel, my children,

And thank your King—

Julie. Ah, tears like these, my liege,
 Are dews that mount to Heaven.

Louis. Rise—rise—be happy.

[*RICHELIEU beckons to DE BERINGHEN.*

De Ber. (*falteringly*). My lord—you are most happily
 recover'd.

Rich. But you are pale, dear Beringhen :—this air
 Suits not your delicate frame—I long have thought so

Sleep not another night in Paris :—Go.—
Or else your precious life may be in danger.
Leave France, dear Beringhen !

De Ber. I shall have time,
More than I ask'd for, to discuss the paté. [Exit.

Rich. (to ORLEANS,) For you, repentance—absence, and
confession !

(To FRANÇOIS.) Never say *fail* again. Brave Boy !
(To JOSEPH) He'll be—

A Bishop first.

Joseph. Ah, Cardinal—

Rich. Ah, Joseph,

(To LOUIS, as De Mauprat and JULIE converse apart.)

See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on !

Louis. And must we
Thank for *that* also—our prime minister ?

Rich. No—let us own it :—there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Ev'n better than prime ministers.
Alas !

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind ;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue ; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away. (4)

THE END.

NOTES TO RICHELIEU.

NOTES TO ACT I.

(1) Olivares, Minister of Spain.

(2) There are many anecdotes of the irony, often so terrible, in which Richelieu indulged. But he had a love for humour in its more hearty and genial shape. He would send for Boisrobert "to make him laugh,"—and grave ministers and magnates waited in the ante-room, while the great Cardinal listened and responded to the sallies of the lively wit.

(3) The Abbé Arnaud tells us that the queen was a little avenged on the Cardinal by the ill-success of the tragic comedy of *Mirame*—more than suspected to be his own—though presented to the world under the foster name of Desmarets. Its representation (says Pelisson) cost him 300,000 crowns. He was so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time, he thrust his person half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience that they might not lose "*des endroits encore plus beaux.*" He said afterwards to Desmarets; "Eh bien, les Français n'auront donc jamais de goût. Ils n'ont pas été charmés de *Mirame*!" Arnaud says pithily, "On ne pouvoit alors avoir d'autre satisfaction des offenses d'un homme qui étoit maître de tout, et redoutable à tout le monde. "Nevertheless his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence.

(4) "Vialart remarque une chose qui peut expliquer la conduite de Richelieu en d'autres circonstances;—c'est que les seigneurs à qui leur naissance ou leur mérite pouvoit permettre des prétentions, il avoit pour système, de leur accorder au-delà même de leurs droits et de leurs espérances, mais, aussi, une fois comblés—si, au lieu de reconnoître ses services ils se levoient contre lui, il les traitoit sans miséricorde."—*Anquetil*. See also the Political Testament, and the Mémoires de Cardinal Richelieu, in Petitot's collection.

(5) "Tantôt fonatique—tantôt fourbe—fonder les religieuses de Calvaire—*faire des vers.*" Thus speaks Voltaire of Father Joseph. His talents and influence with Richelieu, grossly exaggerated in his own day, are now rightfully estimated.

C'étoit en effet un homme indefatigable—portant dans les entreprises l'activité, la souplesse, l'opiniâtreté propres à les faire réussir."—*Anquetil*. He wrote a Latin poem called "*La Turciade*," in which he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christendom against the Turks. But the inspiration of Tyrtæus was denied to Father Joseph.

NOTES TO ACT II.

(1) Richelieu not only employed the lowest, but would often consult men commonly esteemed the dullest. "Il disoit que dans des choses de très grande importance, il avoit expérimenté, que les moins sages dornoient souvent les meilleurs expédients."—*Le Clerc*.

(2) Both Richelieu and Joseph were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a Capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the Bishopric of Luçon; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add that the Cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armour. It was under his administration that occurs the last example of proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel. Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity,—for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman at the house of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the Cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment. Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellows among his adroitest flatterers.

(3) Voltaire openly charges Richelieu with being the lover of Marion de Lorme, whom the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, has sacrificed History to adorn with qualities which were certainly not added to her personal charms.—She was not less perfidious than beautiful.—Le Clerc, properly, refutes the accusation of Voltaire, against the discretion of Richelieu; and says, very justly, that if the great minister had the frailties of human nature, he learnt how to veil them,—at least when he obtained the scarlet. In earlier life he had been prone to gallantries which a little prepossessed the King (who was formal and decorous, and threw a singular coldness into the few attachments he permitted to himself) against the aspiring intriguer. But these gayer occupations died away in the engagement of higher pursuits or of darker passions.

(4) Richelieu did in fact so thoroughly associate himself with the State, that, in cases where the extreme penalty of the law had been incurred, Le Clerc justly observes that he was more inexorable to those he had favoured—even to his own connections—than to other and more indifferent offenders. It must be remembered as some excuse for his unrelenting sternness, that, before his time, the great had been accustomed to commit any disorder with impunity—even the crime of treason, “auparavant on ne faisoit poser les armes aux rebelles qu'en leur accordant quelque récompense.” On entering into the administration, he therefore laid it down as a maxim necessary to the existence of the State, that “no crime should be committed with impunity.” To carry out this maxim, the long established license to crime made even justice seem cruel. But the victims most commiserated from their birth or accomplishments, as Montmorenci, or Cinq Mars were traitors in actual conspiracy against their country, and would have forfeited life in any land where the punishment of death existed, and the lawgiver was strong enough to vindicate the law. Richelieu was in fact a patriot unsoftened by philanthropy. As in Venice (where the favourite aphorism was, Venice first, Christianity next,) so, with Richelieu the primary consideration was, “what will be the best for the Country?” He had no abstract principle, whether as a politician or a priest, when applied to the world that lay beyond the boundaries of France. Thus he, whose object was to found in France a splendid and imperious despotism—assisted the Parliamentary party in England, and signed a treaty of alliance and subsidies with the Catalan rebels for the establishment of a Republic in Barcelona;—to convulse other Monarchies was to consolidate the growing Monarchy of France. So he, who completely crushed the Protestant party at home, braved all the wrath of the Vatican, and even

the resentment of the King, in giving the most essential aid to the Protestants abroad. There was, indeed, a largeness of view in his hostility to the French Huguenots, which must be carefully distinguished from the intolerance of the mere priest. He opposed them, not as a Catholic, but as a Statesman. The Huguenots were strong republicans, and had formed plans for dividing France into provincial commonwealths; and the existence of Rochelle was absolutely incompatible with the integrity of the French Monarchy. It was a second capital held by the Huguenots, claiming independent authority, and the right to treat with Foreign Powers. Richelieu's final conquest was marked by a humanity, that had nothing of the bigot. The Huguenots obtained a complete amnesty, and had only to regret the loss of privileges and fortifications which could not have existed with any security to the rest of France.

(5) The guard attached to Richelieu's person was, in the first instance, fifty arquebussiers, afterwards increased to two companies of cavalry and two hundred musqueteers. Huguet is, therefore, to be considered merely as the lieutenant of a small detachment of this little army. In point of fact the subdivisions of the guard took it in turns to serve.

(6) This tract, on the "Unity of the Minister," contains all the doctrines, and many more to the same effect, referred to in the text, and had a prodigious influence on the conscience of the poor king. At the onset of his career, Richelieu, as deputy of the clergy of Poitou, complained in his harangue to the king that ecclesiastics were too rarely summoned to the royal councils, and invoked the example of the Druids!

(7) Joseph's ambition was not, however, so moderate; he refused a bishopric, and desired the Cardinal's Hat, for which favour Richelieu openly supplicated the Holy See, but contrived, somehow or other, never to effect it, although two ambassadors applied for it at Rome.

(8) The peculiar religion of Père Joseph may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—An officer, whom he had dismissed upon an expedition into Germany, moved by conscience at the orders he had received, returned for farther explanations, and found the Capuchin *disant sa masse*. He approached and whispered "But, my father, if these people defend themselves—" "Kill all," (*Qu'on tue tout*,) answered the good father, continuing his devotion.

NOTES TO ACT III.

(1) I need not say that the great length of this soliloquy adapts it only for the closet, and that but few of the lines are preserved on the stage. To the reader however, the passages omitted in representation will not, perhaps, be the most uninteresting in the play, and may be deemed necessary to the completion of the Cardinal's portrait,—action on the stage supplying so subtly the place of words in the closet. The self-assured sophistries which, in the text, mingle with Richelieu's better-founded arguments in apology for the darker traits of his character, are to be found scattered throughout the writings ascribed to him. The reader will observe that in

this self-confession lies the atent poetical justice,—which separates happiness from success.

[2] It is well known that when, on his death-bed, Richelieu was asked if he forgave his enemies, he replied, "I never had any, but those of the state." And this was true enough, for Richelieu and the state were one.

[3] Richelieu's vindication of himself from cruelty will be found in various parts of Petitot's Collection, vols. xxi. xxx.

[4] Voltaire has a striking passage on the singular fate of Richelieu, recalled every hour from his gigantic schemes to frustrate some miserable cabal of the ante-room. Richelieu would often exclaim, that "Six pieds de terre [as he called the king's cabinet] lui donnaient plus de peine que tout le reste de l'Europe." The death of Wallenstein, sacrificed by the Emperor Ferdinand, produced a most lively impression upon Richelieu. He found many traits of comparison between Ferdinand and Louis—Wallenstein and himself. In the Memoirs—now regarded by the best authorities as written by his sanction, and in great part by himself—the great Frenchman bursts [when alluding to Wallenstein's murder] into a touching and pathetic anathema on the *misere de cette vie* of dependence on jealous and timid royalty, which he himself, while he wrote, sustained. It is worthy of remark, that it was precisely at the period of Wallenstein's death that Richelieu obtained from the king an augmentation of his guard.

[5] Richelieu was commonly supposed, though I cannot say I find much evidence for it, to have been too presuming in an interview with Anne of Austria [the Queen,] and to have bitterly resented the contempt she expressed for him. The Duke of Buckingham's frantic and Quixotic passion for the Queen is well known.

[6] The fear and the hatred which Richelieu generally inspired were not shared by his dependants and those about his person, who are said "to have adored him."—*Ses domestiques le regardaient comme le meilleur des maitres.*—*Le Clerc.* In fact although *il etoit orgueilleux et colere*,—he was *en meme temps, affable et plein de douceur dans l'abord*; and he was no less generous to those who served than severe to those who opposed him.

[7] In common with his contemporaries, Richelieu was credulous in astrology's less lawful arts. He was too fortunate a man not to be superstitious.

NOTES TO ACT IV.

[1] Omitted in representation from line 13 to 66.

[2] Louis XIII. is said to have possessed some natural talents, and in earlier youth to have exhibited the germs of nobler qualities; but a blight seems to have passed over his maturer life. Personally brave, but morally timid,—always governed, whether by his mother or his minister, and always repining at the yoke. The only affection amounting to a passion that he betrayed was for the sports of the field; yet it was his craving weakness, and this throws a kind of false interest over his character, to wish to be loved. He himself loved no one. He suffered the only woman who seems to have been attached to him to wither in a convent—he gave up favourite after favourite to exile or the block. When Richelieu died, he said, coldly, "*Voilà un grand politique mort!*" and when the ill-

fated but unprincipled Cinq Mars, whom he called *le cher ami*, was beheaded. he drew out his watch at the fatal hour, and said with a smile, "I think at this moment that *le cher ami fait une vilaine mine*." Nevertheless his conscience at times [for he was devout and superstitious] made him gentle; and his pride and his honour would often, when least expected, rouse him into haughty but brief resistance to the despotism under which he lived.

[3] Louis had some musical taste and accomplishment, wherewith he often communicated to his favourites some of that wearisome ennui under which he himself almost unceasingly languished.

[4] One of Louis's most bitter complaints against Richelieu was the continued banishment of the Queen Mother. It is impossible, however, not to be convinced that the return of that worthless intrigante was wholly incompatible with the tranquility of the kingdom. Yet, on the other hand, the poverty and privation which she endured in exile are discreditable to the generosity and the gratitude of Richelieu—she was his first patron, though afterwards his most powerful persecutor.

[5] In his Memoirs Richelieu gives an amusing account of the insolence and arts of Baradas, and observes with indignant astonishment, that the favourite was never weary of repeating to the King that he [Baradas] would have made just as great a minister as Richelieu. It is on the attachment of Baradas to La Cressias, a maid of honour to the Queen Mother of whom, according to Baradas, the King was enamoured also, that his love for the Julie de Mortemar of the play has been founded. The secret of Baradas's sudden and extraordinary influence with the King seems to rest in the personal adoration which he professed for Louis, with whom he affected all the jealousy of a lover, but whom he flattered with the ardent chivalry of a knight. Even after his disgrace he placed upon his banner, "*Fiat voluntas tua*."

[6] Louis was called The Just, but for no other reason than that he was born under the Libra.

[7] Louis XIII, did not resemble either his father or his son in the ardour of his attachments; if not wholly platonic, they were wholly unimpassioned; yet no man was more jealous, or more unscrupulously tyrannical when the jealousy was aroused.

[8] One of Richelieu's severest and least politic laws was that which made duelling a capital crime. Never was the punishment against the offence more relentlessly enforced; and never were duels so desperate and so numerous. The punishment of death must be evidently ineffectual so long as to refuse a duel is to be dishonoured, and so long as men hold the doctrine, however wrong, that it is better to part with the life that Heaven gave than the honour man makes. In fact, the greater the danger he incurred, the greater was the punctilio of the cavalier of the time in braving it.

[9] For the haughty and rebuking tone which Richelieu assumed in his postulations with the King, see his Memoirs [passim] in [Petitot's collection, vols. 22—30 *bis*.] Montesquieu, in one of his brilliant antitheses says well of Richelieu, *Il avila le roi, mais il illustrata le règne*."

[10] However "*orgueilleux et colere*" in his disputes with Louis, the Cardinal did not always disdain recourse to the arts of the courtier;—once after an angry discussion with the king, in which, as usual, Richelieu got the better, Louis, as they quitted the palace together, said rudely, "*Sortez le premier; vous êtes bien le roi de France*." "*Si je passe le premier*," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation, and with great adroitness "*ce ne peut être que comme le plus humble de vos serviteurs*;" and he took a flambeau from one of the pages, to light the king as he walked before him—"en reculant et sans tourner le dos."

[11] Selon Passage de Louis XIII., faire arrêter quelqu'un pour crime d'état, et le faire mourir, l'était, à peu près le même chose.—*Le Clerc*.

[12] Like Cromwell and Rienzi, Richelieu appears to have been easily moved to tears. The Queen Mother, who put the hardest interpretation on that humane weakness, which is natural with very excitable temperaments said that "Il pleurait quand il voulait." I may add to those who may be inclined to imagine that Richelieu appears in parts of this scene too dejected for consistency with so imperious a character, that it is recorded of him that "quand ses affaires ne eruississoient pas, il se trouvoit abattu et epouvanté, et quand il obtenoit ce qu'il souhaitoit, il étoit fier et insultant."

NOTES TO ACT V.

[1] See in "Cinq Mars," vol. v. the striking and brilliant chapter from which the interlude of the Secretaries is borrowed.

[2] The passion of the drama requires this catastrophe for Baradas. He however, survived his disgrace, though stripped of all his rapidly-acquired fortunes—and the daring that belonged to his character won him distinction in foreign service. He returned to France after Richelieu's death, but never regained the same court influence. He had taken the vows of a knight of Malta, and Louis made him a Prior.

[3] The sudden resuscitation of Richelieu [not to strain too much on the real passion which supports him in this scene] is in conformance with the more dissimulating part of his character. The extraordinary mobility of his countenance [latterly so deathlike, save when the mind spoke in the features] always lent itself to stage effect of this nature. The queen mother said of him, that she had seen him one moment so feeble, cast down, and "semi-mort," that he seemed on the point of giving up the ghost—and the next moment he would start up full of animation, energy and life.

[4] The image and the sentiment in the concluding lines are borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attributed to the Cardinal.

No. XV.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.



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<i>Helen</i>	Miss Taylor.	Mrs. Abbott.	Mrs. Rowbotham.

COSTUMES.

MASTER WALTER.—Black Old-English doublet, puffed with red silk or black satin, black mantle, black cap and plume, sword and cane.

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD.—Dark coloured doublet richly slashed with crimson, dark mantle, trunks trimmed with lace, russet boots, buff hat and white feathers, ruff, and sword with handsome scabbard.

LORD TINSEL.—Blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, fancy coloured vest, hat and feathers, silk stockings with gold clocks.

MODUS.—Brown Old-English dress trimmed with blue, hat and feathers.

FATHOM.—Old-English livery.

MASTER WILFORD.—First dress: Old-English doublet and mantle, slightly ornamented.—Second dress: Rich nobleman's suit,—fancy coloured jacket and pantaloons trimmed with lace,—trunks, belt, and mantle trimmed,—russet boots, and rich cap and feathers.

JULIA.—First dress: White muslin, trimmed with lace.—Second dress: White satin gown, with silk spencer or boddice according to taste, hat and ostrich feathers.—Third dress: White satin robe and demi-train, trimmed with lace, white satin shoes.

HELEN.—First dress: White muslin trimmed with pink or blue silk, and girdle of the same.—second dress of satin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*; **S. E.** *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*; **L. C.**, *Left of Centre*.

—————

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

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EXOS
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THE HUNCHBACK

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern. On one side, SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD at a table with wine before him ; on the other, MASTER WILFORD, GAYLOVE, HOLDWELL, and SIMPSON, likewise taking wine.*

Wilf. Your wine, Sirs ; your wine ; you do not justice to mine host of the Three Tuns, nor credit to yourselves. I swear the beverage is good ! It is as palatable poison as you will purchase within a mile round Ludgate ! Drink, gentlemen ; make free. You know I am a man of expectations ; and hold my money as light as the purse in which I carry it.

Gay. We drink, Master Wilford ; not a man of us has been chased as yet.

Wilf. But you fill not fairly, Sirs ! Look at my measure ! Wherefore a large glass, if not for a large draught ? Fill, I pray you, else let us drink out of thimbles. This will never do for the friends of the nearest of kin to the wealthiest peer in Britain.

Gay. We give you joy, Master Wilford, of the prospect of advancement which has so unexpectedly opened to you.

Wilf. Unexpectedly indeed ! But yesterday arrived the news that the Earl's only son and heir had died ; and to-day has the earl himself been seized with a mortal illness. His dissolution is looked for hourly : and I, his cousin in only the third degree, known to him but to be unnoticed by him—a decayed gentleman's son—glad of the title and revenues of a scrivener's clerk,—am the undoubted successor to his estates and coronet.

Gay. Have you been sent for?

Wilf. No; but I have certified to his agent, Master Walter, the Hunchback, my existence and peculiär propinquity; and momentarily expect him here.

Gay. Lives there any one that may dispute your claim, “—I mean vexatiously?

Wilf. Not a man, Master Gaylove. I am the sole remaining branch of the family tree.”

Gay. Doubtless you look for much happiness from this change of fortune?

Wilf. A world! Three things have I an especial passion for: the finest hound, the finest horse, and the finest wife in the kingdom, Master Gaylove.

Gay. The finest wife!

Wilf. Yes, Sir; I marry. Once the Earldom comes into my line, I shall take measures to perpetuate its remaining there. I marry, Sir! I do not say that I shall love. My heart has changed mistresses too often to settle down in one servitude now, Sir. But fill, I pray you, friends. This, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes; “and, for that reason, hither have I invited you, that having been so long my boon companions, you should be the first to congratulate me.”

Enter WAITER, L.

Wait. You are wanted, Master Wilford.

Wilf. By whom?

Wait. One Master Walter.

Wilf. His Lordship’s agent! News, Sirs! Show him in.
[Rises. Exit Waiter, L.]

My heart’s a prophet, Sirs.—The Earl is dead.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Well, Master Walter; how accost you me?

[All come forward, R.]

Walt. As your impatience shows me you would have
My lord, the Earl of Rochdale! [me:]

Gay. Give you joy!

Hold. All happiness, my lord!

Simp. Long life and health unto your lordship!

Gay. Come!

“We’ll drink to his lordship’s health! ’Tis two o’clock,

“We’ll e’en carouse till midnight! Health, my lord!”

Hold. My lord, much joy to you! Huzza!

[*All go to the table, fill and drink.*]

"Simp. Huzza!"

Walt. Give something to the dead!

Gay. Give what?

Walt. Respect!

He has made the living! First to him that's gone,

Say "Peace,"—and then with decency to revels.

Gay. What means the knave by revels?

[*Advances towards Walter*]

Walt. Knave!

Gay. Ay, Knave!

Walt. Go to! Thou'rt flushed with wine.

Gay. Thou sayest false!

Tho' didst thou need a proof thou speakest true,
I'd give thee one. Thou seest but one lord here,
And I see two!

Walt. Reflect'st thou on my shape?

Thou art a villain!

Gay. Ha!

Walt. A coward, too!

[*Walks from him, L.*]

Draw! [*Drawing his sword.*]

Gay. Only mark him, how he struts about!

How laughs his straight sword at his noble back.

Walt. Does it? It cuffs thee for a liar, then!

[*Strikes him with his sword.*]

Gay. A blow!

Walt. Another, lest you doubt the first!

Gay. His blood on his own head! I'm for you, Sir!

[*Draws.*]

Clif. Hold, Sir! This quarrel's mine!

[*Coming forward R. of Walter, and drawing.*]

Walt. No man shall fight for me, Sir!

Clif. By your leave!—

Your patience, pray! My lord—for so I learn

Behoves me to accost you—for your own sake

Draw off your friend!

Walt. Not till we have a bout, Sir!

"Clif. My lord, your happy fortune ill you greet—

"Ill greet it those who love you—greeting thus

"The herald of it!

"Walt. Sir, what's that to you?

"Let go my sleeve!

Clif. My lord, if blood be shed
 "On the fair dawn of your prosperity,
 "Look not to see the brightness of its day.
 "'Twill be o'ercast throughout!"

Gay. My lord, I'm struck!

Clif. You gave the first blow, and the hardest one!
 Look, Sir: if swords you needs must measure, I'm
 Your mate, not he.

Walt. I'm mate for any man.

"*Clif.* Draw off your friend, my lord, for your own
 sake!"

Wilf. Come, Gaylove! let us have another room.

Gay. With all my heart, since 'tis your lordship's will.

Wilf. That's right! Put up! Come, friends!

[*Exeunt Wilford and friends, R.*]

Walt. I'll follow him!

Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of you!

"Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them but

"As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them!—Nay,

"Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;"

Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!

Clif. Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth your wrath.

Walt. How know you me for Master Walter? By
 My hunchback, Eh?—"my stilts of legs and arms,

"The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!

"So you have heard them, too—their savage gibes

"As I pass on,—'There goes my lord!' aha!"

God made me, Sir, as well as them and you.

Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir.

[*Disengaging himself*]

Clif. There, Sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth,
 And I'll go, too: so on your wilfulness

Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.

Is't fit to waste your choler on a burr?

"The nothings of the town? whose sport it is

"To break their villain jests on worthy men,

"The graver, still the fitter! Fie, for shame!"

Regard what such would say? So would not I,

No more than heed a cur.

Walt. You're right, Sir; right,
 For twenty crowns! So there's my rapier up!
 You've done me a good turn against my will.

Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,
That made him restive under wholesome check,
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

Clif. No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!
I'm glad to know you, Sir.

Walt. I pray you, now,
How did you learn my name? Guessed I not right?
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

Clif. I own it.

Walt. Right, I know it; you tell truth.
I like you for't.

Clif. But when I heard it said
That Master Walter was a worthy man,
Whose word would pass on 'change, soon as his bond;
A liberal man—for schemes of public good
That sets down tens, where others units write;
A charitable man—the good he does,
That's told of, not the half—I never more
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back.

Walt. You would not flatter a poor citizer!

Clif. Indeed, I flatter not!

Walt. I like your face:
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,
Proportioned, shaped!

Clif. Good, Sir!

Walt. Your name is Clifford—
Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the heir
Direct, to the fair baronetcy? He
That was, was drowned abroad. Am I not right?
Your cousin, was't not? So succeeded you
To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised you.

Clif. I see you know my history.

Walt. I do.

You're lucky who conjoin the benefits
Of penury and abundance; for I know
Your father was a man of slender means.
You do not blush, I see. That's right! Why should
you?

What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it. You'd have done it;
For, you were trained to knowledge, industry,
Frugality and honesty,—the sinews

That surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomás,
Once served your father, there's the riddle for y^e.
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

Clif. I pray you, say not so!

Walt. But I will say so!

Because I think so, know so, feel so, Sir!
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;
And doubtless you live up to't?

Clif. 'Twas my rule,
And is so still, to keep my outlay, Sir,
A span within my means.

"*Walt.* A prudent rule.

"The turf is a seductive pastime!

"*Clif.* Yes.

"*Walt.* You keep a racing stud? You bet?

"*Clif.* No, neither.

"'Twas still my father's precept—'Better owe

"A yard of land to labour, than to chance

"Be debtor for a rood!"

Walt. "'Twas a wise precept."

You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it?

Clif. In time.

Walt. In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.

Is't not so yet? Or is thy lady-love,

The newest still thou see'st?

Clif. Nay, not so.

I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—

For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived

In the world,—has made me jealous of the thing

That flattered me with hope of profit. Bargains

Another would snap up, might lie for me

Till I had turned, and turned them! Speculations,

That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,

Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in

When others were afloat, and out at sea!

Whereby I made small gains, but missed great losses!

As ever then I looked before I leaped,

So do I now.

Wal. Thou'rt all the better for't!

Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well favoured—so!

Rich,—titled! Let that pass!—kind, valiant, prudent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,
Hast thou the luck to win her !

Clif. Master Walter !

You jest !

Wal. I do not jest.—I like you ! mark—
I like you, and I like not every one !
I say a wife, Sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy ! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still
Culled by the sculptor's jealous skill, and joined *there*,
Inspire us ! Sir, a maid, before whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state and partner her !
A fresh heart, too ! A young fresh heart, Sir, one
That Cupid has not toyed with, and a warm one.
Fresh, young, and warm ! mark that ! a mind to boot.
Wit, Sir : sense, taste ; a garden strictly tended—
Where naught but what is costly flourishes.
A consort for a king, Sir ! Thou shalt see her.

Clif. I thank you, Master Walter ! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
“ Her hand fast locked in mine—the ring put on.”
My wedding bell rings merry in my ear ;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride !

Wal. What ! sparks so thick ? We'll have a blaze anon !

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. The chariot's at the door.

Wal. It waits in time !

Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower
Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,
But e'en a Sylvan Goddess.

Clif. Have with you.

Wal. You 'll bless the day you served the Hunchback,
Sir. *[Exeunt, L.]*

SCENE II.—*A Garden before a Country House.*

Enter JULIA and HELEN, R. U. E.

Hel. (R.) I like not, *JULIA*, this, your country life.
I'm weary on't.

Jul. (L.) Indeed? So am not I!
I know no other; would no other know.

Hel. You would no other know! Would you not know
Another relative?—another friend—
Another house—another anything,
Because the ones you have already please you?
That's poor content! "Would you not be more rich.
"More wise, more fair?" The song that last you leaved
You fancy well; and therefore shall you learn
No other song? Your virginal, 'tis true,
Hath a sweet tone; but does it follow thence,
You shall not have another virginal?
You *may*, love, and a sweeter one; and so
A sweeter life may find, than this you lead!

Jul. I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy!

Hel. So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,
An owl, a bat,—where they are wont to lodge
That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.
Thou'rt constancy? I'm glad I know thy name!
The spider comes of the same family,
That in his meshy fortress spends his life,
Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.
"And so, thou'rt constancy? Art proud of that?
"I'll warrant thee I'll match thee with a snail,
"From year to year that never leaves his house!
"Such constancy, forsooth!—A constant grub
"That houses ever in the self-same nut
"Where he was born, 'till hunger drives him out,
"Or plunder breaketh thro' his castle wall!"
And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy!

Jul. Helen, you know the adage of the tree;—
I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,
Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,
I've led from infancy. Debarred from hope
Of change, I ne'er have sighed for change. The town
To me was like the moon, for any thought
I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled
To think it half so fair!

Hel. Not half so fair!
The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night
E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town!
Their women there are queens, and kings their men;
Their houses palaces!

Jul. And what of that ?

Have your town palaces a hall like this ?
Couches so fragrant ? walls so high adorned ?
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen,
As these fair vistas have ? Your kings and queens !
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them !

Hel. Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step
From one to the other ! Were thy constancy
A reasonable thing—a little less
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—
I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence
The maid I know thee now ; but, as it is,
The odds are ten to one, that this day year
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

Jul. Never ! I'm wedded to a country life :
O, did you hear what Master Walter says !
Nine times in ten, the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are, is naught to what they show ;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn !
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap ;
A heap for none, that has a homely one !
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not.
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest !
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,
The passive thing that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self ! [Crosses, L.

Hel. Ay : so says Master Walter. See I not
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,
To be so fond of him !

Jul. He's fond of me.
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,
That brought not Master Walter. I had those
About me then that made a fool of me,
As children oft are fooled ; but more I loved
Good Master Walter's lesson, than the play
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,

More frequent Master Walter came, and more
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,
Men of great skill and learning—but not one
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—
A word from Master Walter made as clear
As day-light! When my schooling days were o'er—
That's now good three years past—three years—I vow
I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,
When I had done with school, and all were gone,
Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen
The snow upon a level with the hedge,
Yet there was Master Walter!

Hel. Who comes here?

[*Crosses, L.*

A carriage, and a gay one,—who alights?
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,
A frown was like to spoil?—A gentleman!
One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now?
Would'st be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,
I wonder, comes he for?

Jul. For neither of us;
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.

Hel. Most like!

Mark him as he comes up the avenue;
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!
So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—
They're very like a clerk's! a diamond loop
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—
O, certainly a clerk! “A velvet cloak,
“Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same,—”
For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see,
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
That he may first go in,—a very clerk!
I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk!

Jul. I wonder who he is.

Hel. Would'st like to know?

Would'st, for a fancy, ride to town with him?
I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.

Jul. He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen, no,
To town who will—a country life for me!

Hel. We'll see.

Enter FATHOM, L.

Fath. You're wanted, Madam.

Jul. [*Embarrassed.*] Which of us ?

Fath. You, madam.

[*Goes up, L.*

Hel. Julia ! what's the matter ? Nay,
Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which, once she wears,
The maid is all his own.

Jul. Go to !

Hel. Be sure

[*Crosses, L.*

He comes to woo thee ! He will bear thee hence ;
He'll make thee change the country for the town.

Jul. I'm constancy. Name he the town to me,
I'll tell him what I think on't !

[*Crosses, L*

Hel. Then you guess
He comes a wooing ?

Jul. I guess naught.

Hel. You do !

At your grave words, your lips, more honest, smile,
And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.

Jul. Hie thee to soberness.

[*Exit. L*

Hel. Ay, will I, when
Thy bridemaid, I shall hie to church with thee.
Well, Fathom, who is come ?

[*Comes down, L*

Fath. I know not.

Hel. What !

Did'st thou not hear his name ?

Fath. I did.

Hel. What is't ?

Fath. I noted not.

Hel. What hast thou ears for, then ?

Fath. What good were it for me to mind his name ?
I do but what I must do. To do that
is labor quite enough !

Wal. [*Without, L.*] What, Fathom !

Fath. Here.

Wal. [*Entering, L.*] Here, sirrah ! Wherefore did'st
not come to me ?

Fath. You did not bid me come.

Wal. I called thee.

Fath. Yes,

And I said, "Here;" and waited then to know
Your worship's will with me.

Wal. We go to town—

Thy mistress, thou, and all the house.

Fath. Well, sir?

Wal. (c.) Mak'st thou not ready, then, to go to town?

Fath. You didn't bid me to make ready, Sir.

Wal. Hence, knave, despatch! [Exit *Fathom*.]

Hel. Go we to town?

Wal. We do;

'Tis now her father's will she sees the town.

Hel. I'm glad on't. Goes she to her father?

Wal. No;

With the consent of thine, she for a term
Shares roof with thee.

Hel. I'm very glad on't.

Wal. What!

You like her, then? I thought you would. 'Tis time
She sees the town.

Hel. It has been time for that,
These six years.

Wal. By thy wisdom's count. No doubt
You've told her what a precious place it is.

Hel. I have.

Wal. I even guessed as much. For that
I told thee of her; brought thee here to see her;
And prayed thee to sojourn a space with her;
That its fair face, from thy too fair report,
Might strike a novice less,—so less deceive her.
I did not put thee under check.

Hel. 'Twas right—

Else I had broken loose and run the wilder!
So knows she not her father yet that's strange.
I prithee how does mine?

Wal. Well—very well.

News for thee.

Hel. What?

Wal. Thy cousin is in town.

Hel. My cousin Modus?

Wal. Much do I suspect

That cousin's nearer to thy heart than blood.

Hel. Pshaw! Wed me to a musty library!

Love him who nothing loves but Greek and Latin!
But, Master Walter, you forget the main
Surpassing point of all. Who's come with you?

Wal. Ay, that's the question!

Hel. Is he soldier or
Civilian? lord or gentleman? He's rich,
If that's his chariot! Where is his estate?
What brings it in? Six thousand pounds a year?
Twelve thousand, may be? Is he bachelor,
Or husband? Bachelor, I'm sure he is!
Comes he not hither wooing, Master Walter?
Nay, prithee, answer me!

Wal. Who says thy sex
Are curious? That they're patient, I'll be sworn;
And reasonable—very reasonable—
To look for twenty answers in a breath!
Come, thou shalt be enlightened—but propound
Thy questions one by one! Thou'rt far too apt
A scholar! My ability to teach
Will ne'er keep pace, I fear, with thine to learn.

[*Exeunt* L.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House.*

Enter JULIA, followed by CLIFFORD, R.

Jul. No more! I pray you, Sir, no more!

Clif. I love you.

Jul. You mock me, Sir!

Clif. Then is there no such thing
On earth as reverence. Honour filial, the fear
Of kings, the awe of supreme Heaven itself,
Are only shows and sounds that stand for nothing.
I love you!

Jul. You have known me scarce a minute.

Clif. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain; matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!

Jul. "Is't fear I feel ?

"Why else should beat my heart ? It can't be fear !

"Something I needs must say." You're from the town ;

How comes it, Sir, you seek a country wife ?

"Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that."

Clif. In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.

Complexion, stature, nature mateth it,

Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.

Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie ;

The form of Hercules affects the sylph's ;

And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,

Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell !

"Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,

"Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,

"That makes the orient poor ! So with degrees—

"Rank passes by the circlet-gracéd brow,

"Upon the forehead bare of notelessness,

"To print the nuptial kiss ! As with degrees,

"So is't with habits ;" therefore I, indeed,

A gallant of the town, the town forsake,

To win a country bride.

Jul. "His prompt reply,

"My backward challenge shames ! Must I give o'er ?

"I'll try his wit again." Who marries me,

Must lead a country life.

Clif. The life I love !

But fools would fly from it ; for Oh ! 'tis sweet !

It finds the heart out, be there one to find ;

And corners in't where stores of pleasures lodge,

We never dreamed were there ! It is to dwell

'Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit ;

Music, whose melody is of the heart,

"And gifts that are not made for interest,—

'Abundantly bestowed, by nature's cheek,

"And voice, and hand !" It is to live on life,

And husband it ! It is to constant scan

The handywork of heaven ! It is to con

Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power ! It is

To nearer see our God !

Jul. How like he talks

To Master Walter ! "Shall I give it o'er ?

"Not yet." Thou would'st not live one half a year !

A quarter might'st thou for the novelty
Of fields and trees ; but then it needs must be
In summer time, when they go dressed.

Clif. " Not it ! "

In any time—say winter ! Fields and trees
Have charms for me in very winter time.

Jul. But snow may clothe them then

Clif. I like them full

As well in snow !

Jul. You do ?

Clif. I do !

Jul. But night

Will hide both snow and them ; and that sets in
Ere afternoon is out. A heavy thing,
A country fireside in a winter's night,
To one bred in the town,—“ where winter's said,
“ For sun of gayety and sportiveness,
“ To beggar shining summer.”

Clif. I should like

A country winter's night especially !

Jul. You'd sleep by the fire.

Clif. Not I ; I'd talk to thee.

Jul. You'd tire of that !

Clif. I'd read to thee.

Jul. And that !

Clif. I'd talk to thee again.

Jul. And sooner tire

Than first you did, and fall asleep at last.

“ You'd never do to lead a country life.”

Clif. “ You deal too hardly with me ! ” Matchless maid,
“ As loved instructor brightens dullest wit,”

Fear not to undertake the charge of me !

[*Kneels.*

A willing pupil kneels to thee, and lays

His title and his fortune at your feet.

“ *Jul.* His title and his fortune ! ”

Enter MASTER WALTER and HELEN, R.—JULIA, disconcerted, retires with the latter, L.—CLIFFORD rises.

Wal. So, Sir Thomas !

Aha ! you husband time ! well, was I right ?

Is't not the jewel that I told you 'twas ?

Would'st thou not give thine eyes to wear it ? Eh ?

It has an owner, tho',—nay, start not,—one
 That may be brought to part with't, and with whom
 I'll stand thy friend—I will—I say, I will!
 A strange man, sir, and unaccountable;
 But I can humour him—will humour him
 For thy sake, good Sir Thomas, for I like thee.
 Well, is't a bargain? Come, thy hand upon it.
 A word or two with thee.

[*They retire, R. Julia and Helen come forward, L*

Jul. (L.) Go up to town!

Hel. (R.) Have I not said it ten times o'er to thee?
 But if thou lik'st it not, protest against it.

Jul. Not if 'tis Master Walter's will.

Hel. What then?

Thou would'st not break thy heart for Master Walter?

Jul. That follows not!

Hel. What follows not?

Jul. That I

Should break my heart that I go up to town.

Hel. Indeed! Oh, that's another matter. Well,
 I'd e'en advise thee, then, to do his will;
 And ever after, when I prophesy,
 Believe me, Julia!

[*They retire. Master Walter comes forward*

Enter FATHOM, L., crosses to Walter.

Fath. So please you, sir, a letter,—a post haste letter!
 The bearer on horseback, the horse in a foam—smoking
 like a boiler at the heat—be sure a post-haste letter!

Wal. Look to the horse and rider.

[*Exit Fathom, L. Opens the letter and reads*

‘What's this? A testament addressed to me,
 “Found in his Lordship's escrutoire, and thence
 “Directed to be taken by no hand
 “But mine. My presence instantly required.”

[*Sir Thomas, Julia, and Helen come forward.*

Come, my mistresses,

You dine in town to-day. [*Crosses, L.*] Your father's will
 It is, my Julia, that you see the world;
 And thou shalt see it in its best attire.—
 Its gayest looks—its richest finery
 It shall put on for thee, that thou may'st judge

Between it, and the rural life you've lived.
 Business of moment I'm but just advised of,
 Touching the will of my late noble master,
 The Earl of Rochdale, recently deceased,
 Commands me for a time to leave thee there.

Sir Thomas, hand her to the chariot. [*Sir Thomas crosses
 to her and hands Julia out, L.: they pass Walter, who
 then leads Helen out, L.*] Nay,

I tell thee true. We go indeed to town! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in MASTER HEARTWELL'S House.*

Enter THOMAS and FATHOM, R.

Thom. Well, Fathom, is thy mistress up?

Fath. She is, Master Thomas, and breakfasted.

Thom. She stands it well! 'Twas five, you say, when she came home; and wants it now three quarters of an hour of ten! Wait till her stock of country health is out.

Fath. 'Twill come to that, Master Thomas, before she lives another month in town! Three, four, five, six o'clock, are now the hours she keeps. 'Twas otherwise with her in the country. There my mistress used to rise what time she now lies down.

Thom. Why, yes; she's changed since she came hither.

Fath. Changed, do you say, Master Thomas? Changed forsooth! I know not the thing in which she is not changed, saving that she is still a woman. I tell thee there is no keeping pace with her moods. In the country, she had none of them. When I brought what she asked for, it was "thank you, Fathom," and no more to do; but now, nothing contents her. Hark ye! were you a gentleman, Master Thomas,—for then you know you would be a different kind of man,—how many times would you have your coat altered?

Thom. Why, Master Fathom, as many times as it would take to make it fit me.

Fath. Good ! But supposing it fitted thee at first ?

Thom. Then would I have it altered not at all.

Fath. Good ! Thou would'st be a reasonable gentleman. Thou would'st have a conscience. Now hark to a tale about my lady's last gown. How many times, think you, took I it back to the sempstress ?

Thom. Thrice, may be.

Fath. Thrice, may be ! Twenty times, may be ; and not a turn too many for the truth on't. Twenty times, on the oath of the sempstress. Now mark me—can you count ?

Thom. After a fashion.

Fath. You have much to be thankful for, Master Thomas ; you London serving-men know a world of things, which we in the country never dream of. Now mark :—four times took I it back for the flounce ; twice for the sleeves ; thrice for the tucker. How many times in all is that ?

Thom. Eight times to a fraction, Master Fathom.

Fath. What a master of figures you are ! Eight times—now recollect that ! And then found she fault with the trimmings. Now, tell me how many times took I back the gown for the trimmings ?

Thom. Eight times more, perhaps !

Fath. Ten times to a certainty. How many times make that ?

Thom. Eighteen, Master Fathom, by the rule of addition.

Fath. And how many times more will make twenty ?

Thom. Twice, by the same rule.

Fath. Thou hast worked with thy pencil and slate, Master Thomas ! Well, ten times, as I said, took I back the gown for the trimmings : and was she content after all ? I warrant you, no, or my ears did not pay for it. She wished, she said, that the slattern sempstress had not touched the gown ; for naught had she done, but botched it. Now what, think you, had the sempstress done to the gown ?

Thom. To surmise that, I must be learned in the sempstress's art.

Fath. The sempstress's art ! Thou has hit it ! Oh, the sweet sempstress ! The excellent sempstress ! Mistress of her scissors and needles, which are pointless and edgeless to her art ! The sempstress had done nothing to the

gown, yet raves and storms my mistress at her for having botched it in the making and mending; and orders her straight to make another one, which home the sempstress brings on Tuesday last.

Thom. And found thy fair mistress as many faults with that?

Fath. Not one! She finds it a very pattern of a gown! A well sitting flounce! The sleeves a fit—the tucker a fit—the trimmings her fancy to a T—ha! ha! ha! and she praised the sempstress—ha! ha! ha! and she smiles at me, and I smile—ha! ha! ha! and the sempstress smiles—ha! ha! ha! Now why did the sempstress smile?

Thom. That she had succeeded so well in her art.

Fath. Thou hast hit it again. The jade must have been born a sempstress. If ever I marry, she shall work for my wife. The gown was the same gown, and there was my mistress's twentieth mood!

Thom. What, think you, will Master Walter say when he comes back? I fear he'll hardly know his country maid again. Has she yet fixed her wedding day?

Fath. She has, Master Thomas. I coaxed it from her maid. She marries Monday week.

Thom. Comes not Master Walter back to-day?

Fath. Your master expects him. [*Bell ringing, L.*] Perhaps that's he. I prithee go and open the door; do, Master Thomas, do; for proves it my master, he'll surely question me.

Thom. And what should I do?

Fath. Answer him, Master Thomas, and make him none the wiser. He'll go mad, when he learns how my lady flaunts it! Go! open the door, I prithee. Fifty things, Master Thomas, know you, for one thing that I know; you can turn and twist a matter into any other kind of matter, and then twist and turn it back again, if needs be; so much you servants of the town beat us of the country, Master Thomas. Open the door, now; do, Master Thomas, do!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden with two Arbors, R. and L.*

Enter MASTER HEARTWELL, R., and MASTER WALTER, L., meeting.

Heart. Good Master Walter, welcome back again!

Wal. I'm glad to see you, Master Heartwell.

Heart. How,

I pray you, sped the weighty bus'ness which
So sudden called you hence?

Wal. Weighty, indeed!

What thou would'st ne'er expect—wilt scarce believe!
Long hidden wrong, wondrously come to light,
And great right done! But more of this, anon.
Now of my ward discourse! Likes she the town?
How does she? Is she well? Can'st match me her
Amongst your city maids?

Heart. Nor court ones neither!
She far outstrips them all!

Wal. I knew she would.

What else could follow in a maid so bred?
A pure mind, Master Heartwell!—not a taint
From intercourse with the distempered town;
With which all contact was walled out; until,
Matured in soundness, I could trust her to it,
And sleep amidst infection.

[*Crosse* R.]

Heart. Master Walter!

Wal. Well?

Heart. Tell me, prithee, which is likelier
To plough a sea in safety?—he that's wont
To sail in it,—or he that by the *chart*
Is master of its soundings, bearings,—knows
Its headlands, havens, currents,—where 'tis bold,
And where behoves to keep a good look out?—
The one will swim where sinks the other one!

Wal. The drift of this?

Heart. Do you not guess it?

Wal. Humph!

Heart. If you would train a maid to live in town
Breed her not in the country!

Wal. Say you so?

And stands she not the test?

Heart. As snow stands fire!

Your country maid has melted all away,
And plays the city lady to the height:—
Her mornings gives to mercers, milliners,
Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers;
Her noons, to calls; her afternoons, to dressing;

Evenings, to plays or cards; and nights, to routs,
Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot,
Which waking still begins!

Wal. I'm all amaze!

How bears Sir Thomas this?

Heart. Why, patiently;

Though, one can see, with pain.

Wal. She loves him? Ha!

That shrug is doubt! She'd ne'er consent to wed him,

Unless she loved him!—never! Her young fancy,

The pleasures of the town—new things—have caught.

Anon their hold will slacken: she'll become

Her former self again: to its old train

Of sober feelings will her heart return;

And then she'll give it wholly to the man,

Her virgin wishes chose!

[*Crosses, L*

Heart. Here comes Sir Thomas;

And with him Master Modus.

Wal. Let them pass:

I would not see him till I speak with her.

[*They retire into the arbor, L*

Enter CLIFFORD and MODUS, R.

Clif. A dreadful question is it, when we love,

To ask if love's returned! I did believe

Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.

But once last night she danced with me, her hand

To this gallant and that engaged, as soon

As asked for! "Maid that loved would scarce do this!

"Nor visit we together as we used,

"When first she came to town." She loves me less

Than once she did—or loves me not at all. [*Crosses, R*

Mod. I'm little skilled, Sir Thomas, in the world;

What mean you now to do?

Clif. Remonstrate with her!

"Come to an understanding, and, at once—"

If she repents her promise to be mine,

Absolve her from it—and say farewell to her. [*Crosses, L*

Mod. Lo, then, your opportunity—she comes,—

My cousin with her—her will I engage,

Whilst you converse together.

Clif. Nay, not yet!

My heart turns coward at the sight of her.
Stay till it finds new courage ! Let them pass.

[*They retire up, c*]

Enter JULIA and HELEN, R.

Hel. So, Monday week will say good morn to thee
A maid, and bid good night a sober wife !

Jul. That Monday week, I trust, will never come
That brags to make a sober wife of me !

Hel. How changed you are, my Julia !

Jul. Change makes change.

Hel. Why wedd'st thou, then ?

Jul. Because I promised him.

Hel. Thou lov'st him ?

Jul. Do I ?

Hel. He's a man to love :

A right well-favoured man !

Jul. Your point's well favoured.

Where did you purchase it ? " In Gracechurch street ? "

Hel. Pshaw ! never mind my point, but talk of him.

Jul. I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.

Where bought you it ? In Gracechurch street, Cheapside,
Whitechapel, Little Britain ? Can't you say

Where 'twas you bought the lace ?

Hel. In Cheapside, then,

And now, then, to Sir Thomas ! He is just
The height I like a man.

Jul. Thy feather's just

The height I like a feather ! Mine's too long !

What shall I give thee in exchange for it ?

Hel. What shall I give thee for a minute's talk
About Sir Thomas ?

Jul. Why, thy feather.

Hel. Take it !

" *Clif.* [*Aside to Modus.*] What ! likes she not to speak
of me ! "

Hel. And now

Let's talk about Sir Thomas—" much, I'm sure,
" He loves you.

" *Jul.* Much, I'm sure, he has a right !

" Those know I who would give their eyes to be

" Sir Thomas, for my sake !

"*Hel.* Such, too, know I.

'But 'mong them, none that can compare with him,

'Not one so graceful.

"*Jul.* What a graceful set

'Your feather has!

"*Hel.* Nay, give it back to me,

'Unless you pay me for't.

"*Jul.* What was't to get?

"*Hel.* A minute's talk with thee about Sir Thomas."

Jul. Talk of his title and his fortune, then.

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Indeed! I would not listen, yet I must!

"*Jul.*" An ample fortune, Helen! I shall be
A happy wife! What routs, what balls, what masques,
What gala days!

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] For these she marries me!

'She'll talk of these!

"*Jul.*" Think not, when I am wed,
I'll keep the house as owl does her tower,
Alone,—when every other bird's on wing.
I'll use my palfrey, Helen; and my coach;
My barge, too, for excursions on the Thames;
"What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington!"
What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Blackheath!
What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham, Kew!
I'll set a pattern to your lady wives!

Clif. [*Aside, R. c.*] Ay, lady? Trust me, not at my expense.

Jul. And what a wardrobe! I'll have change of suits
For every day in the year! and sets for days!
My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,
And evening dress! Then will I shew you lace
A foot deep, can I purchase it; if not,
I'll specially bespeak it. Diamonds, too!
Not buckles, rings, and ear-rings, only—but
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!
I'll shine! be sure I will.

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Then shine away;

"Who covets thee may wear thee: I'm not he!

"*Jul.* And then my title! Soon as I put on

"The ring, I'm Lady Clifford. So I take

"Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en

"The richest heiress in the land! At town

'On country ball, you'll see me take the lead,
 "While wives that carry on their backs the wealth
 "To dower a princess, shall give place to me;—
 "Will I not profit, think you, by my right?
 "Be sure I will! Marriage shall prove to me
 "A never-ending pageant. Every day
 "Shall show how I am spoused!" I will be known
 For Lady Clifford all the city through,
 And fifty miles the country round about.
 Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet—
 Not perishable knight; who, **when** he makes
 A lady of me, doubtless must expect
 To see me play the part of one.

[Crosses, R.]

Clif. [Comes forward, R. c.] Most true.
 But not the part which you design to play.

Jul. A list'ner, sir!

Clif. By chance, and not intent.
 Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er
 More thankless duty to my heart discharged!
 Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense
 Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most
 It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!
 Oh, Julia! is it you? Could I have set
 A coronet upon that stately brow,
 Where partial nature hath already bound
 A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—
 I had been proud to see thee proud of it,—
 So for the donor thou hadst ta'en the gift,
 Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have poured
 The wealth of richest Cræsus in thy lap,
 I had been blest to see thee scatter it,
 So I were still thy riches paramount!

Jul. Know you me, Sir?

Clif. I do! On Monday week,
 We were to wed; and are, so you're content
 The day that weds, wives you to be widowed. **Take**
 The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!
 Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;
 Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me,
 "Although the coveted of every eye,"
 Who would not wear me for myself alone

[Crosses, R.]

Jul. And do you carry it so proudly, Sir?

Clif. Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, Lady!
I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.
Till then, farewell! and then,—farewell forever!

[*Takes off his hat.*

Oh, Julia, I have ventured for thy love,
As the bold merchant, who, for only hope
Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk!
Before I asked a portion of thy heart,
I periled all my own; and now, all's lost!

[*Exit, R. Modus follows him.*

Jul. Helen!

Hel. What ails you, sweet?

Jul. I cannot breathe—quick, loose my girdle, oh!

[*Faints.*

MASTER WALTER, R., and MASTER HEARTWELL, L., come forward.

Wal. Good Master Heartwell, help to take her in,
Whilst I make after him!—and look to her!
Unlucky chance that took me out of town!

[*Exit Walter, R.—Heartwell bears off Julia, L. Helen following.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter CLIFFORD, R., and STEPHEN, L., meeting.

Ste. Letters, Sir Thomas.

Clif. Take them home again;
I shall not read them now.

Ste. Your pardon, Sir,
But here is one directed strangely.

Clif. How?

Ste. 'To Master Clifford, gentleman; now styled
Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet.'

Clif. Indeed!

Whence comes that letter?

Ste. From abroad.

Clif. Which is it?

Ste. So please you, this, Sir Thomas.

Clif. Give it me.

[*Crosses, L. reading letter*

Ste. That letter brings not news, to wish him joy upon

If he was disturbed before, which I guessed by his looks he was, he is not more at ease now. His hand to his head ! A most unwelcome letter ! If it brings him news of disaster, fortune does not give him his deserts ; for never waited servant upon a kinder master.

Clif. Stephen !

Ste. Sir Thomas !

Clif. From my door remove
The plate that bears my name.

Ste. The plate, Sir Thomas ?

Clif. The plate. Collect my servants and instruct them
All to make out their claims unto the end
Of their respective terms, and give them in
To my steward. Him and them apprise, good fellow,
That I keep house no more. "As you go home,
'Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop
'The carriage I bespoke. The one I have,
"Send with my horses to the mart whereat
"Such things are sold by auction—they're for sale.
"Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks conveyed
"To the Inn in the next street"—and when that's done,
Go to my troopers, and collect their bills,
And bring them to me at the Inn.

Ste. The Inn !

Clif. Yes ; I go home no more. Why, what's the matter ?

What has fallen out to make your eyes fill up ?

You'll get another place. I'll certify
You're honest and industrious, and all
That a servant ought to be.

Ste. I see, Sir Thomas,
Some great misfortune has befallen you.

Clif. No !

I've health ; I've strength ; my reason, Stephen, and
A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.

No great disaster can befall the man,
Who's still possessed of these ! Good fellow, leave me.

What you would learn, and have a right to know,
"I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, hence !"
Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that ?

Mischance has fallen on many a better man.

'I prithee leave me. I grow sadder while

"I see the eye with which you view my grief.
" 'Sdeath, they will out ! I would have been a man,
" Had you been less a kind and gentle one."
Now, as you love me, leave me.

Ste. Never master
So well deserved the love of him that served him.

[*Exit Stephen, R.*]

Clif. Misfortune liketh company : it seldom
Visits its friends alone. Ha, Master Walter,
And ruffled, too ! I'm in no mood for him.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Wal. So, Sir !—Sir Thomas Clifford !—what with speed
And choler—I do gasp for want of breath !

Clif. Well, Master Walter ?

Wal. You're a rash young man, Sir !
Strong-headed and wrong-headed—and I fear, Sir !
Not over delicate in that fine sense
Which men of honour pride themselves upon, Sir !

Clif. Well, Master Walter !

Wal. A young woman's heart, Sir,
Is not a stone to carve a posy on !
Which knows not what is writ on't—which you may buy
Exchange, or sell, Sir—keep or give away, Sir ;
It is a richer, yet a poorer thing !
Priceless to him that owns and prizes it ;
Worthless when owned, not prized ; which makes the man
That covets it, obtains it, and discards it,—
A fool, if not a villain, Sir !

Clif. Well, Sir !

Wal. You never loved my ward, Sir !

Clif. The bright Heavens
Bear witness that I did !

Wal. The bright Heavens, Sir,
Bear not false witness. That you loved her not,
Is clear,—for had you loved her, you'd have plucked
Your heart from out your breast, 'ere cast her from your
heart !

Old as I am, I know what passion is.

"It is the summer's heat, Sir, which in vain

"We look for frost in ! Ice, like you, Sir, knows

'But little of such heat !' We're wronged, Sir, wronged !

"You wear a sword, and so do I!

Clif. Well, Sir!

Wal. You know the use, Sir, of a sword?

Clif. "I do.

"To whip a knave, Sir, or an honest man—

"A wise man or a fool—atone for wrong,

"Or double the amount on't." Master Walter,*

Touching your ward, if wrong is done, I think

On my side lies the grievance. "I would not say so,

"Did I not think so." As for love—look, Sir,

That hand's a widower's, to its first mate sworn

To clasp no second one. As for amends, Sir,

You're free to get them from a man in whom

You've been forestalled by fortune, "in the spite

"Which she has vented on him, if you still

"Esteem him worth your anger." Please you read

That letter. Now, Sir, judge if life is dear,

To one so much a loser.

Wal. What, all gone!

Thy cousin living they reported dead!

Clif. Title and land, Sir, unto which, add love;

All gone, save life—and honour!—which, ere I'll lose,

I'll let the other go!

Wal. We're public here,

And may be interrupted. Let us seek

Some spot of privacy. Your letter, Sir! [*Gives it back*

Tho' fortune slights you, I'll not slight you! Not

Your title or the lack of it I heed.

Whether upon the score of love or hate,

With you, and you alone, I settle, Sir.

We've gone too far. 'Twere folly now to part

Without a reckoning.

Clif. Just as you please.

Wal. You've done a noble lady wrong.

Clif. That lady

Has done me wrong.

Wal. Go to! Thou art a boy

Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not

A woman's heart. Thou know'st not what it is!

* Clifford's reply commences here in the representation—his cue being, *Wronged, Sir, wronged!*

Which I will prove to thee, soon as we find
Convenient place. Come on, Sir! you shall get
A lesson that shall serve you for the rest
O' your life. I'll make you own her, Sir, a piece
Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet
Her cunning hand turned out. Come on, Sir!—come!
[*Exeunt, R*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room.**Enter LORD TINSEL and the EARL OF ROCHDALE.*

Tin. Refuse a lord! A saucy lady, this!
I scarce can credit it.

Roch. She'll change her mind.
My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.

Tin. How can you keep that Hunchback in his office?
He mocks you.

Roch. He is useful. Never heed him.
My offer now do I present through him.
He has the title-deeds of my estates.
She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her.
Not that I love her, but that all allow
She's fairest of the fair.

Tin. Distinguished well:
'Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!
Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar. She's
Betrothed, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford?

Roch. Yes.

Tin. That a commoner should thwart a Lord!
Yet not a commoner. A Baronet
Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and
Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford!
A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains
As I do tools! They're things mechanical.
So far are we above our forefathers:—

They to their brains did owe their titles, as
Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,
Which makes us far the nobler.

Roch. Is it so?

Tin. Believe me. You shall profit by my training:
You grow a Lord apace. I saw you meet
A levy of your former friends, who fain
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—
Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood;—
Befits it then you also change your friends!

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. A gentleman would see your lordship.

Tin. Sir?

What's that?

[*Crosses to Williams*]

Wil. A gentleman would see his lordship.

Tin. How know you, Sir, his lordship is at home?

Is he at home because he goes not out?

He's not at home, though there you see him, Sir,

Unless he certify that he's at home!

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[*Exit Williams, L.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding than

To speak the vulgar truth! Well, Sir?

WILLIAMS having re-entered, L.

Wil. His name,

So please your lordship, Markham.

Tin. Do you know

The thing?

Roch. Right well! I'faith, a hearty fellow,

Son to a worthy tradesman, "who would do

"Great things with little means; so entered him

"In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,

"Naught smacking of his stock!"

Tin. You've said enough!

His lordship's not at home. [*Exit Williams, L.*] "We do
not go

‘By hearts, but orders!’ Had he family—
 Blood—tho’ it only were a drop—his heart
 Would pass for something; lacking such desert,
 Were it ten times the heart it is, ’tis naught!

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. One Master Jones hath asked to see your lordship.

Tin. And what was your reply to Master Jones?

Wil. I knew not if his lordship was at home.

Tin. You’ll do. Who’s Master Jones?

Roch. A curate’s son.

Tin. A curate’s? Better be a yeoman’s son!

“Were it the rector’s son, he might be known,

“Because the rector is a rising man,

“And may become a bishop. He goes light.

“The curate ever hath a loaded back.

“He may be called the yeoman of the church

“That sweating does his work, and drudges on

“While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.”

How made you his acquaintance, pray?

Roch. We read

Latin and Greek together.

Tin. Dropping them—

As, now that you’re a lord, of course you’ve done—

Drop him.—You’ll say his lordships not at home.

Wil. So please your lordship, I forgot to say,
 One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

Tin. Who? Richard Cricket! You must see him,
 Rochdale!

A noble little fellow! A great man, Sir!

Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!

I won five thousand pounds by him!

Roch. Who is he?

I never heard of him.

Tin. What! never heard

Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him!

Why, he’s the jockey of Newmarket; you

May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.

I bade him call upon you. You must see him.

His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

Roch. Bid him wait in the ante-room. [*Williams goes L.*

Tin. The ante-room?

The best room in your house ! You do not know
 The use of Richard Cricket ! Show him, Sir,
 Into the drawing-room. [*Exit Williams, L.*] Your lordship
 needs

Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well
 To make a friend of Richard Cricket. " Well, Sir,
 " What's that ?

" *Enter WILLIAMS.*

" *Wil.* So please your lordship, a petition.

" *Tin.* Had'st not a service 'mongst the Hottentots
 " Ere thou cam'st hither, friend ? Present thy lord
 " With a petition ! At mechanics' doors,
 " At tradesmens', shopkeepers', and merchants' only,
 " Have such things leave to knock ! Make thy lord's gate
 " A wicket to a workhouse ! Let us see it—
 " Subscriptions to a book of poetry !
 " Who heads the list ? Cornelius Tense, A.M.
 " Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works
 " Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,
 " And is a conjurer in philosophy,
 " Both natural and moral.—Pshaw ! a man
 " Whom nobody, that is, anybody, knows.
 " Who, think you, follows him ? Why, an M.D.
 " An F.R.S., and F.A.S., and then
 " A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,
 " Ushering in an L.L.D., which means
 " Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,
 " The difference of their trades ! There's nothing here
 " But languages, and sciences, and arts,
 " Not an iota of nobility !
 " We cannot give our names. Take back the paper.
 " And tell the bearer there's no answer for him.—
 " That is the lordly way of saying ' No.'
 " But, talking of subscriptions, here is one
 " To which your lordship may affix your name.
 " *Roch.* Pray, who's the object ?
 " *Tin.* A most worthy man !
 " A man of singular deserts ; a man,
 " In serving whom, your lordship will serve me,—
 " Signor Cantata.
 " *Roch.* He's a friend of yours ?

“ *Tin.* Oh, no, I know him not ! I’ve not that pleasure.

‘ But Lady Dangle knows him ; she’s his friend.

“ He will oblige us with a set of concerts,

“ Six concerts to the set.—The set, three guineas.

“ Your lordship will subscribe ?

“ *Roch.* Oh, by all means !

“ *Tin.* How many sets of tickets ? Two at least.

“ You’ll like to take a friend ? I’ll set you down

“ Six guineas to Signor Cantata’s concerts.”

And now, my lord, we’ll to him,—then we’ll walk.

Roch. Nay, I would wait the lady’s answer.

Tin. Wait !

Take an excursion to the country ; let

Her answer wait for you.

Roch. Indeed !

Tin. Indeed.

Befits a lord naught like indifference.

Say an estate should fall to you, you’d take it,

As it concernéd more a stander-by

Than you. As you’re a lord, be sure you ever

Of that make little, other men make much of ;

Nor do the thing they do, but right contrary.

Where the distinction else, ’twixt them and you ?

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Master Heartwell’s House.*

Table and two chairs, placed a little out of the centre towards L.

MASTER WALTER *discovered, seated L. of table, looking through title-deeds and papers.*

Wal. So falls out every thing as I would have it,

Exact in place and time. This lord’s advances

Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen

Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear.

She comes—all’s well—the tempest rages still.

JULIA enters, L., and paces the room in a state of high excitement.

Jul. What have my eyes to do with water ? Fire

Becomes them better

[*Crosses, R.*

Wal. True.

Jul. Yet, must I weep
 To be so monitor'd, and by a man!
 A man that was my slave! whom I have seen
 Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content
 With leave to only gaze upon my face, [Crosses, L.
 "And tell me what he read there,—till the page
 "I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew,
 "Emblazoned by the comment of his tongue!"
 And he to lesson me! Let him come here
 On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!
 "I would not profit by his rank or wealth,
 "Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake!"
 I'll show him I have pride! [Crosses, R.

Wal. You're very right!

Jul. He would have had to-day our wedding day!
 I fixed a month from this. He prayed and prayed:—
 I dropped a week. He prayed and prayed the more.—
 I dropped a second one. Still more he prayed!
 And I took off another week,—and now
 I have his leave to wed or not to wed!
 He'll see that I have pride!

Wal. And so he ought.

Jul. Oh! for some way to bring him to my feet!
 But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad,
 That he has cast me off. That there should live
 The man could say so! Or that I should live
 To be the leavings of a man! [Crosses, R.

Wal. Thy case
 I own a hard one.

Jul. Hard! 'Twill drive me mad!
 His wealth and title! I refused a lord—
 I did! that privily implored my hand—
 And never cared to tell him on't! So much
 I hate him now, that lord should not in vain
 Implore my hand again!

Wal. You'd give it him? [Up from chair.

Jul. I would.

Wal. You'd wed that lord? [Advances, L.

Jul. (R.) That lord I'd wed;—or any other lord,—
 Only to show him, I could wed above him!

Wal. Give me your hand and word to that.

Jul. There! Take
 My hand and word!

Wal. That lord hath offered you
His hand again.

Jul. He has ?

Wal. Your father knows it : he approves of him.
There are the title-deeds of the estates, [*Points to table*
Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,—
No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law
Itself could find. A lord of many lands !
In Berkshire half a county ; and the same
In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire ! Across
The Irish Sea, a principality !
And not a rood with bond or lien on it !
Wilt give that lord a wife ? Wilt make thyself
A countess ? Here's the proffer of his hand.

[*Shows her a letter*

Write thou content, and wear a coronet !

Jul. [*Eagerly.*] Give me the paper.

Wal. There ! Here's pen and ink.

[*Goes up L. of table and lays the letter down for her to sign.*
Sit down. [*Points to chair R. of table.*] Why do you pause ?

A flourish of

The pen, and you're a countess.

Jul. "My poor brain
"Whirls round and round !" I would not wed him now
Were he more lowly at my feet to sue
Than e'er he did !

Wal. Wed whom ?

Jul. Sir Thomas Clifford.

Wal. You're right.

Jul. "His rank and wealth are roots to doubt ;
"And while they lasted, still the weed would grow,
"Howe'er you plucked it. No ! That's o'er—That's
done !"

Was never lady wronged so foul as I ! [*Wceps.*

Wal. Thou'rt to be pitied.

Jul. [*Aroused.*] Pitied ! Not so bad
As that.

Wal. Indeed thou art, to love the man
That spurns thee !

Jul. Love him ! Love ! If hate could find
A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take it,
To speak the love I bear him ! [*Wceps.*

Wal. Write thy own name,
And show how near akin thy hate's to hate.

Jul. [*Writes.*] 'Tis done!

Wal. 'Tis well! I'll come to you anon.

[*Takes the paper hastily, and exit, R.*]

Jul. [*Alone.*] I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done!

I've done the thing I should. From my disgrace
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—
“That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state
‘Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!”
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurned,
His betters take! Let me remember that!
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it
As I were born to it! I warrant none
Shall say it fits me not:—but one and all
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!
I will roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own
His slight of me was my advancement! Love me?
He never loved me! if he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web,
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes,
Deserve them! What have I to do with tears?

Enter HELEN, L.

Hel. News! Julia, news!

Jul. What! Is't about Sir Thomas?

Hel. Sir Thomas, say you? He's no more Sir Thomas!
That cousin lives, as heir to whom, his wealth
And title came to him.

Jul. Was he not dead?

Hel. No more than I am dead.

Jul. I would 'twere not so.

Hel. What say you, Julia?

[*Crosses, L.*]

Jul. Nothing!

Hel. I could kiss
That cousin! could'nt you, Julia?

Jul. Wherefore?

Hel. Why,
For coming back to life again, as 'twere
Upon his cousin to revenge you

Jul. Helen!

Hel. Indeed, 'tis true. With what a sorry grace
The gentleman will bear himself without
His title! Master Clifford! Have you not
Some token to return him? Some love-letter?
Some brooch? Some pin? Some anything? I'll be
Your messenger, for nothing but the pleasure
Of calling him plain 'Master Clifford.'

Jul. Helen!

Hel. Or has he aught of thine? Write to him, Julia,
Demanding it! Do, Julia, if you love me;
And I'll direct it in a schoolboy's hand,
As round as I can write, 'To Master Clifford.'

Jul. Helen!

Hel. I'll think of fifty thousand ways
To mortify him! I've a twentieth cousin,
A care-for-naught at mischief. Him I'll set
With twenty other madcaps like himself,
To walk the streets the traitor most frequents
And give him salutation as he passes—

How do you, Master Clifford!

Jul. [*Highly incensed.*] Helen!

Hel. Bless me!

Jul. I hate you, Helen!

[*Crosses to R.*]

Enter MODUS, L.

Modus. Joy for you, fair lady!
Our baronet is now plain gentleman,
And hardly that—not master of the means
To bear himself as such! The kinsman lives
Whose only rumored death gave wealth to him,
And title. A hard creditor he proves,
Who keeps strict reckoning—will have interest,
As well as principal. A ruined man
Is now Sir Thomas Clifford.

Hel. I'm glad on't.

Modus. And so am I. A scurvy trick it was
He served you, Madam. Use a lady so!
I merely bore with him. I never liked him.

Hel. No more did I. No, never could I think
He looked his title.

Modus. No, nor acted it,
If rightly they report. "He ne'er disbursed
"To entertain his friends, 'tis broadly said,
"A hundred pounds in the year." He was most poor,
In the appointments of a man of rank,
Possessing wealth like his. "His horses, hacks!
"His gentleman, a footman! and his footman,
"A groom! The sports that men of quality
"And spirit countenance, he kept aloof from,
"From scruple of economy, not taste,—
"As racing and the like." In brief, he lacked
Those shining points, that, more than name, denote
High breeding; and, moreover, was a man
Of very shallow learning.

Jul. Silence, Sir!
For shame!

Hel. Why, Julia!

Jul. Speak not to me! Poor!
Most poor! I tell you, Sir, he was the making
Of fifty gentlemen—each one of whom
Were more than peer for thee! His title, Sir, [*Crosses, c.*
Lent him no grace he did not pay it back!
Tho' it had been the highest of the high,
He would have looked it, felt it, acted it,
As thou could'st ne'er have done! When found you out
You liked him not? It was not e'er to-day!
"Or that base spirit I must reckon yours,
"Which smiles were it would scowl—can stoop to hate,
"And fear to show it!" He was your better, Sir,
And is!—Ay, is! though stripped of rank and wealth,
His nature's 'bove or fortune's love or spite,
To blazon or to blur it! [*Retires up c. crosses to R.*

Modus. [*Crosses to Helen.*] I was told
Much to disparage him—I know not wherefore.

Hel. And so was I, and know as much the cause.

[*Modus and Helen go up, c.—Julia comes down, R.*

Enter MASTER WALTER, with parchments, &c.

Wal. Joy, my Julia!

[*Crosses to her*

Impatient love has foresight! Lo you here,
The marriage deeds filled up, except a blank
To write your jointure! What you will, my girl!
Is this a lover? Look! Three thousand pounds
Per annum for your private charges! Ha!
“There’s pin money! Is this a lover? Mark
“What acres, forests, tenements, are taxed
“For your revenue; and so set apart,
“That finger cannot touch them, save thine own.”
Is this a lover? What good fortune’s thine!
Thou dost not speak; but, ’tis the way with joy!
With richest heart, it has the poorest tongue!

[*Modus comes down R. of Julia—Helen remains up, &c*

Modus. What great good fortune’s this you speak of, Sir?

Wal. A coronet, Master Modus! You behold
The wife elect, Sir, of no less a man,
Than the new Earl of Rochdale—heir of him
That’s recently deceased.

“*Hel.* My dearest Julia,
“Much joy to you!

“*Modus.* All good attend you, Madam!”

Wal. This letter brings excuses from his lordship,
Whose absence it accounts for. He repairs
To his estate in Lancashire, and thither
We follow.

Jul. When, Sir?

Wal. Now. This very hour!

Jul. This very hour! Oh, cruel, fatal haste!

Wal. Oh, cruel, fatal haste! What meanest thou?
Have I done wrong to do thy bidding, then?
I’ve done no more. Thou wast an off-cast bride,
And would’st be an affianced one—thou art so!
Thou’dst have the slight that marked thee out for scorn
Converted to a means of gracing thee—
It is so! “If our wishes come too soon,
“What can make sure of welcome? In my zeal
“To win thee thine, thou know’st, at any time
“I’d play the steed, whose will to serve his lord,
“With his last breath gives his last bound for him!

"Since only noon have I despatched what well
 "Had kept a brace of clerks, and more, on foot,—
 "And then, perhaps, had been to do again!—
 "Not finished, sure, complete—the compact firm,
 "As fate itself had sealed it!

"*Jul.* Give you thanks!

"Tho' 'twere my death! my death!

"*Wal.* Thy death! Indeed,

"For happiness like this, one well might die!"
 Take thy lord's letter!

Enter THOMAS with a letter, L.

Well?

Tho. This letter, Sir,

The gentleman that served Sir Thomas Clifford—
 Or him that was Sir Thomas—gave to me
 For Mistress Julia.

Jul. Give it me! [*Throwing away the one she holds*

Wal. [*Snatching it.*] For what? [*Exit Thomas, L.*

Would'st read it? He's a bankrupt! stripped of title,
 House, chattels, lands and all! A naked bankrupt,
 With neither purse nor trust! Would'st read his letter?

A beggar! Yea, a beggar! fasts, unless
 He dines on alms! How durst he send thee a letter?

"A fellow cut on this hand, and on that,

"Bows, and is cut again, and bows again!

"Who pays you fifty smiles for half a one—

"And that given grudgingly!" To send you a letter!

I burst with choler! Thus I treat his letter!

[*Tears and throws it on the ground.*

So! I was wrong to let him ruffle me;

He is not worth the spending anger on!

I prithee, Master Modus, use despatch,

And presently make ready for our ride.

You, Helen, to my Julia look—a change

Of dresses will suffice. She must have new ones,

Matches for her new state! Haste, friends. [*Exeunt Mo-*
modus and Helen, R.] My Julia!

Why stand you poring there upon the ground?

Time flies. Your rise astounds you? Never heed—

You'll play my lady countess like a queen! [*Exeunt, L.*

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Earl of Rochdale's.**Enter HELEN, C. D.*

Hcl. I'm weary wandering from room to room ;
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company !
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself. " I see not Master Walter.
" He's ever with his ward. I see not her.
" By Master Walter will she bide, alone.
" My father stops in town. I can't see him.
" My cousin makes his books his company."
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love !
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find !
I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where
Before I used to humour him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, L.

What's that you read ?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Hcl. 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie !

Hcl. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. " As sour
" 'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her !
" Why, how the monster stares, and looks about !"
You construe Latin, and can't construe that ?

Modus. I never studied women.

Hcl. No ; nor men.

Else would you better know their ways : nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*]

Modus. Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.

So please you,—may I pick it up again ?
I'll put it in my pocket !

Hel. Pick it up.

He fears me as I were his grandmother ?
What is the book ?

Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

Hel. That Ovid was a fool !

Modus. In what ?

Hel. In that :

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

Modus. And is not love an art ?

Hel. Are you a fool,
As well as Ovid ? Love an art ! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,
You went to College ? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.

Modus. Nay, you know not
The argument.

Hel. I don't ? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did ! “ The face,—the form,—
‘ The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin ; that's
“ The argument ! Why, cousin, you know nothing.
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out ?—
Could'st find it out, was't thou in love thyself ?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love ?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy ; then to sadness ; then
To sickness ; then to dying—but not die !
She would not let thee, were she of my mind ;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope ;
From hope to confidence ; from confidence
To boldness ;—then you'd speak ; at first entreat ;
Then urge ; then flout ; then argue ; then enforce ;
Make prisoner of her hand ; besiege her waist ;
Threaten her lips with storming ; keep thy word
And carry her ! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid ! [*Crosses, L.*
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb ? The case is clear
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows !

Modus. You wrong me there.
At School I was the champion of my form.
And since I went to College—

Hel. That for College ! [*Crosses, r., & fillips with her fingers.*

Modus. Nay, hear me !

Hel. Well ? What, since you went to College ?
' You know what men are set down for who boast
" Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin !"
What, since you went to College ? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there ? You know there was,
And that he was your master !

Modus. He my master !
Thrice was he worsted by me.

Hel. Still was he
Your master.

Modus. He allowed I had the best !
Allowed it, mark me ! Nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.

Hel. And mastered you
At last ! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—
Look at me and deny it ! Of the twain
She more affected you ;—I've caught you now,
" Bold cousin ! Mark you ! Opportunity"
An opportunity she gave you, Sir,—
Deny it if you can !—but though to others,
When you discoursed of her you were a flame,
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire ! And so he won her—
Won her, because he wooed her like a man,
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, Sir,
Protest that you are valiant !

Modus. Cousin Helen !

Hel. Well, Sir ?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery !

Hel. A forgery !

Modus. From first to last : ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at College.

Hel. It was a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose ? Enough, you loved her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her !

Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at College—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Hel. Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
"Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!"
Well, cousin?

Modus. Well? What more would'st have me say?
I think I've said enough.

Hel. And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus. [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!

Hel. You did not?

Modus. No,
I'll die if I did!

Hel. Why, then you did not, cousin:
So let's shake hands again—[*He takes her hand as before.*]

Oh, go, and now
Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on:—
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
'Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
"I'll give it up.

"*Modus.* Nay, prithee don't—try on!

"*Hel.* And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

"*Modus.* For what?

"*Hel.* To trust my face so near to thine.

"*Modus.* I know not what you mean

"*Hel.* I'm glad you don't!"

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at College. With another man
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

Hel. Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*]
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoiled—
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,

Ere I adjust it for thee ! Farewell, cousin !

You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [Exit, R.

Modus. Went she in anger ? I will follow her,—

No, I will not ! Heigho ! I love my cousin !

Oh, would that she loved me ! Why did she taunt me

With backwardness in love ? What could she mean ?

Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,

Because I lack the front to woo her ? Nay,

I'll woo her, then ! Her lips shall be in danger,

When next she trusts them near me ! Look'd she at me

To-day, as never did she look before !

"A bold heart, Master Modus ! 'Tis a saying,

"A faint one never won fair lady yet.

"I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't ! Yes !"

[Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.

Hang Ovid's Art of Love ! I'll woo my cousin ! [Exit, R

SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Room in the Earl of Rochdale's Mansion.*

Enter MASTER WALTER and JULIA, L. U. E. He walks across to a chair, brings it forward and sits, R. C., she stands, L.

Wal. This is the banqueting-room. Thou see'st as far
It leaves the last behind, as that excels

The former ones. All is proportion here

And harmony ! Observe ! The massy pillars

May well look proud to bear the lofty dome.

"You mark those full-length portraits ? They're the heads,

"The stately heads, of his ancestral line.

"Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside !

"Mark those medallions ! Stand they forth or not

"In bold and fair relief ?" Is not this brave ?

Jul. [Abstractedly.] It is.

Wal. It should be so. To cheer the blood

That flows in noble veins, is made the feast

That gladdens here ! "You see this drapery ?

"'Tis richest velvet ! Fringe and tassels, gold !

"Is not this costly ?

"*Jul.* Yes.

"*Wal.* And chaste, the while ?

"Both chaste and costly ?

"Jul. Yes."

Wal. [*Gets up and crosses to L., points off, L. for mirror.*]

Come hither! There's a mirror for you. See!
One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it.
Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

Jul. [*Sighing deeply.*] Yes!

"Wal. And sighest thou to know her? Wait until
"To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread
"In the fair hall; the guests, already bid,
"Around it; here, her lord; and there, herself;
"Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bridegroom
"And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?"

"Jul. [*Sighing still more deeply.*] Yes."

Wal. These are the day-rooms only, we have seen,
For public and domestic uses kept.
I'll show you now the lodging rooms. [*Goes, then turns
and observes Julia standing perfectly abstracted*
You're tired.

Let it be till after dinner, then. Yet one
'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber.

[*Julia starts, crosses her hands upon her breast, and looks
upwards.*

I see you're tired; yet is it worth the viewing,
If only for the tapestry which shows
The needle like the pencil glow with life. [*She sits on the
chair Master Walter has risen from, R. C. He L.*

The story's of a page who loved the dame
He served—a princess!—"Love's a heedless thing!
"That never takes account of obstacles;
"Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,
"That part it from its wish. So proved the page,
"Who from a state so lowly looked so high,—
"But love's a greater lackwit still than this.
"Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's loss!
"You know what comes." The princess loved the page.
Shall I go on, or here leave off?

Jul. Go on.

Wal. Each side of the chamber shows a different stage
Of this fond youth and fonder lady's love.*

* In representation the passages following this are curtailed—and the scene runs as follows:—Master Walter continues—

"First—no, it is not that.

"*Jul.* Oh, recollect!

"*Wal.* And yet it is!

"*Jul.* No doubt it is. What is't?

"*Wal.* He holds to her a salver, with a cup:

"His cheek more mantling with his passion, than

"The cup with the ruby wine. She heeds him not,

"For too great heed of him;—but seems to hold

"Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,

"That's like to lose the day. You read it in

"Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,

"Which speak a heart too busy all within

"To note what's done without. Like you the tale?

"*Jul.* I list to every word.

"*Wal.* The next side paints

"The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;

"And found that, when he lost his heart, he played

"No losing game; but won a richer one!

"There may you read in him, how love would seem

"Most humble when most bold,—you question which

"Appears to kiss her hand—his breath or lips!

"In her you read how wholly lost is she

"Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?

"*Jul.* Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melancholy?

"*Wal.* To answer that would mar the story.

"*Jul.* Right.

"*Wal.* The third side now we come to.

"*Jul.* What shows that?

"*Wal.* The page and princess still. But stands her
sire

"Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's arm,

"Whose eyes like fountains play; while through her tears

Wal. The first side paints their passion in the dawn—

In the next side 'tis shining open day—

In the third there's clouding,—I but touch on these

To make a long tale brief, and bring thee to

The last side.

Jul. What shows that?

Wal. The fate of love

That will not be advised.—The scene's a dungeon;

It's tenant is the page—he lies in fetters.

Jul. Hard!

Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on!

" Her passion shines, as, through the fountain drops,
' The sun ! His minions crowd around the page !
' They drag him to a dungeon.

" *Jul.* Hapless youth !

" *Wal.* Hapless, indeed, that's twice a captive ! heart
" And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,
" Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch
" Define the texture of, or eye detect,
" That's forgéd by the subtle craft of love !
" No need to tell you that he wears it. Such
" The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,
" You've but to mark the straining of his eye
" To feel the coil yourself !

" *Jul.* I feel't without !

" You've finished with the third side ; now the fourth !

" *Wal.* It brings us to a dungeon, then.

" *Jul.* The page,

" The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's thrall,
" Is there ?

" *Wal.* He is. He lies in fetters."

Jul. Hard !—

Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on !

Wal. Some one unrivets them.

Jul. The princess ? 'Tis !

Wal. It is another page.

Jul. It is herself !

Wal. Her skin is fair ; and his is berry-brown.
His locks are raven black ; and hers are gold.

Jul. Love's cunning at disguises ! spite of locks,
Skin, vesture,—it is she, and only she !

What will not constant woman do for love,
That's loved with constancy ! Set her the task,
Virtue approving, that will baffle her !

O'ertax her stooping, patience, courage, wit !
My life upon it, 'tis the princess self,
Transformed into a page !

Wal. The dungeon door
Stands open, and you see beyond—

Jul. Her father !

Wal. No ; a steed.

Jul. [*Starting up.*] Oh, welcome steed,
My heart bounds at the thought of thee ! Thou com'st

To bear the page from bonds to liberty.

What else ?

Wal. [*Rising.*] The story's told.

Jul. Too briefly told !

Oh, happy princess, that had wealth and state

To lay them down for love ! “ Whose constant love

“ Appearances approved, not falsified !

“ A winner in thy loss as well as gain.”

Wal. Weighs love so much ?

Jul. What would you weigh 'gainst love

That's true ? Tell me with what you'd turn the scale ?

Yea, make the index waver ? Wealth ? A feather !

Rank ? Tinsel against bullion in the balance !

The love of kindred ? That to set 'gainst love !

Friendship comes nearest to 't ; but put it in,

And friendship kicks the beam !—weigh nothing 'gainst it !

Weigh love against the world !

“ Yet are they happy that have naught to say to it.

“ *Wal.* And such a one art thou. Who wisely wed,

“ Wed happily. The love thou speak'st of,

“ A flower is only, that its season has,

“ Which they must look to see the withering of,

“ Who pleasure in its budding and its bloom !

“ But wisdom is the constant evergreen

“ Which lives the whole year through ! Be that your
flower !

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Well ?

Ser. My Lord's secretary is without.

He brings a letter for her ladyship,

And craves admittance to her.

Wal. Show him in.

Jul. No !

Wal. Thou must see him. To show slight to him,

Were slighting him that sent him. Show him in !

[*Exit Servant, L.*

Some errand proper for thy private ear,

Besides the letter. What's the matter ? Why

This paleness and this trembling ? Mark me, Julia !

If, from these nuptials which thyself invited—

Which, at thy seeking, came—thou would'st be freed.

Thou hast gone too far ! Receding were disgrace,
 Sooner than see thee suffer which, the hearts
 That love thee most, would wish thee dead ! Reflect !
 Take thought ! Collect thyself ! With dignity
 Receive thy bridegroom's messenger ! for sure
 As dawns to-morrow's sun, to-morrow night
 Sees thee a wedded bride ! [Exit, L.]

Jul. [*Alone.*] A wedded bride ?
 Is it a dream ? " Is it a phantasm ? 'Tis
 " Too horrible for reality ! for aught else
 " Too palpable ! " Oh, would it were a dream !
 How would I bless the sun that waked me from it !
 " I perish ! Like some desperate mariner
 " Impatient of a strange and hostile land,
 " Who rashly hoists his sail, and puts to sea,
 " And being fast on reefs and quicksands borne,
 " Essays in vain once more to make the land,
 " Whence wind and current drive him"—I am wrecked .
 By mine own act ! What ! no escape ? no hope ?
 None ! I must e'en abide these hated nuptials !
 Hated !—Ay ! own it, and then curse thyself !
 That mad'st the bane thou loathest—for the love
 Thou bear'st to one, who never can be thine !
 Yes—love ! Deceive thyself no longer. False
 To say 'tis pity for his fall,—“ respect,
 “ Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,
 “ Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more !
 “ 'Tis none of these : ” 'tis love—and if not love,
 Why, then, idolatry ! Ay, that's the name
 To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion,
 That ever woman's heart was borne away by !
 He comes ! Thou'dst play the lady,—play it now !

Enter SERVANT, L., conducting CLIFFORD, plainly attired, as
EARL OF ROCHDALE'S Secretary.

Ser. His lordship's secretary. [Exit, R.]

Jul. Speaks he not ?
 Or does he wait for orders to unfold
 His business ? Stopped his business till I spoke,
 I'd hold my peace forever !

[*Clifford kneels, presenting a letter.*

Does he kneel ?

A lady am I to my heart's content!
Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,
I'd kneel to him,—I would! I would!—Your will?

Clif. This letter from my lord.

Jul. Oh, fate! who speaks?

Clif. The secretary of my lord.

[*Rises.*

Jul. I breathe!

I could have sworn 'twas he!

[*Makes an effort to look at him, but is unable.*

So like the voice—

I dare not look, lest there the form should stand!
How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clifford's voice,
If ever Clifford spoke! "My fears come back"—
Clifford the secretary of my lord!
Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that!
It cannot be!—it should not be!—a look,
And all were set at rest.

[*Tries to look at him again, but cannot.*

So strong my fears,

Dread to confirm them takes away the power
To try and end them! Come the worst, I'll look.

[*She tries again, and is again unequal to the task.*

I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!

Clif. Wilt please your ladyship to take the letter?

Jul. There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's breath
Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue
And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!
A question, and 'tis over! Know I you?

Clif. Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends:
It turns them into strangers. What I am,
I have not always been!

Jul. Could I not name you?

Clif. If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold
When hollow fortune called him favourite,—
"Now by her fickleness perforce reduced
"To take an humble tone," would suffer you—

Jul. I might?

Clif. You might!

Jul. Oh, Clifford! is it you?

Clif. Your answer to my lord.

[*Gives the letter*

Jul. Your lord!

Clif. Wilt write it

Or, will it please you send a verbal one?

I'll bear it faithfully.

Jul. You'll bear it?

Clif. Madam,

Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.

My lord's impatient, and to use despatch

Were his repeated orders.

Jul. Orders? Well, [Takes letter.

I'll read the letter, Sir. 'Tis right you mind

His lordship's orders. They are paramount!

Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!

They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,

Most fit they should! Give me the letter, Sir.

Clif. You have it, Madam.

Jul. So! How poor a thing

I look! so lost, while he is all himself!

Have I no pride? [She: rings the Servant enters, R.

Paper, and pen and ink! [Exit Servant, R.

If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!

I'll read the letter.

[Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.

Mind his orders! So!

Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!

He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's

In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?

'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't!

Most fit I let him see me play the fool!

Shame! Let me be myself!

[Servant enters, R., with materials for writing.

A table, sir,

“And chair.”

[The Servant brings a table and chair, R., and goes out.

She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then looks at Clifford.

How plainly shows his humble suit!

It fits not him that wears it! I have wronged him!

He can't be happy—does not look it—is not!

That eye which reads the ground is argument

Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,

And I am sitting! [Rises and points to a chair.

Pray you, take a chair. [He bows as acknowledging, and declining the honor.—She looks at him awhile.

Clifford, why don't you speak to me?

[Weeps

Clif. I trust

You're happy.

Jul. Happy! Very, very happy!

You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears
Are signs, you know, of naught but happiness
When first I saw you, little did I look
To be so happy! Clifford!

Clif. Madam?

Jul. Madam!

I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam!

Clif. Such the address my duty stints me to.
Thou art the wife elect of a proud Earl—
Whose humble secretary sole, am I.

Jul. Most right! I had forgot! I thank you, Sir,
For so reminding me; and give you joy,
That what, I see, had been a burthen to you,
Is fairly off your hands.

Clif. A burthen to me!

"Mean you yourself? Are you that burthen, Julia?"
Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth!
Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart!
Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,
Fame, riches, honours; every thing that man
Desires, and gives the name of blessing to!—
E'en such a burthen, Julia were to me,
Had fortune let me wear her.

Jul. [*Aside.*] On the brink
Of what a precipice I'm standing! Back!
Back! while the faculty remains to do't!
A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self
More sure to suck thee down! One effort! [*Sits.*] There!
[*Recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter and reads.*]
To wed to-morrow night! Wed whom? A man
Whom I can never love! I should before
Have thought of that. To-morrow night! This hour
To-morrow! How I tremble! "Happy bands
"To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,
"As sends an ague through me!" At what means
Will not the desperate snatch! What's honour's price?
Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself!
Clifford! This moment leave me!

[*Clifford retires up the stage, out of her sight.*

Is he gone ?

Oh, docile lover ! Do his mistress' wish

That went against his own ! Do it so soon !—

Ere well 'twas uttered ! No good-bye to her !

No word ! no look ! 'Twas best that so he went !

Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,

Which last she'd wish were done ! What's left me now ?

To weep ! To weep !

[*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk—her other arm hanging listless at her side. Clifford comes down the stage, looks a moment at her, approaches her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*

Clif. My Julia !

Jul. Here again ?

Up ! up ! By all thy hopes of Heaven, go hence !

To stay's perdition to me ! Look you, Clifford !

Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now

I'd walk into't, and be inearthed alive,

Ere taint should touch my name ! Should some one come

And see thee kneeling thus ! Let go my hand !

Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised bride—

And take thy arm away ! It has no right

To clasp my waist ! Judge you so poorly of me,

As think I'll suffer this ? My honour, Sir !

[*She breaks from him, quitting her seat.*

I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—

You'll find that I can do so !

Clif. "I was bold—

'Forgetful of your station and my own.'"

There was a time I held your hand unchid !

There was a time I might have clasped your waist—

I had forgot that time was past and gone !

I pray you, pardon me !

Jul. [*Softened.*] I do so, Clifford.

Clif. I shall no more offend.

Jul. Make sure of that.

No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post

In's lordship's household. Give it up ! A day—

An hour remain not in it !

Clif. Wherefore ?

Jul. Live

In the same house with me, and I another's ?
 Put miles, put leagues between us ! The same land
 Should not contain us. " Oceans should divide us—
 " With barriers of constant tempests—such
 " As mariners durst not tempt !" Oh, Clifford ! Clifford !
 Rash was the act, so light that gave me up,
 That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad—
 Till, in her frenzy, she destroyed her peace !
 Oh, it was rashly done ! Had you reproved—
 Expostulated,—had you reasoned with me—
 Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—
 I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All
 Had been as naught can ever be again !

Clif. Lov'st thou me, Julia ?

Jul. Dost thou ask me, Clifford ?

Clif. These nuptials may be shunned—

Jul. With honour ?

Clif. Yes.

Jul. Then take me ! Hold !—hear me, and take me,
 then !

Let not thy passion be my counsellor !
 Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be
 The jealous guardian of my spotless name !
 Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's ! Let
 Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,—
 And turn it o'er, not once, but many a time ;—
 That flaw, speck, yea, the shade of one,—a soil
 So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes
 Could find it out,—may not escape thee ; then
 Say if these nuptials can be shunned with honour !

Clif. They can.

Jul. Then take me, Clifford !

[*They embrace.*]

Enter MASTER WALTER, R. U. E., comes down, R.

Wal. Ha ! What's this ?

Ha ! treason ! What ! my baronet that was,
 My secretary now ! Your servant, Sir !

Is't thus you do the pleasure of your lord,—

" That for your service, feeds you, clothes you, pays you ?

" Or tak'st thou but the name of his dependent ?"

What's here ?—a letter ! [*Snatches letter from table, R.*]

Fifty crowns to one

A forgery ! I'm wrong. It is his hand.
This proves thee double traitor !

Clif. Traitor !

Jul. Nay,

Control thy wrath, good Master Walter. Do,—
And I'll persuade him to go hence.

[*Master Walter retires up the stage, R. with letter, and remains there till Clifford is off.*]

I see

For me thou bearest this, and thank thee, Clifford !
As thou hast truly shown thy heart to me,
So truly I to thee have opened mine !
Time flies ! To-morrow, if thy love can find
A way, such as thou said'st, for my enlargement,—
By any means thou can'st, apprise me of it,—
And, soon as shown, I'll take it.

Wal. (R.) Is he gone ?

Jul. He is—this moment ! If thou covet'st me,
Win me and wear me ! May I trust thee ? Oh !
If that's thy soul, that's looking through thine eyes,
Thou lov'st me, and I may !—I sicken, lest
I never see thee more !

Clif. As life is mine,
The ring that goes thy wedding finger on,
No hand save mine shall place there !

Wal. Lingers he ?

Jul. For my sake, now away ! “ And yet a word.
“ By all thy hopes most dear, be true to me !
“ Go, now ! Yet stay ! ” Oh, Clifford, while you're here,
I'm like a bark distressed and compassless,
That by a beacon steers ;—when you're away,
That bark alone, and tossing miles at sea !
Now go ! Farewell ! My compass—beacon—land !
When shall mine eyes be blessed with thee again !

Clif. Farewell !

[*Exit, L.*]

Jul. Art gone ? All's care ! All's chance—all's darkness !
[*Is led off by Master Walter, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S.**Enter HELEN and FATHOM, L.*

Fath. The long and the short of it is this—if she marries this lord, she'll break her heart! I wish you could see her, madam. Poor lady!

Hel. How looks she, prithee?

Fath. Marry, for all the world like a dripping wet cambric handkerchief! She has no colour, nor strength in her; and does nothing but weep—poor lady!

Hel. Tell me again, what said she to thee?

Fath. She offered me all she was mistress of, to take the letter to Master Clifford. She drew her purse from her pocket—her ring from her finger—her ear-rings from her ears; but I was forbidden, and refused. And now I'm sorry for it! Poor lady!

Hel. Thou should'st be sorry. Thou hast a hard heart, Fathom.

Fath. I, madam! My heart is as soft as a woman's. You should have seen me when I came out of her chamber—poor lady!

Hel. Did you cry?

Fath. No; but I was as near it as possible. I a hard heart! I would do anything to serve her, poor sweet lady!

Hel. Will you take her letter, asks she you again?

Fath. No—I am forbid,

Hel. Will you help Master Clifford to an interview with her?

Fath. No—Master Walter would find it out.

Hel. Will you contrive to get me into her chamber?

Fath. No—you would get me into mischief.

Hel. Go to! You would do nothing to serve her. You a soft heart! You have no heart at all! You feel not for her!

Fath. But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself.

Hel. With your dinner!

Fath. I would it had been! My pain would have soon

been over, and at little cost. A fortune I squandered upon her!—trinkets—trimmings—treatings—what swallowed up the revenue of a whole year! Wasn't I in love? Six months I courted her, and a dozen crowns, all but one, did I disburse for her in that time! Wasn't I in love? An hostler—a tapster—and a constable, courted her at the same time, and I offered to cudgel the whole three of them for her! Wasn't I in love?

Hel. You are a valiant man, Fathom.

Fath. Am not I? Walks not the earth the man I am afraid of!

Hel. Fear you not Master Walter?

Fath. No.

Hel. You do.

Fath. I don't.

Hel. I'll prove it to you. You see him breaking your young mistress's heart, and have not the manhood to stand by her.

Fath. What could I do for her?

Hel. Let her out of prison. It were the act of a man

Fath. That man am I!

Hel. Well said, brave Fathom!

Fath. But my place!—

Hel. I'll provide thee with a better one.

Fath. 'Tis a capital place! So little to do, and so much to get for't. Six pounds in the year; two suits of livery; shoes and stockings, and a famous larder. He'd be a bold man that would put such a place in jeopardy. My place, Madam, my place!

Hel. I tell thee I'll provide thee with a better place. Thou shalt have less to do, and more to get. Now, Fathom, hast thou courage to stand by thy mistress?

Fath. I have!

Hel. That's right.

Fath. I'll let my lady out.

Enter MASTER WALTER, unperceived, c.

Hel. That's right. When, Fathom?

Fath. To-night.

Hel. She is to be married to-night.

Fath. This evening, then. Master Walter is now in the library; the key is on the outside, and I'll lock him in.

Hel. Excellent! You'll do it?

Fath. Rely upon it. How he'll stare when he finds himself a prisoner, and my young lady at liberty!

Hel. Most excellent! You'll be sure to do it?

Fath. Depend upon me! When Fathom undertakes a thing, he defies fire and water—

Wal. [*Coming forward.*] Fathom!

Fath. Sir!

Wal. Assemble straight the servants.

Fath. Yes, Sir!

Wal. Mind,

And have them in the hall when I come down.

Fath. Yes, Sir!

Wal. And see you do not stir a step,
But where I order you.

Fath. Not an inch, Sir!

Wal. See that you don't,—away! [*Exit Fathom, L.*]

So, my fair mistress,

What's this you have been plotting? An escape
For mistress Julia?

Hel. I avow it.

Wal. Do you?

Hel. Yes; and moreover, to your face I tell you,
Most hardly do you use her.

Wal. Verily!

Hel. I wonder where's her spirit! Had she mine
She would not take't so easily. Do you mean
To force this marriage on her?

Wal. With your leave.

Hel. You laugh.

Wal. Without it, then. I don't laugh now.

Hel. If I were she, I'd find a way to escape.

Wal. What would you do?

Hel. I'd leap out of the window!

Wal. Your window should be barred.

Hel. I'd cheat you still!

I'd hang myself ere I'd be forced to marry!

Wal. Well said! you shall be married, then, to-night.

Hel. Married to-night!

Wal. As sure as I have said it.

Hel. Two words to that. Pray, who's to be my bride-
groom?

Wal. A daughter's bridegroom is her father's choice.

Hel. My father's daughter ne'er shall wed such bridegroom!

Wal. Indeed!

Hel. I'll pick a husband for myself.

Wal. Indeed!

Hel. Indeed, Sir; and indeed again!

Wal. Go dress you for the marriage ceremony.

Hel. But, Master Walter, what is it you mean?

Enter MODUS, R.

Wal. Here comes your cousin;—he shall be your bridesman!

The thought's a sudden one,—that will excuse
Defect in your appointments. A plain dress,—
So 'tis of white,—will do.

Hel. I'll dress in black.

I'll quit the castle.

Wal. That you shall not do.

Its doors are guarded by my lord's domestics;
Its avenues—its grounds: what you must do,
Do with a good grace. In an hour, or less,
Your father will be here. Make up your mind
To take with thankfulness the man he gives you.
Now, [*Aside*] if they find not out how beat their hearts,
I have no skill, not I, in feeling pulses. [*Exit, L.*

[*Helen and Modus stand at opposite wings, make a long pause, then bashfully look at each other.*]

Hel. Why, cousin Modus! What! Will you stand by
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus,
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very—very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?

Modus. I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards, C. D.*]

Hel. Hang the study!

Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

[*Going, R.*]

Hel. You snan't!

I'll faint ere you come back!

Modus. What shall I do?

Hel. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?

Give me your arm—be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is
that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint ?

I'll drop unless you catch me ! [*Falls against him.—He supports her.*] That will do ;

I'm better now—[*He offers to leave her.*—]—don't leave me !
Is one well

Because one's better ? Hold my hand. Keep so.

"I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he—[*Aside.*]

"Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now."

Well, cousin Modus ?

Modus. Well ! sweet cousin ?

Hel. Well ?

You heard what Master Walter said ?

Modus. I did.

Hel. And would you have me marry ? Can't you speak ?

Say yes or no.

Modus. No, cousin.

Hel. Bravely said !

And why, my gallant cousin ?

Modus. Why ?

Hel. Ah, why !—

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why

Would you not have me marry ? How you look !

"Is it because you do not know the reason ?"

You mind me of a story of a cousin

Who once her cousin such a question asked.

He had not been to college, though—for books,

Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,

Which he could construe marvellously well,

"Though writ in language all symbolical."

Thus stood they once together, on a day—

As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—

"But with this difference,—fifty gentle words

"He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him !—

"What a dear cousin ! well, as I did say,"

As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.

And what was his reply ? To think of it

Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one !

So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin !

A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin !

What did he say ?

Modus. On my soul I can't tell

Hel. A man might find it out,

Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say ? He'd marry her himself !
How stupid are you, cousin ! Let me go !

Modus. You are not well yet.

Hel. Yes

Modus. I'm sure you're not.

Hel. I'm sure I am.

Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin !

I like it.

Hel. " Do you ? I would wager you

" You could not tell me why you like it. Well !

" You see how true I know you !" How you stare !

What see you in my face to wonder at ?

Modus. A pair of eyes !

Hel. " At last he'll find his tongue—[*Aside.*]"

And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before ?

Modus. Not such a pair.

" *Hel.* And why ?

" *Modus.* They are so bright !

" You have a Grecian nose."

Hel. Indeed ?

Modus. Indeed !

Hel. What kind of mouth have I ?

Modus. A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips !

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin !

Hel. Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.

Do you not hear ? I tell you I am well !

I need your arm no longer—take't away !

So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe !

Let me go, cousin ! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine ? What do you mean ?

Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you

Hel. What would you learn ?

Modus. The use of lips ?

Hel. To speak.

Modus. Naught else ?

Hel. " How bold my modest cousin grows !"

Why, other use know you ?

Modus. I do.

Hel. Indeed !

You're wondrous wise ! And pray, what is it ?

Modus. This!

[*Attempts to kiss her.*

Hel. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips
I keep them for a husband! [*Crosses, r.*] Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Hel. Oh, cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!
'Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—'

A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!

Modus. Die for!

Hel. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Hel. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Hel. Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing room, and I'll to mine—

Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.

Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,

Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And cousin! stop—one little word with you!

[*Beckons Helen over to him, snatches a kiss.—She runs off, r.; he takes the book from his bosom, which he had put there in former scene, looks at it and throws it down.—Exit, l.*

SCENE II.—*Julia's Chamber.*

Enter JULIA, l.

Jul. No word from him, and evening now set in!

He cannot play me false! His messenger

Is dogged—or letter intercepted. I'm

Beset with spies!—No rescue!—No escape!

The hour at hand that brings my bridegroom home!

No relative to aid me—friend to counsel me!

"[*A knock at the door*

"Come in.

"*Enter TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.*

"Your will?

"1st Attend. Your toilet waits, my lady ;

" 'Tis time you dress.

"Jul. 'Tis time I die ! [*A peal of bells.*] What's that ?

"1st Attend. Your wedding bells, my lady.

"Jul. Merrily

"They ring my knell !

" [*Second Attendant presents an open case.*

"And pray you, what are these ?

"2nd Attend. Your wedding jewels.

"Jul. Set them by.

"2nd Attend. Indeed

"Was ne'er a braver set ! A necklace, brooch,

"And ear-rings all of brilliants,—with a hoop

"To guard your wedding ring.

"Jul. 'Twould need a guard

"That lacks a heart to keep it !

"2nd Attend. Here's a heart

"Suspended from the necklace—one huge diamond

"Imbedded in a host of smaller ones !

"Oh, how it sparkles !

"Jul. Show it me ! Bright heart,

"Thy lustre, should I wear thee, will be false,—

"For thou the emblem art of love and truth,—

"From her that wears thee, unto him that gives thee.

"Back to thy case ! Better thou ne'er should'st leave it—

"Better thy gems, a thousand fathoms deep

"In their native mine again, than grace my neck,

"And lend thy fair face to palm off a lie !

"1st Attend. Wilt please you dress ?

"Jul. Ay ! in infected clothes

New from a pest-house ! Leave me ! If I dress,

"I'll dress alone. Oh ! for a friend ! Time gallops !

" [*Exeunt Attendants.*"]

He that should guard me is mine enemy !

Constrains me to abide the fatal die

My rashness, not my reason, cast ! He comes,

That will exact the forfeit ! Must I pay it ?

E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy !

What's to be done ? Pronounce the vow that parts

My body from my soul ! To what it loathes

Links that, while this is linked to what it loves !

Condemned to such perdition ! What's to be done ?

Stand at the altar in an hour from this !
An hour thence seated at his board—a wife !
Thence !—frenzy's in the thought ! What's to be done ?

Enter MASTER WALTER, L. U. E.

Wal. (L.) What ! run the waves so high ? Art ready
Julia ?

Your Lord will soon be here ! The guests collect.

Jul. (R.) Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials !
Do it !

Some opening for avoidance or escape,—
Or, to thy charge, I'll lay a broken heart !
It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour !
Or else a mind distraught !

Wal. What's this ?

Jul. The strait

I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear !
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue !
Religion ! changes me into a thing,
I look at with abhorring !

Wal. Listen to me !

Jul. Listen to me and heed me ! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result !
Answer to heaven for what I suffer !—act !
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare, and marvellously sad,
Can parallel ! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind,—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it ;—
And, when she owned her danger, and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin !

Wal. Hast done ?

Jul. Another moment, and I have.

Be warned ! Beware how you abandon me
To myself ! I'm young, rash, inexperienced ! tempted
By most insufferable misery !
Bold, desperate, and reckless ! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—

Power, freedom,—everything that I have not
 Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me,
 Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
 I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
 So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave:
 And quickly, too! The hour of sacrifice
 Is near! Anon the immolating priest
 Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
 To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!
 Nor leave the act to me!

Wal. Hast done?

Jul. I have.

Wal. Then list to me—and silently, if not
 With patience —[*Brings chair for himself and her.—She a.*
he L.] Sit down.—

How I watched thee from thy childhood,
 I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—
 Whose humble instrument I was—directed
 Your nonage should be passed in privacy,
 From your apt mind that far outstripped your years,
 Fearing the taint of an infected world;—
 “For, in the rich ground, weeds, once taking root,
 “Grow strong as flowers.” He might be right or wrong!
 I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.
 Most certainly he loved you—so did I;
 Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

[*His hand is resting upon his knee, Julia attempts to*
take it—he withdraws it—looks at her—she hangs her
head.

Well; you may take my hand! “I need not say
 “How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,—
 “That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,
 “So soon fulfilment realized them all!
 “Enough. You came to womanhood. Your heart,
 “Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,
 “That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,
 “And ne'er knew blight or canker!

“[*She attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder—*
“he leans from her—looks at her—she hangs her head
“again.

‘Put it there!’

Where left I off? I know! When a good woman

Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good soe'er before! I found the man
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,
Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
Occasion offering, you should be married
Soon as you reached to womanhood: you liked
My choice—accepted him.—We came to town;
Where, by important matter, summoned thence,
I left you an affianced bride!

Jul. You did!

You did! [*Leans her head upon her hands and weeps*]

Wal. Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,
Not passion, be awake. On my return,
I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing
I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs
To see thee such a thing! The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,
“It cost him years and years of toil to raise,—
“And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
“To roar and whistle now—” and, in a night,
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—
Might look aghast, as I did!

Jul. [*Falling on her knees.*] Pardon me!
Forgive me! pity me!

Wal. Resume thy seat. [*Raises her.*]
I pity thee; perhaps not thee alone
It fits to sue for pardon.

Jul. Me alone!
None other!

“*Wal.* But to vindicate myself,
“I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.
“What wast thou then with wounded pride? A thing
“To leap into a torrent! throw itself
“From a precipice! rush into fire! I saw
“Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe it—
“And humoured it to take that course, I thought,
“Adopted, least 'twould rue!

“*Jul.* 'Twas wisely done.

“*Wal.* At least, 'twas for the best.

“*Jul.* To blame thee for it,
“Was adding shame to shame!”—But, Master Walter!
These nuptials!—must they needs go on?

Enter SERVANT, L. U. E.

Ser. More guests

Arrive.

Wal. Attend to them.

[*Exit Servant, L*]

Jul. Dear Master Walter!

Is there no way to escape these nuptials?

Wal. Know'st not

"What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?

Jul. What?

Wal. Nothing!—I did tell thee of a thing.

Jul. What was it?

Wal. To forget it was a fault!

Look back and think.

Jul. I can't remember it.

Wal. [*Up from chair.*] Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!

Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,

't no more yearneth for the parent flood,

Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.

Talk not of love instinctive—"what you call so,

"Is but the brat of custom! Your own flesh

"By habit only cleaves to you—without,

Hath no adhesion!" [*Aside.*] So, you have forgot

You have a father, and are here to meet him?

Jul. I'll not deny it.

Wal. You should blush for't.

Jul. No!

No! no! dear Master Walter! what's a father

"What you've not been to me? [*He turns his back to her.*]

Nay, turn not from me,

For at the name a holy awe I own,

That now almost inclines my knee to earth!

But thou to me, except a father's name,

Hast all the father been: the care—the love—

The guidance—the protection of a father!

Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,

And feeling so, that father's claim forget,

Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of one?

Oh, turn to me and do not chide me! or

If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!

Wal. [*Struggling with emotion.*] My Julia! [*Weeping*
he holds out his hand to her: she eagerly takes it.]

Jul. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me !
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials ?

Wal. Julia,
A promise made, admits not of release,
" Save by consent or forfeiture of those
" Who hold it—so it should be pondered well
" Before we let it go." Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I had the power to part with !
Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day,
Must to thy father of thy training render
A strict account. While honour's left to us,
We've something—nothing, having all but that !
Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia !
Present thyself before thy bridegroom ! [*She assents.*]
Good !

My Julia's now herself ! Show him thy heart,
And to his honour leave't to set thee free,
Or hold thee bound.—They come, they come !* Thy fa-
ther will be by ! [*Music.*] "*[Exeunt severally*

" SCENE III.—*The Banqueting Room.*

" *Enter* MASTER WALTER and MASTER HEARTWELL.

" *Heart.* Thanks, Master Walter ! Ne'er was child
" more bent

" To do her father's will, you'll own, than mine :

" Yet never one more froward.

" *Wal.* All runs fair—

" Fair may all end ! To-day you'll learn the cause

" That took me out of town. But soft awhile,

" Here comes the bridegroom with his friends, and here

" The all-obedient bride.

Enter " *on one hand* JULIA, and *on the other,*" LORD ROCH-
DALE, with LORD TINSSEL and friends ; afterwards CLIF-
FORD, C. D.

Roch. (c.) Is she not fair ?

* In representation, ' they come, they come ! ' is inserted as above, and there is no succeeding change of scene :—all the verses and directions marked with inverted commas being omitted. *Heartwell* should enter with the friends of the bride.

Tin. (L.) She'll do. Your servant, lady! Master Walter,

We're glad to see you. Sirs, you're welcome all!

What wait they for? Are we to wed or not?

We're ready—why don't they present the bride?

hope they know she is to wed an Earl.

Roch. Should I speak first?

Tin. Not for your coronet!

as your friend, may make the first advance.

We're come here to be married. Where's the bride?

Wal. There stands she, Lord. If 'tis her will to wed, His lordship's free to take her.

Tin. Not a step!

I as your friend, may lead her to your lordship.

Fair lady, by your leave.

[Crosses to her.]

Jul. No! not to you.

Tin. I ask your hand to give it to his lordship.

Jul. Nor to his lordship—save he will accept

My hand without my heart! "but I'll present

"My knee to him, and, by his lofty rank,—

"Implore him now to do a lofty deed

"Will lift its stately head above his rank,—

"Assert him nobler yet in worth than name,—

"And, in the place of an unwilling bride,

"Unto a willing debtor make him lord,—

"Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night and day

"That still shall wait upon him!"

Tin. What means this?

[Crosses, &c.]

Jul. What is't behoves a wife to bring her lord?

Wal. A whole heart, and a true one.

Jul. I have none!

Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!

Am I a woman it befits to wed?

Wal. Why, where's thy heart?

Jul. Gone—out of my keeping!

Lost—past recovery! "right and title to it—

"And all given up!" and he that's owner out,

So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts

I'd give it to him all!

Wal. Thou dost not mean

His Lordship's secretary?

Jul. Yes. Away

Disguises ! In that secretary know
 The master of the heart, of which, the poor,
 Unvalued, empty casket, at your feet,—
 Its jewel gone,—I now despairing throw !
 "Of his lord's bride he's lord ! lord paramount !
 "To whom her virgin homage first she paid,—
 "'Gainst whom rebelled in frowardness alone,—
 "Nor knew herself how loyal to him, till
 Another claim'd her duty—then awoke
 To sense of all she owed him—all his worth—
 And all her undeservings !"

[*Kneels*

Wal. Rise, my Julia !

Tin. Lady, we come not here to treat of hearts,—
 But marriage ; which, so please you, is with us
 A simple joining, by the priest, of hands.
 A ring's put on ; a prayer or two is said ;
 You're man and wife,—and nothing more ! For hearts
 We oft'ner do without, than with them, lady !

Clif. So does not wed this lady.

[*Advances, c. Julia goes to him as for protection.*

Tin. Who are you ?

Clif. I'm secretary to the Earl of Rochdale.

Tin. My lord ?

Roch. I know him not.

Tin. I know him now—

Your lordship's rival ! Once *Sir Thomas Clifford*.

Clif. Ay, Sir ; and once this lady's bridegroom—who
 Then loved her—loves her still !

Jul. Was loved by her—

Though then she knew it not !—is loved by her
 As now she knows, and all the world may know !

Tin. We can't be laughed at. We are here to wed,
 And shall fulfil our contract.

Jul. Clifford !

Clif. Julia !

You will not give your hand ?

[*A pause—Julia seems utterly lost*

Wal. You have forgot
 Again. You have a father !

Jul. Bring him now,—
 To see thy Julia justify thy training,
 And lay her life down to redeem her word !

Wal. And so redoems her all! [*Crosses, c.*] Is it your will,

My lord, these nuptials should go on?

Roch. It is.

Wal. Then is it mine they stop!

Tin. I told your lordship

You should not keep a Hunchback for your agent.

Wal. Thought like my father, my good lord, who said
He would not have a Hunchback for his son,—

So do I pardon you the savage slight!

My lord, that I am not as straight as you,

Was blemish neither of my thought nor will,

“My head nor heart. It was no act of mine,—”

Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk

E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's breast—

To cast me out to heartless fosterage,—

Not heartless always, as it proved—and give

My portion to another! “the same blood—

“But I'll be sworn, in vein, my lord, and soul—

“Although his trunk did swerve no more than yours—

“Not half so straight as I.

“*Tin.* Upon my life

“You've got a modest agent, Rochdale! Now

“He'll prove himself descended—mark my words—

“From some small gentleman!

“*Wal.* And so you thought,

“Where nature played the churl, it would be fit

“That fortune played it, too. You would have had

“My lord absolve me from my agency!

“Fair lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—

“A hundred times my agency:”—but all's

Recovered. Look, my lord, a testament [*Shows will.*

To make a pension of his lordship's rent roll!

It is my father's, and was left by him,

In case his heir should die without a son,

Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son

To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away.

He died—his father died. And Master Walter—

The unsightly agent of his lordship there—

The Hunchback whom your lordship would have stripped
Of his agency,—is now the Earl of Rochdale!

Jul. The Earl of Rochdale!

Wal. And what of that ? Thou know'st not half my greatness !

A prouder title, Julia, have I yet.

Sooner than part with which, I'd give that up

And be again plain Master Walter. What !

Dost thou not apprehend me ? Yes, thou dost !

Command thyself—don't gasp ! My pupil—daughter !

Come to thy father's heart ! [*Julia rushes into his arms.*]

Tin. We've made a small mistake here. Never mind,
'Tis nothing for a lord.

Enter FATHOM, R.

Fath. Thievery ! Elopement—escape—arrest !

Wal. What's the matter ?

Fath. Mistress Helen is running away with Master Modus—Master Modus is running away with Mistress Helen—but we have caught them, secured them, and here they come, to receive the reward of their merits.

Enter HELEN and MODUS, R., followed by Servants.

Hel. I'll ne'er wed man, if not my cousin Modus.

Modus. Nor woman I, save cousin Helen's she.

Wal. [*To Heartwell.*] A daughter and a nephew has my friend,

Without their match in duty ! You shall marry.

"For you, Sir, who to-day have lost an earldom,

"Yet would have shared that earldom with my child—

"My only one—content yourself with prospect

"Of the succession—it must fall to you—

"And fit yourself to grace it. Ape not those

"Who rank by pride. The man of simplest bearing

"Is yet a lord when he's a lord indeed !

"Tin. The paradox is obsolete. Ne'er heed !

"Learn from his book, and practise out of mine.

"Wal." Sir Thomas Clifford, take my daughter's hand—

If now you know the master of her heart :

Give it, my Julia ! You suspect, I see,—

And rightly—there has been some masking here.—

Well : you shall know anon how keeps Sir Thomas

His baronetcy, still—and, for myself,

How jealousy of my mis-shapen back

Made me mistrustful of a child's affections,

Although I won a wife's—so that I dropped
 The title of thy father, lest thy duty
 Should pay the debt, thy love alone could solve.
 All this and more, that to thy friends and thee
 Pertains, at fitting time thou shalt be told.
 But now thy nuptials wait—the happy close
 Of thy hard trial—wholesome, though severe !
 The world won't cheat thee now—thy heart is proved ;—
 Thou know'st thy peace by finding out its bane,
 And ne'er wilt act from reckless impulse more !

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
 THE CURTAIN.

	CLIFFORD.	JULIA.	
	HELEN.	WALTER.	
	MCDUS.	ROCHDALE.	
HEARTWELL.		TINSER.	
3.		4.	

THE END

No. V.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.



THE WIFE:

A TALE OF MANTUA.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE STAGE DIRECTIONS,

MARKED AND CORRECTED AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE, BY
J. B. ADDIS, PROMPTER.



NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Park, 1846.</i>	<i>Federa. St. Boston</i>
<i>Julian St. Pierre</i>	Mr. Davenport.	Mr. James Wallack
<i>Antonio</i>	" Bass.	" Gilbert.
<i>Leonardo Gonzago</i>	" Dyott.	" Bland.
<i>Ferrardo</i>	" Stark.	" Fleming.
<i>Count Florio</i>	" Sutherland.	" H. Russell.
<i>Lorenzo</i>	" A. Andrews.	" Gallagher.
<i>Hugo</i>	" Gallot.	" W. Germon.
<i>Bartolo</i>	" Fisher.	" Whiting.
<i>Bernarde</i>	" Anderson.	" S. D. Johnson
<i>Carlo</i>	" Sprague.	" Parsons.
<i>Marco</i>	" Matthews.	" Smith.
<i>Pistre</i>	" Jones.	" Stephena
<i>Jourier</i>	" Harris.	" Parker.
<i>Advocate</i>	" M ^r Douall.	" Benson.
<i>Stephano</i>		" Adams.
<i>First Officer</i>	" Heath.	
<i>Second do.</i>	" Milot.	
<i>Cosmo</i>		
<i>Mariana</i>	Mrs. Mowatt.	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Floribel</i>	Miss Hall.	Miss Bequet.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The *Hunchback* of Mr. Knowles, was soon followed by the production of the *Wife*. This beautiful play was originally represented the 24th April, 1833, at the Covent Garden Theatre--the author appearing as Julian St. Pierre, Miss Ellen Tree as Mariana, and Mr. Charles Kean as Leonardo. It was played upwards of fifty nights during the season.

There are many passages of exquisite poetry in this piece, and some well contrived *coups de theatre*, which never fail of effect when common justice is done them in the representation. Among the latter we may enumerate the scene where Leonardo discovers himself--that between Mariana and the friar--the trick, by which St. Pierre gets possession of the dagger of the villain Duke, and is enabled to compel him to sign the confession of his own infamous practices--the sudden appearance of the slandered Duchess in the tent of her husband, and the subsequent entrance of St. Pierre, followed by his recognition of his sister and his own death.

Nothing could be more finely conceived than the magnanimous incredulity, with which Leonardo listens to the accusations against his wife. The character of Mariana is beautifully sketched. The combination of energy of will and independence of judgment with the depth and constancy of all the tenderest affections--the interweaving of the traits which command respect, with those which inspire love--the reconciliation of all that is gentle, tender and adorable in the feminine attributes, with the moral courage that prefers death to oppression, and the intellectual boldness, which makes her more than a match in argument for the priest, who would control her actions,--all form an admirable and natural picture of a true woman placed in circumstances of trial and perplexity

The character of St. Pierre is one of the most marked, interesting and original that we have had upon the stage, since the days of the Elizabethan dramatists. It is that of a youth trained up to crime, and

soiled with guilt, but who is haunted with a sense of the good and the beautiful, which in the end breaks forth to overwhelm his tempter and instructor in depravity, with consternation and defeat.

The *Wife* merits a place among the highest in our list of stock plays. It is not, however, one of those pieces, which it is safe to trust to an inferior *corps dramatique*. The first three acts in particular, are likely to *drag* in the representation unless the principal characters are sustained with ability and spirit. The two closing acts are so full of fine points, that it would be difficult even for dullness to render them ineffective.

Dramatis Personæ and Costumes.

ST. PIERRE.—Ragged doublet and trunks, old hat. Second dress, very handsome cavalier dress.

LEONARDO.—Handsome black shape, trimmed with yellow and gold. Second dress, armour-shirt and legging, with gold helmet.

FERRARDO.—Handsomely trimmed red tunic and vest, dark blue velvet cloak trimmed with silver.

FLORIO.—Blue merino tunic trimmed with silver, crimson trunks trimmed with gold, red cloak richly trimmed, black cap and feathers.

ANTONIO.—Black silk shirt trimmed with velvet, black velvet surplus trimmed with black silk ribbon, black velvet skull-cap.

LORENZO.—Black cloak and square cap.

HUGO.—Grey cloth shape trimmed with black.

BARTOLO.—Do.

BERNARDO.—Fawn-coloured shirt, trimmed with black velvet.

CARLO.—Do.

MARCO.—Black tunic, trunks, and hat.

PIETRO.—Do.

COSMO.—Do.

STEPHANO } Blue shape, striped, and buttons. Second dress, yellow velvet
AND OFFICERS, } tunic, good breastplate and cap.

ADVOCATE.—Black tunic and trunks, cloak, and square cap.

COURIER.—Blue shirt trimmed with black velvet, breastplate and cap.

MARIANNE.—(Dress according to taste of Actress.)

FLORIBEL.—Do.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.
R. RC. C. LC. L.

THE WIFE :

A Tale of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street in Mantua.*

Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA *and* LORENZO, **L.**

Leon. So, in my native city, thanks to heaven,
Ten years and more elapsed, I stand again !
A boy it sent me forth, takes back a man.
Hail to it ! 'Tis mine old acquaintance still,
In nothing strange—unaltered. To a stone
The same I left it ! Glad am I to see it—
None better loves its venerable face.

Lor. I am glad to see you smile.

Leon. I do so, Signor.

I am a boy again ! The days come back
When smallest things made wealth of happiness
And ever were at hand ! when I did watch
With panting heart the striking of the clock,
Which hardly sounded ere the book was shut.
Then for the race—the leap—the game ! O Signor,
The vigor and endurance of such joy !
Is't e'er to come again ? And care so light,
That, looking back, you smile you thought it care,
And call it part of pleasure ! I'm again
In Mantua !

[*Crosses to L*

Lor. Then here we say farewell.

Leon. Not so : acquaintance, born and nurtured in

Adversity, is worth the cherishing.

'Tis proved steel, which one may trust one's life to.

You are a stranger here in Mantua,
Which I am native to. What brings you hither ?

If 'tis a cause no scruple of just weight

Forbids thee to unfold, unbosom thee,

And in return for what thou part'st with, take

The zeal and honor of a hearty friend,

And service, too, to boot. You pause, from doubt

Either of my ability or faith.

If this, I'm sorry for't—if that, take heed.

You know not by the eye the practised limb

Where the informed and active sinew lies,

That's equal to the feat. What, silent still ?

'Sdeath, man ! a dwarf is not to be despised,

For he may have a giant for his friend,

And so be master of a giant's strength.

Come, come, have confidence ;—'tis the free rein

Which takes the willing courser o'er the leap

He'd miss if you did check him.

Lor. There are men

Whose habits in abeyance hold their natures,

Which still remain themselves. Your temperament

Is of the sanguine kind,—and so is mine.

But lo, the difference ! Thy frankness brooks

No pause ; thy wish is scarce conceived ere told

As if men's hearts were open as their looks,

And trust were due to all. The law hath been

My study, Signor ; and, these three years past,

My practice too ; and it hath taught me this—

To doubt, with openness to be convinced,

Is to remain on this side danger,—yet

No fraction less of generosity

Which it becomes a noble mind to cherish.

Leon. And doubt you me ?

Lor. No, Signor ; but drew back

When you with instant promptness did advance

Where I, with all the heart to take the step,

Had still, I fear, been standing. You shall know

Ny errand hither. I am nephew—

Leon. Stop

Till these pass on !

Enter BERNARDO BARTOLO, CARLO, and others, R.

Car Will not the Duke postpone the cause?

Bar. I tell thee no.

Bar. And wherefore?

Bar. What's that to thee?—Is not he the Duke!
Shall such a piece of flesh and bones as thou art, question the Duke?

Car. Why not?

Bar. Why not? Would any one believe he had been born in Mantua? Now mark how I will answer him.
Dost thou drink Burgundy?

Car. No, but water.

Bar. Then thou art, compared to the great duke, what water is to Burgundy.

Ber. Say on, Bartolo. Well! The duke refuses to postpone the cause; and what then?

Bar. Why then the cause comes on.

Ber. And what will be the end on't?

Bar. That knows the duke.

Ber. She was a bold girl, when they forced her to the church, to refuse to give her hand there, and claim the protection of the curate.

Bar. He was a bolder man to have any thing to say to so mettlesome a piece of stuff.

Car. And to refuse a count!

Bar. Her cause will not thrive the better for that, unless, indeed, the duke be wrath with the count for honorably affecting a commissary's ward.

Leon. [*Aside.*] You seem intent on their discourse.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am so.

Ber. You saw her, Bartolo, did you not?

Bar. Yes, I was passing by when they were forcing her into the church, and followed them in.

Car. Is she as handsome as they say?

Bar. Humph!—handsome!—handsome is this, and handsome is that. Notwithstanding I think I dare pronounce her handsome, very handsome! nay, I will go farther, and confess that were she a countess, or a duchess, I would call her the most beautiful woman in Mantua.

Ber. But why wishes the curate to have the cause postponed?

Bar. To wait for a learned doctor of the law, for whom

he has sent to Rome, but who has not yet arrived, though hourly looked for.

Car. What! must one send for law to Rome?

Bar. Yes, if one cannot find it in Mantua.

Car. Cannot one find law in Mantua?

Bar. Not if it all be bought up. There's not a legal man of note whom the count has not retained; so was the curate forced to send for his nephew to Rome—a man, it is reported, of great learning, and of profound skill in his profession, though hardly yet out of his nonage.

Leon. [*Aside.*] You color, Signor! 'tis of you he speaks.

Car. Fears he to come to Mantua, or what?

Bar. 'Tis thought that the brigands have detained him—a plague upon the rascals! A word in your ears, Signors. You all know that Bartolo is a loyal man.

All. We do, Bartolo.

Bar. Said I ever a word against the duke?

All. No.

Bar. You are right, Signors: nor would I, tho' the duke were to hang every honest man in Mantua, for is he not the duke?—and is not Bartolo a loyal man? Now, if I speak of the duke's cousin, whom the brigands, they say, have killed, speak I against the duke!

All. No.

Bar. Is't treason to say, "a pity that he was killed"?

All. No.

Bar. Ah, Signors, had he succeeded his father, he would have made a proper duke. Is this saying any thing against his cousin that is the duke?

All. No.

Bar. I warrant me, no! Catch Bartolo talking treason. Who says a word against the duke? He dies, as Bartolo is a loyal man. But fare you well, Signors. The trial comes on at noon—and noon will soon be here.

Ber. We go your way.

Bar. Come on, then. Remember I said not a word against the duke. [*Exeunt Bartolo and others.*]

Leon. Of you he spoke—was it not so?

Lor. It was.

Leon. You come to Mantua to plead the cause of this fair damsel. You were here before But that the brigands intercepted you,—

Your hurt, but my advantage, whose escape
Long time their captive, you contriv'd. And now,
To prove my friendship more than wordy vaunting
I have the power to serve you. Take me with you.
Your clerk, you said, opposing vain resistance,
The hot-brained robber slew. Suppose me him :
I have a smattering of his vocation,
A notion of the mystery of yours ;
And I would hear by their own lips recited,
This worthy priest and beauteous damsel's cause,
For reasons which—you smile.

Lor. A thought did cross me.

Leo. I know thy thought—'tis wrong ! 'Tis not the heat
Of youthful blood which prompts—you smile again.

Lor. Your pardon.—If I did, you have to thank
The quickness of your apprehension.

Leon. Mark me !—

I have loved my last—and that love was my first !
A passion like a seedling that did spring,
Whose germ the winds had set ; of stem so fine,
And leaf so small, to inexperienced sight
It passed for naught—until, with swelling trunk,
And spreading branches bowing, all around,
It stood a goodly tree ! Are you content ?
This was my sadness, Signor, which the sight
Of my dear native city banished ;
Which thy misgiving hath brought back again ;
And which will be the clothing of my heart,
While my heart calls this breast of mine its house.

Lor. I pray you, pardon me !

Leon. I pray you, peace !

Time presses—Once again, have confidence,
And take me with you to your uncle's home.
More than you credit me, I may bestead you.
Wilt take my hand ?

Lor. I will !

Leon. Have with you then !

Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*Antonio's house*

Enter ANTONIO and PIETRO, R.

Ant. What lacks it now of noon ?

Piet. An hour or more

Ant. No chance of his arrival!—This delay
Perplexes me! Is it neglect?—I thought
His answer would have been his presence here,
Prompt as my summons: yet he neither comes
Nor sends excuse. 'Tis very strange. She holds
The same sedate and lofty carriage still?

Piet. She does, and native seems it to the maid
As her fair brow, wherefrom it calmly looks,
As from its custom'd and assured seat:
A gentleness that smiles without a smile:
For 'tis the sweetness, not of any part,
But all—look, speech, and act,—delights the heart
That's near her. Silence is her humor: yet
She never shuns discourse: while what she says,
Hath one unwearied constant burden still,
A blessing on your reverence.

Ant. Poor girl!
She owes me naught.
She was afflicted, persecuted, and
I succor'd her!—I, standing at the altar!
Beneath my master's roof! His livery
Blazon'd, as ne'er was earthly king's, upon me!
What could I less?

Piet. Fails he to come, for whom
Your reverence looks to plead the damsel's cause
Must it perforce go on?

Ant. It must; and I
Myself will be her advocate, before
The haughty duke. For problems of deep law,
Will give him axioms of plain truth, and paint
Her thrilling grievance to the life with tears,—
Which, pity seeing, shall to every heart
That owns her gentle influence, commend,
And gather tears to aid them.

Enter STEPHANO, L.

Ste. May it please you,
Two strangers, craving audience, wait below.

Ant. Admit them! [*Exit STEP. L.*] 'Tis my nephew!
Worthy Pietro,
Have all in readiness, that we appear
Before the duke when cited.

[*Exit PIETRO, R*

Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA *and* LORENZO, L.

So Lorenzo!

Lor. Save you, my reverend uncle!

Ant. Now a week

I've looked for you—but waive me the explanations.
Thou'rt come, and to the business that has brought thee;
I have possessed thee of the damsel's cause
In all its bearings—art prepared to plead it?

Lor. I am, so please your rev'rence;—but with us
That evidence is best which is direct.

That the Count Florio seeks the damsel's hand,—

That wills her guardian she should give it him,—

That she resists her uncle and the count,—

I know, but not the cause of her dissent.

Children to guardians do obedience owe;

A match so lofty warrants some enforcement,

Which not on slight grounds, should the maid resist.

Ant. Ground know I none, save strong aversion.

Lor. Pray you

Vouchsafe us conference with the maid herself.

Her disposition shall this gentleman

That's come with me—my trusty clerk—set down.

Ant. I'll bring her to you; but, I charge you, boy.

You keep in mind you are her advocate.

For she, indeed, of those rare things of earth,

Which of the debt that's due to it, rob Heaven,

That men set earth before it, is the rarest!

Then guard thee, nephew!—rather with thine ears

And tongue discourse with her, than with thine eyes,

Lest thou forget it was her cause, not she

That summon'd thee to Mantua!

Lor. Fear me not!

[*Exit Antonio, R.*]

Leon. A service of some danger, it should seem,

Your rev'rend uncle has engaged you in:

And by his pardon, for your safety—

Lor. Is't from your own misgivings that you doubt me?

Leon. No:—as I said before, my heart is safe—

Love proof, with love! which, if it be not, Signor,

A passion that can only once be felt—

Hath but one object—lives and dies with us—

And, while it lives, remains itself, while all

Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing!

I used to laugh at love and deem it fancy ;
 My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes,
 Whom scarce they found ere my heart sought a new one
 I knew not then the 'haviour of the soul--
 How that's the loveliness which it doth lodge,
 A world beyond the loveliness of form !
 I found it ! when or where—for weal or woe—
 It matters not ! I found it ! wedded it !
 Never to be divorced from that true love
 Which taught me what love was !

Lor. You wedded it ?—

Then was your passion blest ?

Leon. No, Signor, no !

Question no farther, prithee ! Here's your uncle.

Enter ANTONIO and MARIANA, R.

Ant. Lo, nephew ! here's the maid
 To answer for herself !

Lor. [*To Leon.*] She's fair indeed !
 Description ne'er could give her out the thing,
 One only glance avows her !—Prithee, look !

Leon. Show her to Time, who has not seen the fairest !
 Remember, Signor, Time's no gazer, but
 Doth ever keep his eye upon his road,
 His feet in motion ;—noon is just at hand.

Lor. I thank you. Note my questions—her replies.
 Your guardian—is he your relation too ?

Mar. No,—would he were ! That stay had needs be
 strong,
 Which failing, we've no other left to cling to.

Leon. Oh, music !—

Lor. What's the matter ?

Leon. I did hear
 A bird, whose throat did beggar all the grove,
 And of its rich and famed minstrel makes
 A poor and common chorister !

Lor. Hear her !
 You'll have no ear for any other bird ;
 Look at her, and you'll have no ear for her,
 Your tranced vision every other sense
 Absorbing !—Gave you promise to the count ?

Mar. None

Lor. Nor encouragement ?

Mar. Such as aversion
Gives to the thing it loathes.

Lor. Have you a vow
Or promise to another ?—that were a plea
To justify rejection. You are silent.
And yet you speak—if blushes speak, as men
Declare they do. Come, come, I knew you love.
Give me to know the story of your love !
That, thereupon, I found my proper plea
To show your opposition not a thing
Of fantasy, caprice, or frowardness,
But that for which all hearers shall commend you,
Proves it the joint result of heart and reason,
Each other's act approving.—Was't in Mantua
You met ?

Mar. No, Signor ; in my native land.

Lor. And that is—

Mar. Switzerland.

Lor. His country, too ?

Mar. No, Signor, he belonged to Mantua.

Lor. That's right—you are collected and direct
In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as by its neighborhood
Made piety and virtue twice as rich
As e'er they were before. How grew it ! Come,
Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Which thou dost fear to show.—I wait your answer.
How grew your passion ?

Mar. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seemed his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, Signor, and he called
For help, whence help alone could come, which I
Morning and night, invok'd along with him.—
So first our souls did mingle !

Lor. I perceive :—you mingled souls until you mingled hearts ?

You lov'd at last. Was't not the sequel, maid ?

Mar. I loved indeed ! If I but nursed a flower
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flower of all our garden was my pride :—
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up,
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmèd, broad, and glorious day !

Lor. You loved, and he did love ?

Mar. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content !
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As naught remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct !
Then all again was action ! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself ;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honor,
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

Lor. This spoke impediment ; or he was bound
By promise to another ; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted ;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.

Mar. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was.—I wondered still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance ; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us ; at length
He fixed the parting day—but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound !—Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank

When next he fixed to go ; and sank it then
To bound no more ! He went.

Lor. To follow him,
You came to Mantua ?

Mar. What could I do ?—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—
Could I remain behind ? My father found
My heart was not at home ; he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go ?
I said, ‘ to Mantua.’ I follow’d him
To Mantua ! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look upon the things he look’d upon,
To look, perchance, on him ! perchance to hear him
To touch him ! never to be known to him,
Till he was told, I lived and died his love.

Lor. I pray you, Signor, how do you get on ?
I see you play the woman well as I,
And, sooth to say, the eye did never weep
In which her story could not find a tear !
How get you on ? indite you word for word
As she delivers it ? How’s this ! The page
As blank as first you found it !—all our pains
Have gone to lose our time.

Leon. I have a gift
Of memory, Signor, which belongs to few.
What once I hear, stands as a written page
Before me ; which, if asked, I can repeat
True to the very letter. You shall have
A proof of this. I have a friend or two
I fain would snatch a word with—that despatched
I’ll meet you at the duke’s, and bring with me
The damsel’s story, word for word set down,
And win your full content ; or give you leave
To brand me an impostor, or aught else
A man should blush to pass for. Will you trust me ?

Lor. I will.

Leon. You may, for you shall ne’er repent you.
I’ll bring you aid you little count upon. [*Aside.*] [*Exit, 1.*]

Ant. Nay, nephew, urge your friend to stay. A space
You have for brief refreshment : and, in sooth,

You wait it, who, from travel just alighted,
Must needs to business go.

Lor. Detain not him ;
Some needful avocations call upon him.
I wait your pleasure.

Ant. Daughter, come.
Some effort has it cost to tell your story,
But profit comes of it ;—your cause is strong.
Your vows, which virtually are another's,
Heaven doth itself forbid you give the Count !
Is't not so, nephew ?

Lor. There I'll found the plea,
Which to the conscience of the Duke I'll put.
Knows he—whom, at his death (which I'm advised
Took place in Mantua) your father named
Your guardian—knows the commissary this,
Which thou hast now related ?

Mar. Not that I know of.
My father's death was sudden.—Long time since
He and the commissary were acquaintance ;
What passed between them, save the testament
Which left me ward unto the commissary,
I am a stranger to.

Lor. Since you came hither
Have you seen him, for sake of whom you came ?

Mar. No !

Lor. Nor hast a clue, direct or indirect,
To find him out ?

Mar. No, Signor.

Lor. And how long
Have you sojourned in Mantua ?

Mar. Two years.

Lor. And is your love the same ?

Mar. Am I the same ?

Lor. Such constancy should win a blessing.

Ant. Yes !

And strange as 'tis, what seems to us affliction
Is oft a hand that helps us to our wish.
So may it fall with thee—if heaven approves !

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hall of Justice in the Duke's Palace.*

On one side BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO *and others* ; *on the other, Lords and Ladies, &c. &c.*

Bar. Silence, Signors! Keep order! The parties in the cause are coming—here they are!

Enter MARIANA *leaning on* ANTONIO, *attended by* LORENZO ; *after them the Count* FLORIO, *and various Doctors of the Law.*

Bar. That is the maiden, and that the curate upon whom she leans.

Ber. And where's the Count?

Bar. Yonder, surrounded by the Doctors of the Law.

Ber. The maid is very fair.

Bar. Yes, for a burgher's daughter. [*Flourish of Drum and Trumpet.*] Hush! the duke approaches. The cause will straight come on.

Enter the Duke FERRARDO GONZAGA *and attendants, U. E. R.*
The whole assembly rise.

Fer. Your seats! your seats! [*The assembly sit.*
Bring on this cause! Who answers for our friend,
The Count?

Advocate. My lord, so please you, I.

Fer. Proceed.

Advocate. The question lies between the Count and this
The guardian of the maid—whose froward act
Your highness is possess'd of—on the one side;
The maid herself, and that the reverend man,
Who countenance doth lend unto that act,
Upon the other. Hereon founds the count
His right unto the maiden's hand.—The will
And promise of her guardian, unto whom
Behoves her choice to bow—for choice herself
The maid of right, hath none—This were the case,
Proposed her guardian to affianc her
To one in rank as far beneath the maid

As is the maid beneath the count, But lo,
 The difference! By this alliance does
 She gain a consort of a rank so high
 And wealth so broad, he were pretender fit
 To hand of any maid in Italy!—
 Such is our cause. In the first place the right
 To give away the maid; and in the next
 That right exerted for her highest good.

Bar. He is a good spokesman—the duke deliberates.

Lor. My friend is lost, almost as soon as found.

He has deceived me. No! he comes at last,
 And keeps indeed his promise, if he brings
 Such friends as these to back us!

*Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA as clerk to LORENZO, followed
 by several persons of distinction, U. R.*

Bar. Observe you, Signors! Are not those who just entered relatives and friends of him that were the duke, had not mishap stepped in 'twixt him and his father's seat?

Fer. They are.

Bar. Do they abet the maid? You see they take their station round her:—they are not wont of late to frequent the palace.

Bar. Peace! the duke is going to speak.

Fer. Count, on what plea claim you the maiden's hand?

Flo. Her guardian hath affianced her to me.

Fer. Speak you, her guardian,—states the count: the fact?

Hugo. He does, so please your highness!

Fer. What's her age?

Hugo. She lacks a year of her majority.

Fer. Her rank?

Hugo. Her father was a burgher.

Fer. Wealth

Has she been left?

Hugo. What charily enjoy'd,

From manual labor might, perhaps, exempt her.

Fer. And stoops the count so low to be despis'd—
 Rejected—spurned? Let the maid be given
 Back to her guardian's custody; and if
 Obedience be refused, let him enforce it!
 The cause is judged!

Lor. Your highness' pardon, but
The other side's to hear.

Fer. Who's he that speaks?

Lor. The counsel for the maid.

Fer. Let him be wise,
And not gainsay our pleasure. It is told!
The cause is over—finally adjudg'd.

Lor. How far your highness' power extends know?
Yet though it reach unto my life, that life
I hold to be my good, and husband not
A minute longer than it ministers
Unto mine honor's profitable use.
The duty which I should discharge in vain,—
Not through its own demerit, but defect
In him whose will availeth more than right,—
I leave undone;—but 'gainst the power protest
Which makes me—servant unto justice—slave
Unto oppression. For the pangs that wring
That maiden's heart, be answerable thou,
Not I!

Ant. Your highness—

Fer. Peace! I will not hear thee, father!

Ant. Then heaven will hear me! I do call on it
For judgment on the man who wrongs this maid!
And sure as I do call 'twill answer me,—
And speak to thee—be thou that wicked man—
When power thou hast no longer to cry 'peace!'

Fer. That wicked man!

Ant. O poverty of earth—
That men do deeds which win them evil names,
And spurn the names, but not the deeds which win them
What truth instructeth me shall I not speak?
Suffer'd the maid from any violence
Should he not die? What callest thou the deed
Which would condemn her to a loathed bed?
Think'st thou there's virtue in constrained vows,
Half utter'd—soulless—falter'd forth in fear,
To purge the nauseousness of such a deed,
That heaven won't smell the damning odour on't?
And if there is, then truth and grace are naught!
Then sanctity is naught! yea, Heaven itself!
And in its empyreal essence lies

No savour of its sweetness !

Fer. Peace, I say !

Ant. Thou can'st not bid the thunder hold its peace—
Why criest thou peace to me ? Nay, bid me speak—
That thou may'st bear to hear the thunder speak—
The herald, earth-accredited of heaven—
Which when men hear, they think on heaven's king
And run the items o'er of the account
To which he's sure to call them.

Fer. Dread my power !

Ant. Dread thou the power, from which thou hold'st
thy power !

Proud man, I brave thee where thou sit'st, and in
The ear of earth and heaven denounce the sentence
Which gives that injured maid to violence !

Fer. I'll hear no more !—The cause is judged—the maid
Her rightful guardian take !

Mar. [*Advancing to centre.*] And if he does
He takes a corse ! Lo ! death is at my lips ;

[*Taking a small vial from her bosom.*
The hand or foot that offers to approach,
Commits a murder ! In this vial bides
The bane of fifty lives ! pass but a drop,
Were now the sexton told to dig my grave,
Were now his foot upon the shovel set,
'Ere he began, I should be ready for it !
Who stirs ? Lo, here I sink upon my knee !
Or let the count his hateful suit forego,
Or let my guardian his consent revoke,
Or let the duke recall his foul decree,
Or hence, by mine own limbs, I never rise !

Fer. Why to the count this strong repugnance, girl ?

Mar. Give thou thy oath that none shall stir, I'll speak

Fer. I give it thee.

Mar. I am a maid betrothed !

All but the rites, a wife ! A wedded heart
Altho' unwedded hand ! Reflect on that !
Making me give my hand unto the count,
You make me give what is another's right :—
Constraining me to an unrighteous act,
And doing violence to heaven itself,
Which curses lips, that move 'gainst consciences !

Fer. Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua ?

Mar. In Mantua he told me he did live.

Fer. What ! know you not the place of his sojourn ?

Mar. Yes ! where he still sojourns, **where'er** he is !

Fer. What place is that ?

Mar. My heart ! 'Tho' travels he
By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,
And he as distant as the pole away—
I look but into that and there he is,
It's king enthron'd, with every thought, wish, **will**,
In waiting at his feet !

Fer. This is the mood,
The phantasy of girlhood ! Do we hold
Our power of suff'rance of a baby maid,
Who mocks us with a threat she durst not keep ?
Secure her ?

Mar. Lo, the phial's at my lips !
Let him who would do a murder, do it !
Had he a thousand hands to wait upon thee,
The slightest movement of this little one,
Would make them useless all !

Leon. My Mariana !

Fer. She has dropt the phial.

Leon. [*Coming forward.*] Stir not on your **lives** !
My Mariana !

Mar. 'Tis he !

Leon. It is, my love !
'Tis he who won thy heart, not seeking it !
'Tis he whose heart thou won'st, not knowing it !
Who saw thee rich in all but fortune's gifts,
And—servant unto them, though lord of them,—
Balanced their poor esteem against thy wealth,
Which fortune could not match ! Accountable
To others, never I revealed the love
I did not see the way for thee to bless,
As only thou would'st bless it ! Now, that **way**
Is clear ! is open ! lies before my sight,
Without impediment, or any thing
Which, with the will, I cannot overleap !
And now, my love before ! my love **till** now !
And still my love !—now, now I call thee **wife**,
And wed thee here—here—here—in Mantua !

Fer. Remove that slave, who knows not where he is !

Leon. Descend, great duke, who know'st not where
thou sit'st !

Fer. Where do I sit ?

Leon. Why, in thy cousin's seat !

Fer. He's dead !

Leon. He's not ! He lives, and claims his seat,
Backed by his kinsmen, friends, and every one
That owns a loyal heart in Mantua ! [Throws off his
Do you not know me, cousin ? gown.

Fer. Leonardo !

Leon. Six years have we been strangers, but I see
You know my father's face, if not your cousin's ?

Fer. I do, and yield to you that father's seat.

Leon. Cousin, the promptness of your abdication
Invests it with a grace to which we bow.

We'll spare your sight the pain of our accession,
And pray that, with the parties in this cause—
(I mean the count and guardian of the maid)—
You now withdraw, and at your former mansion
Wait intimation of our further pleasure.

I would not have you speak, so please you, now :
When we confer, it must be privily.

Yet, out of honor to our common blood,
Well as in pledge of no unkind intent,
Your hand before you go ! [They shake hands

Fer. Nay, let me speak

At least my thanks, your highness, and my welcome,
[Exeunt Ferrardo, Florio, and Hugo, &c.

Ant. Rise, Signors, rise !

Live Leonardo, Duke of Mantua ! [Flourish.

Leon. We thank you, friends ! This welcome is of the
heart.

For you we take this seat. Thou reverend man,
Be confessor unto the duke of Mantua ;
Thou man of law and honor, be his friend,
And advocate of state ; and both of you
Lead hither that abstracted maid ! But no !
That office should be mine. [Descends.] In Italy
Shines there a brow on which my coronet
Could find so proud a seat ? My Mariana,
Wilt be my bride ? Nay, do not tax thy tongue

With that thy looks have scarce the power to speak!
Come, share my seat with me! Come, Mariana!
The consort of the Duke of Mantua!

[She faints in his arms as the scene closes.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palace.*

Enter COSMO and COURIER. L.

Cos. The duke? which duke? I know not which; we had two within the last ten minutes; I know not which duke it is that thou wantest.

Cou. I tell thee, the duke of Mantua.

Cos. Is thy business public or private?

Cou. Dost thou not see I come from Rome? There are great matters on foot, which it behoves the Duke to know; and herein, if I mistake not, he is apprised of them.

Cos. Nay; then, thy business is public, and of course concerns the reigning duke.

Cou. Of course it does.

Cos. I'll bring thee to him.

Cou. Lead on!

[Crosses to C.]

Enter BARTOLO, BERNARDO, and MARCO, meeting them, R

Bar. Signor Cosmo!

Cos. Don't stop me, Signor Bartolo, I am in haste.

Bar. Nay, a word—only a word. Who is that?

Cos. A courier from Rome.

Bar. I was right, Bernardo. Save you, Signor. You come, I hear, from Rome. How are they all at Rome?

Cos. Well, Signor—all that I am acquainted with.

Bar. They have a great deal of news in Rome?

Cou. Sufficient, Signor.

Bar. One likes to hear the news.

Cou. I trouble myself little about it.

Bar. That is because 'tis your vocation to hear it. Nobody is in love with his vocation. Now, 'tis the reverse with me. I mind the news as much as I mind my meals. Pray you, Signor, have mercy upon a hungry man, and tell me the news from Rome.

Cou. Great news, Signor,—there's going to be a war.

Bar. A war! A war, Bernardo,—Cosmo:—and pray you Signor, with what power are they going to war?

Cou. With the French.

Bar. The devil!

Cou. You will have a fine opportunity for showing your valor, Signor.

Bar. I thank you, Signor. I never was an ostentatious man. I am content to be a man of valor—I don't care to show it; but I thank you for the news. Come along, Bernardo—Carlo. A war, Signors, a war! What a glorious thing is a war! There's news! [Exeunt L

SCENE III.—*The Vestibule before the Ducal Palace.*

Enter ST. PIERRE, L.

St. Pier. Here be my seat upon the palace steps,
Although they hang me from the portico!—
Have a heart, Poverty, thou hast naught to lose—
Nor land, nor mansion, nor habiliments,
That thou should'st play the craven! That thou call'st
Thy life—what is it? Hunger!—Nakedness!
A lodging 'neath the eaves! ten scornful looks
For one of pity; and that one a proof
That thou'rt an anguish to the aching sight!
Then what car'st thou for cuffs? Nay, cuff again,
That they may fall the heavier!—satisfied
That he, who brains thee, does thee, Poverty,
A thousand times the good, he does thee ill!—
Come—keep the portal of the mighty duke
Who made thee what thou art; nor let him pass
'Till from his fear thou wring'st an alms, or else
A quick release obtainest from his wrath!

Fer. [Without.] Be sure thou keep'st the hour

St. Pier. Talk of the fiend,

They say, and here he comes! here comes the duke.

Fer. [Entering.] Hoa! clear the vestibule!

St. Pier. Great Duke, descend!

No retinue doth stop your gracious way!
Here is no throng,—for poverty sits here,
Craving a foot of your fair palace steps,
For lack of better resting place.

Fer. Who are you?

What do you here?

St. Pier. Wait, mighty Duke, an alms!

I could not ask the humble craftsman one,
I used to cuff him ; nor the tradesman one,
I used to make him doff his cap to me ;—
Nor yet the merchant one, he gave me way,
Or I gave him my shoulder ;—nor the courtier,
My hilt I handled soon as he touched his ;—
In brief, I passed by all degrees of men,
To beg an alms of the most gracious duke

Fer. Here !

St. Pier. What ! a florin ? give it to the street,
For the abased eye of vagantry.
I make no livelihood of raggedness !

Fer. Scorn'st thou my gift ?

St. Pier. Thy gift and thee, great Duke !
Nay, frown not ! choler doth disturb digestion
And that would mar thy afternoon's repast ;
Leave wrath to me, who have not tasted food
Since Wednesday last,—nor look for meal to-day

Fer. Why, that would buy thee five !

St. Pier. What were five meals
To starve anew ! I should not light on thee
A second time to beg another alms !
Thou would'st take care to shun me ! better starve
Outright,—for, saving thee, most gracious duke,
There's not a man in Mantua I'd stoop
To ask a ducat of.

Fer. Well, there's a ducat.

St. Pier. It will not do.

Fer. What hoa there !

St. Pier. Softly, duke !

Hush ! better far that we confer alone,
For thy sake ! mark !—for thy sake, gracious duke !

Fer. What means the villain ?

St. Pier. Right, duke, that's my name !
What do I mean ? I'll tell thee what I mean.
My wardrobe wants replenishing ; it puffs
The wind ; my hat is like to lose its crown ;
My robe is all the covering I have ;
My shoes are minus nearly half the soles ;
And then I fain would change my lodgings, duke,
Which, sooth to say, is e'en the open street—
Less spacious would content me ; last of all

I would be master of a larder, duke,
 Would serve me, at the shortest, good a month,
 That I might live so long at ease, and see
 If aught turned up would make it worth my while
 To shake a hand with the fair world again,
 And live on terms with it. Most gracious duke,
 Give me a hundred ducats!

Fer. Dost thou think
 To rob me at the palace gates!

St. Pier. Who robs
 Provides him weapons. I have none, great duke,
 Nor pistol, rapier, poinard,—not a knife:
 I parted with them one by one for food.
 For weeks have they been provender to me!
 Think upon that, great duke, that at a meal
 Spend'st twenty times their product; and, so please you
 Give me a hundred ducats.

Fer. Thou art mad!

St. Pier. No, by St. Jago! try me! I have the use
 Of my wits. I'll neither leap into a flood,
 Nor run into the fire! I do know
 The day of the week, the month of the year, the year;
 I'll tell you which are fast days, and which are not;
 But that's no wonder—I have kept so many.
 To balance this, I'll tell you the feast days too!
 I'll write and cipher for you:—finally,
 I'll give you all the fractions and their sums,
 Lie in a hundred ducats!

Servants enter from the Palace, R.

Fer. Seize him!

[*They advance.*]

St. Pier. Stop
 Till you have learn'd my name! Imports you much
 To know! 'tis affix'd, most gracious duke,
 To certain documents which only wait
 Your leave to see the light.

Fer. What documents?

St. Pier. Shall these o'erhear, or private be our speech?

Fer. [*To servants.*] You may withdraw a pace or two.

St. Pier. You see,
 Great duke, I am not mad.

Fer. What documents?

St. Pier. One memorandum for a hundred crowns,
For whipping one that did offend your grace :—
I paid me with the pleasure of the task,
Nor asked the hire, but kept the document.
Another, for enticing to a haunt
Of interdicted play, a wealthy heir ;—
I scorned the hire for that,—though, shame to say it,
I did not scorn to earn it—but I kept
The document.—A third—

Fer. Enough--*St. Pierre!*

St. Pier. Aha! you know me now?

Fer. How changed thou art,—
I ne'er had known thee!

St. Pier. It were strange if want
Look'd like abundance—which was never yet
Akin to it.

Fer. Here, take my purse!

St. Pier. 'Tis rich—
Holds it a hundred ducats?

Fer. Twice the sum—
I want thee—that suffice.

St. Pier. That does suffice!

Fer. Get thee habiliments, more rich than these,—
Appointments, too, fit to consort with them,
And come thou to mine ancient mansion straight.

St. Pier. I must dine first.

Fer. Eat sparingly.

St. Pier. Indeed!

I see thou want'st me then. I'll go and dine.

Fer. Thy tears are not a pledge for continence.

St. Pier. I'll dine upon a crust—nay, fear me not—
What time am I to take in all?—two hours?

Fer. The half might serve thee.

St. Pier. Well: we'll say the half—
The quarter will suffice me, if thou wilt.

Fer. Make it as brief as may be.

St. Pier. Work that's sweet
Is quickly done—I'll come in half an hour. [Exit R.

Fer. That which had been my bane an hour ago
Is now my medicine! This fellow owns
A quick and subtle wit; a reckless daring;
And hath a winning tongue withal, and 'haviour;

Easy of conscience, too—yet still contrived
 To keep some credit with the court. “I know
 “The use of him. He has been mine, and mine
 “He needs must be again! So! Suddenly
 “He quitted Mantua, and left with none
 “A clue to find the cause,—nor lacked he then
 “Wardrobe or ducat. Misery has changed him—
 “Her work abundance quickly shall undo.”
 I know the use of him, and I will use him. [Exit, L

“Enter COUNT FLORIO, L.

“Now, count, what brings you hither?

“Flo. News, my lord,

“Ensures my welcome! A brief honeymoon

“Hath fate decreed your cousin: scarce he takes

“The seat were fitter yours, and weds his bride,

“Ere comes advice the states must take the field

“Against the power of France.

“Fer. Good news, indeed!

“Flo. Forthwith he hies to Rome—

“Fer. Most welcome news!

“Flo. And, by entreaty of his council, you—

“As next in rank and lineage—are appointed

“Our regent in his absence.

“Fer. That’s the best news!

“Flo. His heart, that was against you, softened

“By prosperity, or by your ready yielding,

“Or giving way unto the sudden exigence,

“He offers reconciliation by your friends,

“And straight you are invited to his presence.

Fer. I come! Great news! I thank you—glorious
 news!” [Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Palace.

Enter FERRARDO and FLORIO, L.

Fer. Another victory!

Flo. So the rumor runs.

Fer. Why, fortune plays the minion to him ! Does
His wish not only, but anticipates it !
Chief after chief she thrusts aside, that he
May head the war, and, when he takes the lead,
Her moody favor, wavering before—
Alternate sun and cloud—shines fully forth
With strong and steady beam. Have many fallen ?

Flo. A host, 'tis said, on either side.

Fer. No wound,
No hurt for him ?

Flo. 'Tis so reported.

Fer. Ha !

Flo. Tho' twice he changed his charger—one disabled,
The second wounded mortally !

Fer. And he
As safe as sitting in his ducal chair !
Why dangers, that are thorns to other men,
For him do change to flowers !

Flo. The duchess still
Persists in her seclusion.

Fer. There again
I'm baffled ! would she mingle with the court,
I'd make for him the home of peace what fails
The field of war to prove. I know my cousin,—
For boyhood, thoughtless, often shows the man
Which manhood, wary, hides. A sense he has,
That's sickly tender to the touch of shame.
I have seen him, at a slight imputed fault
Colour to flame—anon grow ashy pale—
The dew in drops upon his forehead starting,
His tongue without its use—his mouth agape—
His universal frame vacuity
Of action and of power,—and anon
The glare, and din, and tossing of the tempest !
To wound his honor to the quick, would be
To sting his core of life !

Flo. Thou couldst not hope
To wound it thro' his wife—" whose love for him,
" Gives, in his absence, all things to neglect !
" Her bounding palfrey cannot woo her forth !
" The palace vibrates with the dance, and still
" She keeps her lonely cell. You talk to her

"Of plays and shows—a statue lists to you:
"She visits no one—no one she receives.
"What chance of practising upon a wife,
"Who, for an only absent lord, observes
"A sterner widowhood, than many hold
"In honor of a dead one!"—why do you smile?

Fer. To think, to what account a little art
Might turn a little swerving, in a case
Of self denial, carried thus like her's
To the admired extreme! I would St. Pierre
Had kept his restless spirit more in check,
Paid to my will submission, as he used,
And not enlisted in my cousin's train,
But stopped in Mantua! My plans were laid,
Were sure, and long ere this had been matured,
But for his wilfulness.

Flo. Of what avail
Had been his presence here?

Fer. I should have found
A use for him. Ne'er yet I knew the ear
He could not keep a hold of, once he caught it.
That fellow with his tongue has won more hearts
Than any twenty men in Mantua,
With tongues, and forms, and faces! I had contriv'd
To throw him in her way.

Flo. There were no chance—

Fer. I know, but I could make appearances
Supply the place of facts—especially
In her husband's absence—so that confidence
Itself would construe guilt, where no guilt was!
So would I show her to the eyes of all,
That, though she were the snow itself new fallen,
Men would believe her spotted!

Flo. If 'tis true
That he was charged with the despatches hither
Of this new victory—

Fer. Saint Pierre?

Flo. Saint Pierre.

Fer. 'Tis so reported?

Flo. 'Tis.

Fer. Then proves it true,
Before he is an hour in Mantua

He must be stripped of every ducat ! Mind,
Of that must thou take care !

[*Shouts.*

What mean those shouts ?

Flo. They herald, doubtless, the approach of him,
That's bearer of the news.

Fer. If 'tis Saint Pierre,
The moment he alights, away with him
To a house of play—you are his master—haste !
Your signal he will answer readily,
As doth the bird of game his challenger !

Flo. I'll do my best.

[*Exit, l.*

Fer. So do.—The confessor !
The cards come round to me ! A score to one,
I hold the winning hand. His reverence,
I have contriv'd to make at last my friend.
Your churchman dearly loves a convertite,
And he believes me his. A kindly man,
But, once resolv'd, to error positive ;—
And from his calling, credulous to weakness
Touching the proneness of the flesh to sin—
I have well considered him.

Enter ANTONIO, R.

Your blessing, father.

Ant. Thou hast it, son.

Fer. Whence come you now ? No doubt
From the performance of some pious deed—
The shriving of some sin-oppressed soul—
The soothing of some sorrow-stricken heart—
Or sweet relieving of some needy child
Of merciless adversity.

Ant. No, my son,—

But from a trespasser that's yet unshriven ;
A daughter who has swerv'd, and on whose soul
I had thought as soon to find the soil of sin
As tarnish upon new-refined gold ! •
A wife, who in the absence of her lord,
Lived like thy cousin's wife ; with means to bless
Desires incontinent ; a miracle
Of self-secluded, lonely chastity.

Fer. He comes in the very vein ! You spoke just now
Of my cousin's wife. There's news of my dear cousin,

And, with submission, I would recommend
Her grace to show herself to day. Methinks.
If only for her health, she keeps herself
Too much alone.

Ant. So have I told her grace.

Fer. Indeed! I marvel that she perseveres
in the face of our admonishment! More strict
Would she be thought, than you, a holy man
Would counsel her to be? Forgive me, father,
If 'tis uncharitable in me, but
I never loved extremes! Your constant weather
Is still the moderate, father. Storms and calms
Are brief.

Ant. You are right, my son.

Fer. I had been pleased
Less had she shown her fondness for her lord.
Love, of its own fidelity assured,
Ne'er studies the display on't!

Ant. Nay, she loves
Her lord.

Fer. And yet 'tis the predicament
Of love to wane upon possession. Where
I see much guard, I ever do infer
Some doubt; I do not mean deliberate—
Instinctive only. Passion is passion, father;
Earth, which the nigher we draw to heaven, the more
We cast away.

Ant. You reason well, my son.

Fer. I would not have you think I doubt her grace!
Yet had she more confided in herself,
Lived like herself—appeared among the court—
Courteous to all—particular to none,
Save those to whom, next to her lord, she owes
Her highest duty—my reliance on her
Were stronger! Is't uncharitable, father,
To say so!—speak, and frankly.—Wherefore else
Put I my heart into your saintly hands?

Ant. Nay, son—I think you speak in charity,
As one who blames through love. We'll see the duchess,
And jointly recommend to her a life
Of less severe restraint.

Fer. I thank your reverence!

You know I owe her grace some small amends,
And trust me, father, gladly would I make them!

[*Exeunt, &c*

SCENE II.—*Ante-room in the chamber of the Duchess* A
window over-looking the street

Enter FLORIBEL.

Flor. A merry life for twenty-one to lead,
And in a woman too! from morn till night
Mew'd in a lonely tower! Heigho! It is
My lady's will. I would she had been born
In Mantua, where wives their husbands love
In reason! Well!—We'll live in hope she'll learn
In time. I used to lead a dozen kinds
Of life in a day!—Now, in a dozen days
I lead but one! Ere breakfast, was a nun;
Then play'd the housewife; after that, to horse!
Then, dinner o'er, a Naiad on the lake,
Floating to music! Evening changed the scene
Again; and night again,—which I did close
In my balcony, list'ning by the moon
The melting cadence of the serenade!
Now morning, evening, noon and night, are naught,
But morning, evening, noon and night. No change
Save in their times and names! What I get up
I last throughout the day, and so lie down,
The solitary lady of the duchess!
And how I bear it? Wonderfully! Past
Belief! I'll do't no longer! If I do,
Then never was I born in Mantua. [Shouts
What's that? the city all astir!—a crowd
Before the palace—I will ope the casement:
I feel as I could leap into the street! [Opens casement.

Enter MARIANA, L.

Mar. What do you at the casement, Floribel?

Flor. Look from it, Madam.

Mar. That I see. At what

Is it you look?

Flor. At happy people, Madam.

Some standing, others walking, others running;

All doing what they list—like merry birds
At liberty.

Mar. Come from the casement—shut it.

Flor. Nay, rather approach it, Madam! Do!
And look from't too—there's news, and from your lord!
Look—there's the courier!

Mar. [*Approaching the window.*] Where?

Flor. That cavalier,
Who tries to pass along, but cannot, so
The throng do press upon him.

Enter FERRARDO and ANTONIO, L.

Fer. [*Aside to Antonio.*] At the casement!

Mar. Who is that cavalier?

Flor. The courier, Madam.

Mar. I know, but who is he?
His family—his name? I cannot take
My eyes from his face! Who is he! Can't you tell?
I have a strange desire to know his name!

Fer. [*Aside to Antonio.*] Father!

Flor. I'll fly and learn it.

Mar. Do, good girl!
And soon as you have learn'd fly back again.

[*Exit FLOR. R.*]

Fer. [*Aside to Ant.*] I pray you mark, but speak not—
[*Approaches the window on tiptoe, returns, and speaks to himself.*]

It is St. Pierre!

Incredible! [*To Antonio.*] It is the courier, father,
Of whom they were discoursing.

Mar. I have lost him!

He has entered the palace—I should like again
To see him—I should like to speak to him!

Fer. [*Aside to Antonio.*] My life on't she will hold a
court to-day—
Accost her, father.

Ant. Benedicite,
Fair daughter.

Mar. Father!—What, his grace!—I think
Or I mistake, there's news of my dear lord!

Ant. Madam, there is, and happy news. Your lord
Has won another victory!

Fer. All Mantua
 Would have a heart of overflowing joy,
 Would but your highness notify your will
 To let it speak its happiness, and pay
 Congratulations to you. May I hope
 You do not pause from doubt? Your confessor
 Approves your highness somewhat should relax
 Your life of close seclusion.

Mar. [*After a pause.*] Be it so.

Fer. [*Aside to Antonio.*] I told you, father—

Re-enter FLORIBEL, R.

Flor. Madam, he is called—

[*Mariana beckons her to silence.*]

Fer. St. Pierre—you mean the courier
 That brought these happy tidings?

Mar. Floribel,
 I want your aid. My lord, and reverend father,
 Soon as my toilet's made I shall descend.

[*Exeunt Mariana and Floribel, R.*]

Ant. What kind of man is this?

Fer. A kind of devil,
 That grasps you with his eye, as fascinate
 Serpents, 'tis said, their prey:—a tongue to match
 In glozing speech, the master-fiend himself!
 I'm troubled, father. Was the dame you spoke of
 Indeed a pattern, like my cousin's wife,
 Of saintly self-denial?

Ant. Yes, my son.

Fer. I grieve we urged her highness with her presence
 To grace the court to-day I tremble for her.
 Come, shall I tell thee something?—No, I will not!
 When you can lead the sea, you'll sound the depth
 Of woman's art. Would you believe it—no!
 While there's a doubt suspicion should be dumb.
 Think'st thou I would have backed her guardian's suit
 But that I knew he had his reasons? 'Sdeath,
 What am I doing? Come, your reverence,
 The man of proper charity condemns not,
 Except upon enforcement. All is right!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Palace.**Enter* FLORIO and COSMO, L.*Flo.* Where is the regent ?*Cos.* With the confessor,
In the chamber of the duchess. Nay, my lord,
He has quitted it, and is here.*Flo.* You may withdraw. [*Exit Cosmo, R.*]*Enter* FERRARDO, L.*Fer.* Well, where's St. Pierre ? I thought you were
together ?*Flo.* We were, but parted for a moment. Fortune,
In the task you set me, kindly has forestalled me.
Halting to bait within some miles of this,
He met a friend, whose hand he scarce had shaken
Ere the ready dice were out. In brief, your grace,
He has entered Mantua ducatless. Of my own counsel
I broke to him your need of his assistance,
Touching your consin's wife, and promised him—
A pledge I knew your highness will redeem—
Replenished coffers, would he undertake
To pleasure you.*Fer.* Will he do it ?*Flo.* Sullenly,
But fully, he consented—he is here.*Fer.* Retire awhile. [*The Count retires*]*Enter* ST. PIERRE, R.Welcome, St. Pierre !—welcome my friend !—I'm glad
To see you.*St. Pier.* Would you take me for a knave ?*Fer.* What mean you ?*St. Pier.* Would you take me for a knave ?*Fer.* No.*St. Pier.* No ? Why then I'm fit to do your pleasure.
Come !—to my work—when am I to begin ?*Fer.* The matter ?*St. Pier.* I have lived an honest life
These six months—knavery is new to me !
I set about it feverishly

Fer. What!

Is't knavery to net a pretty woman?

They catch birds so.

St. Pier. Pshaw!—I am past the time.

Fer. Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it

When years, its proper but less subtle fire,

Begins to dim. Man, I could tell thee how

She conned thy visage from her casement; sent

Her confidant to learn thy name; seemed lost,

At losing thee! Win thou discourse with her,

And hold it when thou winn'st it—'twill content me

Thou make her but the object of remark.

Away! Go lean on yonder pedestal,

And watch thy opportunity to draw

Her notice towards thee—Thy obeisance does it;

Or anything most slight;—her lord's success

Is plea that you accost her; she is new

To the court, a stranger to its law of distance,

Which 'tis expedient thou infringe. Couldst master

Aught that's about her person—say a ring,

A brooch, a chain, in curiosity

Besought of her for near inspection, then

Mislaid or dropped—not to be found again,—

It were a thousand ducats in thy hand.

'Sdeath, man, hold up thy head, and look at fortune,

That smiles on thee, and aids thee to embrace her!

What dost thou gaze at?

St. Pier. Who is that?

Fer. The duchess.

St. Pier. Indeed, a lady of surpassing beauty!

Fer. An irksome task, methinks, I've set you—Come!
About it! to thy post!

St. Pier. Surpassing fair!

[*Exit.*

Fer. [*Looking after him.*] He has caught her eye already,—excellent!

He bows to her! Does she curtsy!—yes, i'faith!

And to the very ground! You're welcome, Sir!

He speaks to her! How take she his advances?

She entertains them! They pass on in converse!

Hold it but on, she's lost!

[*Florio comes down*

Do you see?

Flo. So soon!

! wish him fortune ! As I loved her once
I even loathe her now !

Fer. Could you believe it ?

He crosses her, and straight her eye is caught !
He speaks, and straight is master of her ear !
Solace for baffled hopes ! From infancy
I loathed my cousin for his elder right,
And leaped into his seat with lighter spring,
That he, I thought, had missed it ! He returns,
And I, with humbled brow, in sight of all
Descend, that he may mount ! I'll pay him shame
For shame ; but he shall have't with interest !
Where is the confessor ? I must to him.
Mix with the company, and point to them
The eye of questioning remark : with looks
Speak sentences ! More surely does not raise
One wave another wave, than marvel grows
On marvel. Interjections have a world
Of argument. 'Incredible !' 'Odd !' 'Strange !'
Will make a thousand hearers prick their ears,
And conjure wonders out of commonest things.
Then with commiseration you may do
A murder easily ! 'Alack !' 'Alas !'
Use daggers that seem tears. Away ! away !
For now or never is the golden hour !

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another room in the Palace.*

Enter MARIANA and ST. PIERRE, C.

Mar. I thank you for the story of your travels :
You make me wish to see the world, of which
Such wonders you relate. I think you said,
You were but newly come to Mantua ?
You must have been in Mantua before, then,
So many seem to know you.

St. Pier. I have been
Before in Mantua.

Mar. 'Tis very strange,
But when I saw thee first I felt as if
We were of old acquaintance ! have we met
Before ?

St. Pier. No, lady

Mar. It is very strange :
You have never been in Switzerland ?

St. Pier. Oh yes,
It is my birth-place.

Mar. Ay ! so it is mine.
'Tis a dear country ! never met we there ?

St. Pier. No.

Mar. No ! 'tis odd ! how many years is't since
You were in Switzerland ?

St. Pier. 'Tis fifteen years.

Mar. So long ! I was an infant then—no, no,
We have not met before. 'Tis odd—at least.
You are my countryman ! [*Holding out her hands to him.*

[*Visitors have been occasionally crossing the stage during this scene, observing MARIANA and ST. PIERRE, L. and go off R. Enter in the back ground ANTONIO and FER-
RARD.*

Fer. Had I been told it,
I would not have believed it.

Mar. Switzerland
Is a dear country ! Switzerland !

St. Pier. It is
The land of beauty and of grandeur, lady,
Where looks the cottage out on a domain
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests ! crystal waves that rise
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his flaming beams more thick
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there
Are bounding floods ! and there the tempest roams
At large, in all the terrors of its glory !
And then our valleys ! ah, they are the homes
For hearts ! our cottages, our vineyards, orchards—
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold !
Our native strains that melt us as we sing them !
A free—a gentle—simple honest people ! [*Crosses to R.*

Mar. I see them, Signor,—I'm in Switzerland,
I do not stand in Mantua !—dear country !
Except in one thing, I'm not richer, Signor,
Than when I was a child in Switzerland,
And mistress only of this little cross.

[*Pressing the cross to her breast.*

St. Pier. [*Anxiously.*] Your pardon, lady! Pray you let me see

That cross again!

Mar. Right willingly.

Ant. [*Coming forward.*] Hence, Signor!

Mar. Father!

Ant. I pray your grace retire—but first
Command that libertine from the apartment!

St. Pier. [*Sternly surveying alternately Antonio and Ferrardo.*] I go, your reverence, of mine own accord.

[*Exit, followed by Ferrardo, R.*]

Mar. Father, what meant you by that word, which turned

My very blood to ice?

Ant. Behoves your highness

To keep your eye upon your husband's honor,
If not upon your own!

Mar. How!

Ant. Heaven alone

Can judge the heart; men must decide by actions,
And yours to-night, to all have given offence.

Mar. Offence!

Ant. A woman hath in every state
Most need of circumspection; most of all
When she becomes a wife!—she is a spring
Must not be doubted; if she is, no oath
That earth can utter will so purge the stream
That men will think it pure.

Mar. Is this to me?

Ant. Women who play the wanton—

Mar. Father!

Ant. Daughter!

That look and tone of high command become
Thy state indeed.

Mar. No father, not my state—

They become me!—state greater—higher far,
One who deserved that name I blushed to hear—
And thou, a reverend man, should'st blush to use--
Might fill! but though it were an empress's,
I would defy her in her breast to seat
The heart that's throned in mine! If 'tis a crime
To boast—heaven pardon you—you have made me sin!

Ant. Behoves us heed appearances ?

Mar. No, father,

Behoves us heed desires and thoughts ! and let
Appearances be what they may—you
Shall never shape them so, that evil men
Will not their own construction put upon them.
Father, it was the precept of my father.

Ant. He little knew the world.

Mar. He knew what's better,
Heaven and the smile of his own conscience !
What have I done ?

Ant. Given cause of scandal, daughter.

Mar. How ?

Ant. By a preference so marked, it drew
The eyes of all upon you.

Mar. Evil eyes—

Which see defect in frank and open deeds !
The gentleman appeared mine old acquaintance—
That drew me towards him :—I discovered now
He was my countryman—that makes allies
Of even foes that meet in foreign lands,
Then well may couple strangers ;—he discoursed
Of my dear native country, till its peaks
Began, methought, to cleave the sky, as there
They stood before me !—I was happy—pleased
With him that made me so. Out of a straw
To raise a conflagration. [Crosses to L

Ant. You forget

You are not now the commissary's ward,
But consort to the duke of Mantua.—
You're a changed woman.

Mar. No, i' faith, the same !

My skin is not of other texture—This,
My hand, is just the hand I knew before !
If my glass tells the truth, the face and form
I have to-day, I had to-day last year !
My mind is not an inch the taller grown
Than mellowing time hath made it in his course !
And, for my heart—it beats not in my breast,
If, in the ducal chair of Mantua,
'Tis not the same I had when I did sit
On some wild turret of my native hills,

And burn with love and gratitude to heaven
That made a land so fair, and me its daughter!

Ant. Hear me! you have wronged your lord.

Mar. I have wronged my lord?

How have I wronged my lord?

Ant. By entertaining

With marked and special preference, a man

Until to-day a perfect stranger to thee.

Mar. Go on.

Ant. He is a libertine.

Mar. Go on!

Ant. A woman who has such a friend has naught
To do with honest men!

Mar. Go on!

Ant. A wife

Has done with friend—her heart, had it the room
Of twenty hearts, her husband ought to fill,—
A friend that leaves not space for other friends,
Save such as nature's earliest warrant have
To house there.

Mar. You are right in that! Go on.

Ant. A court's a place where men have need to watch
Their acts and words not only, but their looks;
For prying eyes beset them round about,
That wait on aught but thoughts of charity.
What were thy words I know not, but thy acts
Have been the comment of the Court to-day.
Of eyes that gaped with marvel—groups that stood
Gazing upon thee—leaning ears to lips,
Whose whispers, were their import known to thee,
Had stunned thee worse than thunder!

Mar. So! Go on.

Ant. What if they reach thy consort?

Mar. What!

Ant. Ay, what!

Mar. He'll spurn them as he ought—as I do spurn them.
For shame! for shame! Me thou shouldst not arraign,
But rather those who basely question me!
Father, the heart of innocence is bold!
Tell me, how comes your Court to harbor one
Whom I should blush to speak to? If its pride
Be not the bearing that looks down on vice,

What right has it to hold its head so high!
Endure at Court what from our cottage door
My father would have spurned!—If that's your Count,
I'll be nor slave nor mistress of your Court!
Father, no more! E'en from thy reverend lips
I will not hear what I've no right to list to.
What!—taint my lord with question of my truth!
Could he who proved my love on grounds so broad
As I have given my lord, on grounds so mean
Descend to harbor question of my love—
Though broke my heart in the disseverment,
He were no longer lord or aught of mine!

[*Going R.*

Father, no more! I will not hear thee! Frown—
Heaven does not frown!—to heaven I turn from thee.

[*Exit R.*

Ant. This confidence offends me.—Swerving virtue
Endureth not rebuke—while that, that's steadfast
With smiling patience, suns the doubt away,
Wherewith mistrust would cloud it! 'Tis not right—
An eye so firm-resentful—speech so lofty—

[*Mariana enters unperceived and kneels to him, R.*
An air of such defiance--

Mar. Father!

Ant. Daughter!

Mar. I am thy daughter! O my father, bless me?
Were I the best, I were not 'bove thy charity,
Were I the worst, I should not be beneath it!

Ant. Thou hast my blessing.

Mar. Ere I break my fast
To-morrow, father, I'll confess to thee,
And thou shalt know how little or how much
I merit what thou giv'st me! so good night!

Ant. Good night, fair daughter. Benedicite!

[*Exeunt severally*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO *and others.*

Bar. Hush, Signors! speak softly! 'Tis treason, and we may be hanged for it. So the matter stands! The young duchess, I fear me, is an old sinner—and what a saint she looked! Let no man marry a wife who looks like a saint. Please Providence, mine shall be as ill-favored as Satan!

Ber. 'Tis a way to make sure of a wife.

Bar. It is, Signors. Such is the value of beauty. Let any man take his own case. Now myself, for instance—how many a scrape should I have avoided had I been born as ill-favored as some people! He is the happiest man, be assured, whom no one has reason to envy.—Now thou art a happy man, Bernardo.

Ber. I thank you, Signor Bartolo.

Car. But when happened this?

Bar. I told you it happened about half an hour ago.

Ber. Prithee, Signor, tell it us again?

Bar. Well then, draw near and remember you are sworn to secrecy.

All. We are, we are!

Bar. You all know that I am fond of the news—though I have as little curiosity as any man. Well, where can one get news if not at the palace? So, to the palace I went this morning, as I do every morning.—Few persons have admittance at the palace as I have, for they are people of discretion at the palace, and suffer not rogues that come peeping and prying—spies and blabbers—scoundrels of no trust or honesty—but I have admittance to the palace, for they know me.

Ber. Well!

Bar. When I entered it was all confusion! One running this way, another that way. One whispering this person, and every one with wonder in his looks! I warrant you I did not look the figure of wonder too.

Car. Go on, good Bartolo.

Bar. Well: I happened to have a friend or two at the

palace.—Lucky for me that I have so—there is no doing anything there without a friend.—‘Would that such a one was here,’ said I to myself; scarce had I said it, when in runs the very man I was thinking of.

Ber. Excellent!

Bar. Just in the nick of time, or I verily believe I should have died of wonder;—at the same time, every one knows I am the least curious man in Mantua. Well, in runs my friend, just in the nick of time. ‘The matter?’ cried I. ‘Treason,’ whispered he, ‘but I dare not breathe it for my life.’—‘What is it?’ said I; ‘I’ll be as mute as the marble under my feet.’ ‘You shall hear it,’ cried he, ‘for you are a lad of discretion, and have a guard upon your tongue.’ ‘You see, Signors, that I have a character at the palace.

Ber. Go on, Bartolo.

Bar. Well; as I told you before, the substance was this—and nothing more nor less; Julian St. Pierre, who has lately returned to the court, and for his wild practices would have been dismissed from it many a year ago, but for the favor of the Duke Ferrardo,—this Julian St. Pierre, I say, was half an hour ago discovered stealing from the ante-room that leads to the duchess’ chamber, and secured upon the spot.

Ber. and Car. Go on.

Bar. I have no more to tell you—you know as much as I do.—But be discreet! a silent tongue betokens a wise head! I cannot stay with you longer. I have some friends in the next street to see; others in the street beyond! more again, in the street beyond that! I know not how many I have to see! I have the whole city to see. Now be discreet!—remember, I got it as I gave it, on promise of secrecy—be discreet!—discovered half an hour ago, stealing from the ante-room that leads to the duchess’s chamber!—be discreet, I say—a silent tongue, a wise head!—Be discreet—be discreet! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Ante-room leading to the Duchess’ apartment.*

Enter MARIANA, L.

Mar. Or I have had sweet dreams, whose fleeting forms
Have but the charm of their fair presence left;
Or by my couch hath some good angel watched

And upon my lapsed unconscious spirit breathed
 The balmy fragrance of his heavenly visit;
 So light my heart as it were clad with wings
 And floated in the sun! My lord—my lord!
 How's this? 'tis strange! at thought of my dear lord
 My soaring heart hath dropp'd at once to earth
 It is the incidents of yesternight
 The thought of him recalls! I feel as though
 I fear'd my lord! or is't the world I fear?
 The world which yesternight I did defy,
 But now begin to think upon its snares,
 And feel, as they beset me round so thick,
 I cannot step but I do tread upon
 The precincts of perdition! Blessed mother!
 My heart is heavy as just now 'twas light.

Enter ANTONIO, L.

My confessor! here's comfort! welcome, father.
 For mercy's sake what's this! "I welcome thee,
 "And thou to me giv'st naught but an all hail!
 "Why, what's the matter? can I be awake?"
 Father, I need kind looks and words to-day,—
 My heart is sick, O earth, how sick! I look'd
 For thee to bring me peace—alack! alack!
 Why do your eyes of mercy turn to swords
 "Only they pierce where feeling is more quick!"
 Father, be pitiful: 'tis not the proud
 And forward woman braved thee yesternight,
 But thy repentant daughter kneels to thee!

Ant. Repentance is a grace!—but it is one
 That grows upon deformity—fair child
 To an unsightly mother!—Nor, indeed,
 Always a grace!—'tis oftentimes—too oft,
 The bootless terror of the stranded soul,
 When ebbing passion leaves it all alone,
 Upon the bleak and dreary shoals of sin!—
 So its of different kinds—which kind is thine?

Mar. Father!

Ant. Thy lord! thy lord!

Mar. What of my lord?

Ant. Nay, rather answer thou, what of thy lord?
 I know that he is duke of Mantua,

Noble, and fair and good ! Hath high allies,
Heads the proud war, in wisdom and in arms,
The foremost plume of the van ! and, crown of all,
I know he thinks himself, of every wish
Which heaves that breast of thine, the paramount,
The happy lord !

Mar. He thinks himself—

Ant. And presses
The 'larum-curtain'd couch of restless war,
In hopes to change it for that downy one
Where he did leave, as he imagined, safe,
His dearest honor by thy side reposing,—
And little dreams that stain has reach'd it there !

Mar. That stain has reach'd it there !

Ant. You slept alone
Last night ?

Mar. I slept alone ?—yes—I did sleep alone !
What idle words are these ?—I slept alone ?
I know I slept alone last night !—the night
Before !—the night preceding that !—alone ?
How could I otherwise than sleep alone,
When my dear lord's away ?

Ant. Thou lookest—

Mar. How ?

Ant. And speak'st—

Mar. How—how do I look and speak ?

Ant. Like innocence.

Mar. Dost doubt my innocence !

Ant. They say
Thou didst not sleep alone !

Mar. Who say so ?

Ant. All
The palace.

Mar. They !——I cannot speak the word,
Which doth imply the acting of a part
Unparalleled in shame !

Ant. Another part,
Which doth involve a ten-fold deeper shame,
They do refer the acting of to thee !

Mar. Art thou my friend ?

Ant. Has thou not proved me so ?

Mar. I have. Forgive me that I questioned thee

But when I know my heart's supreme content
 In its own clearness—not in act alone,
 But wish ; nor wish alone, but thought of sin ;—
 When I know this and think of yesternight,
 And worse than yesternight do find to-day,
 I 'gin to think the world is made of hate,
 And doubt if thou—e'en thou are not my foe !
 Oh, do not be my foe ! indeed—indeed—
 The helpless maid that hung upon thy robe
 To beg protection and receive it there,
 Unchanged in all—save that she is a wife,
 And as a wife more bound than e'er to heaven—
 In strait more piteous than she knelt e'en then,
 Clings, kneeling, to it now ! What's said of me ?
 And on what ground ?—for not the robe I hold
 Less conscious is of ground of foul report
 Than I am !

Ant. Left thy chamber any one
 This morning, whom thy honor should forbid
 To cross its threshold ?

Mar. No !

Ant. Art sure ! 'tis said
 There did—The man was seen !

Mar. The man !

Ant. The man
 Departing from this ante-chamber !—this,
 Which none except thy lord, myself, and those
 Who wait upon thy person, do frequent

Mar. Who was the man ?

Ant. Seen in the very act
 Of slinking from your door !

Mar. Who was the man ?

Ant. The same that last night held thee in discourse.

Mar. I'm lost !

Enter FERRARDO, LORENZO, COSMO, and others, L.

Fer. Lady, by your leave, we wish
 To pass into your chamber.

[*Ferrardo and Lorenzo pass in, the others remain.*]

Ant. You are lost ?

Mar. I'm lost—but I am innocent !

Fer. [*Returning with Lorenzo.*] My Lords,

You know who owns this scarf?

Cos. It is St. Pierre's!

Fer. 'Twas found beneath the couch—our advocate
Of state it was that saw it there: are ye satisfied!

Cos. We are, your grace?

Ant. Find earth where grows no weed, and you may
find

A heart wherein no error grows. I thought
Thy heart without one—thought it was a garden
So thickly set with with flowers, no weed had room
To shoot there! Who would sin, who knew how shame
Confounds the trespasser! I cannot stay,
My tears be vouchers for me that I loved her,
And fain would doubt the lapse I must allow. [*Exit, L.*]

Fer. My worthy friends, follow the confessor,
I wish to speak in private with her highness.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Cosmo, and Lords, L.*]

I am your friend! you are accused of treason—
The grounds against you are conclusive ones;
Your judges will be those who will not spare you,
And soon and summary will be your trial;
The penalty of your offence is death!
You are now a prisoner—I pity you,
Would save you! Will! As soon as dusk sets in—
In a convenient spot without the town,
To which in secret you shall be conveyed,
I shall have horses waiting—

[*Mariana shrieks and starts up from her knee, on which
she had remained in a state of mental stupefaction.*]

Hush!

Mar. For flight?

Fer. For flight!—by dawn you shall be far away
From Mantua.

Mar. At dusk?

Fer. At dusk;—as soon
As dusk begins to fall, expect me here,
And thou shalt have supply of gold enough
To pay the charges of thy journey—yea,
Maintain thee in abundance where thou wilt.

Mar. I may depend upon thee?

Fear. Fear me not.
Remember now—at dusk.

Mar. I will! at dusk

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE III — *Another Chamber in the Palace.**Enter FERRARDO, R.*

Fer. His heart is in my power as 'twere a thing
Which in my hand I held, and I could crush
With a grasp ! Nor can it 'scape my power ! her name—
That flower of woman's pride, which ta'en away,
From a bright paragon she turns a thing
For basest eyes to look askant upon—
Is blasted past the power of rain and sun
To bring it to its pristine hue again.
Now for St. Pierre—he also must to-night
Take leave of Mantua. [*Unlocks door.*] Come forth, my
friend !

Enter ST. PIERRE, C.

Dost thou not know me ? What an air is this !
A king could not a loftier assume
At high offence ! 'Twas thus with thee last night—
Nothing but moody looks,—until the count
With much persuasion waved you to our feast ;
I wondered at thee.

St. Pier. Are we alone ?*Fer.* What's this ?

St. Pier. Are we alone ! where are the craven minions
That overpowered me in the corridor,
And at thy bidding dragged me hither ?

Fer. Pshaw !

Art thou no wiser than to heed them ? knowst not
'Twas done upon my instruction—mine—thy friend's !

St. Pier. Are we alone ?*Fer.* We are alone.*St. Pier.* Art sure

That door is unattended ? that no minions
Watch it without ?

Fer. I am.*St. Pier* Wilt lock it ?*Fer.* [*Locking it and returning.*] There !*St. Pier.* [*Springing upon him.*] Villain !*Fer.* What means this violence ?*St. Pier.* You struck me

When I contended with the recreants,
That smite this moment what the one before
They fawn'd upon !—Across their arms you struck
And fell'd me with the blow !—now take it back !

Fer. Stop ! you'll repent it if you strike !

St Pier. I tell thee,

I ne'er received a blow from mortal man
But I did pay it back with interest !—One by one
I have parted with those virtues of a man
Which precept doth inculcate ; but one grace
Remains—the growth of nature—the true shoot
Abuse could not eradicate, and leave
The trunk and root alive,—one virtue—manhood !
The brow whereon doth sit disdain of threat,
Defiance of aggression, and revenge
For contumely. You did strike me ! Come !
I must have blow for blow !

Fer. [*Drawing his dagger.*] Let fall thy hand
Upon my person—lo, my dagger's free,
And I will sheathe it in thy heart !

St. Pier. I care not,
So I die quits with thee !

Fer. I would not kill thee,
So don't advance thy hand ! Nay, listen first,
And then, if thou wilt, strike me !—Strike !—abuse
Thy friend, who, when he struck thee, was thy friend
As much as he is now, or ever was :
Who struck thee but that he should seem thy foe,
To hide indeed how much he was thy friend.
Nay, if the lack of quittance for a blow—
Which but in show was one, for 'tis the thought
That makes the act—must constitute us foes,
My dagger's up ! now give a blow indeed,
For one that seemed but one.

St. Pier. I take't in thought,
And let thy person unprofaned go.

Fer. No animal so wild it will not tame,
Save man ! Come, calm thyself, sit down—as yet
Thou know'st not whether to caress thy friend
Or tear him ! Should'st thou tear him ? Coræ, sit down.
There's not a man in Italy save thee
Would fret—and he the master all at once

Of good ten thousand ducats ! Still a brow !
Odd's man, be merry ! rub thy hands and laugh,
Thou art rich—look here. [*Showing a casket.*]

St. Pier. How came I yesternight
To sleep in the chamber of the Duke ? And why
This morning, when I left the ante-room,
Was I assaulted by thy minions ?

Fer. Pshaw !
Enough, thou slept'st where thou didst sleep, next chamber
To the duke's wife, and thereby mad'st thy fortune.
For every ducat of the sum I named
Is thine—but render me one service more.

St. Pier. Name it.

Fer. Just write for me in boasting vein,
Confession thou did'st pillow yesternight
There, where the honor of the duke forbids
That head save his should lie.
Why do you gaze ? 'Tis easily done.

St. Pier. It is.

Fer. It takes but pen and ink, and here they are ;
Make use of time ! the hour that is not used
Is lost, and might have been the luckiest,
Converted to account : what ponder'st thou ?

St. Pier. The manner best to execute thy wish :
I'm hardly in the vein—'twould put me into't
Would'st thou relate the means whereby I came
To lie in the duke's chamber.

Fer. 'Twould retard thee !

St. Pier. No, it will rather help me. When I write
Oftimes I miss the thought, too much intent
On finding it,—looking at something else,
Lo, there it stands before me of itself !
How came I in the chamber of the duke ?

Fer. You supped, you may remember, with the Count
And me ?

St. Pier. I do.

Fer. 'Twas planned between us.

St. Pier. Well ?

Fer. And for our end we kept the revel up —
I mean the Count and I—for, as I said
Before, thou wast not in the joyous vein,—
Till all the palace had retired to rest.

St. Pier. My lord, may't please you, stop—my thought has come.

A fair commencement ! excellent ! most fair !
You see how much you help me !—there—go on :
You revelled till the palace was at rest—
What then ?

Fer. Why, then, finding thee jealous still
Of the kindly grape, we drugged your cup, and when
The potion worked, conveyed you in your sleep,—
To sound or stir profound as that of death,—
Into the chamber of the duke—of the key
Of which I keep a duplicate—and there
We laid you in his bed.

St. Pier. Break off again
While I go on !—You see, my lord, how great
A help you are to me ! It comes as fast
As though I were inditing what you spoke—
Your grace rehearsed to me. Most excellent :
And now proceed again !

Fer. Where left I off ?

St. Pier. Where you had laid me in his highness' bed.

Fer. You're right. There left we thee to sleep that
night,

With a partition only 'twixt his wife
And thee, and that made frailer by a door,—
The lock of which I from its use absolved,
And casting 'neath her highness' couch thy scarf,
As proof of closer neighborhood to her,
Withdrew to foretaste of revenge.

St. Pier. Enough !

Fer. Enough ?

St. Pier. Tut, tut ! I only meant
Your highness to break off, while I resume.
My thoughts do flow again—better and better !
Your grace—a hundred ducats, I have done
Almost as soon as you—go on—what end
Proposed your highness to yourself by this ?

Fer. To blast her name, and in the death of that
Involve my cousin's life ! accordingly
By my direction wert thou watched and seized,
And hither brought as partner in a crime,
Whose penalty is death—which thou shalt 'scape—

'Scape with enriched life—so ne'er again
Thou show'st thy face in Mantua, and keep'st
Thy counsel.

St. Pier. [*Writing.*] Have you done?

Fer. I have.

St. Pier. And so

Have I—a fair commencement! better far
Continuation! and the winding up
The fairest of the whole! howsoe'er of that
Your highness shall be judge:—'sdeath, here's a word
I did not mean to write, for one I wanted!
I needs must take it out.—I pray your highness
Lend me a knife.

Fer. I have not one.

St. Pier. Well, then,

Your dagger—if the edge of it is sharp.

Fer. There 'tis.

St. Pier. And there is the confession, duke,
Sign it.

Fer. Why, this is my confession!

St. Pier. Ay,

Indeed, your highness?

Fer. Word for word.

St. Pier. You'll own

I'm something of a clerk—I hardly hoped
It would have pleased your highness! My lord duke
Sign the confession.

Fer. Why?

St. Pier. It pleases me.

If that contents thee not, I'm in thy power,
And I'd have thee in mine! Your highness sees
I am frank with you.

Fer. Can it be you, St. Pierre?

St. Pier. No—it is you!—and not the peasant lad,
Whom fifteen years ago in evil hour
You chanced to cross upon his native hills,—
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit
Which suited you, and temyted it; who took
Your hint and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge—his old father
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and heaven would spare,

Blessed him one night, ere he laid down to sleep,
And waking in the morning found him gone !

[FERRARDO *attempts to rise*

Move not, or I shall move—you know me !

Fer. Nay,

I'll keep my seat. St. Pierre, I trained thee like
A cavalier !

St. Pier. You did—you gave me masters,
And their instructions quickly I took up
As they did lay them down ! I got the start
Of my contemporaries !—not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse with me ! you gave me all—
All the equipments of a man of honor,—
But you did find a use for me, and made

A slave, a profligate of me. [FERRARDO *about to rise*
I charge you keep your seat !

Fer. You see I do !

St. Pierre, be reasonable !—you forget
There are ten thousand ducats.

St. Pier. Give me, duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face !
The hands that helped my father to his wish !
The feet that flew to do my father's will !
The hear' that bounded at my father's voice !
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it ! Mark me, duke !
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name ;—
To seek me doubtless, hither he had come—
To seek the child that had deserted him—
And died here,—ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wandered else !
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And rising thence, I fled from Mantua. Nor had returned
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee—to thee !—My body to relieve
At cost of my dear soul ! I have done thy work,
Do mine ! and sign me that confession straight.
I'm in your pow'r, and I'll have thee in mine !
Fer. Art thou indeed in earnest ?

St. Pier. Look in my eyes.

Fer. Saint Pierre, perhaps I have underpaid thee ?

St. Pier. Sign !

Fer. I'll double the amount !

St. Pier. Come, sign !

Fer. Saint Pierre,

Will forty thousand ducats please thee ?

St. Pier. There's

The dial, and the sun is shining on it—

The shadow is on the very point of twelve—

My case is desperate ! Your signature

Of vital moment is unto my peace !

My eye is on the dial ! Pass the shadow

The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair

As can my eye discern—and, that unsigned,

The steel is in thy heart—I speak no more !

Fer. Saint Pierre !—Not speak ?—Saint Pierre !

St. Pier. Is it signed ?

Fer. [*Writing hurriedly.*] It is !

St. Pier. Your signet, as a proof I am at large.

Now take my station in that closet—No

Attempt at an alarm—In, in, I say !

Hold wind we'll make the port.—I thank your highness !

[*Opens door, speaks aloud, and Exit.*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V .

[The First Scene of this Act is entirely omitted on the Stage.]

SCENE I.—*A street in Mantua.*

Enter BARTOLO and BERNARDO meeting.

Ber Whither so fast, Bartolo ?

Bar I know not !—any where—every where. I would
! were as many men as there are streets in Mantua, that
I might be in every part of the city at the same time.
Have you any news !

Ber. No.

Bar. Nothing of St. Pierre ?

Ber. No.

Bar. Nothing of the Duchess !

Ber. No.

Bar. I have fasted twelve hours together and upwards, and never hungered for a meal—as I hunger for news. Is not that Carlo ? Signor Carlo !—Hoa ! hilloa !—here—Signor Carlo !—make haste—make haste !

Enter CARLO, running.

Car. Well, Signor Bartolo !—what's the matter ?

Bar. Can you tell me any news ?

Car. No, Signor.

Bar. Nothing of the Duchess ?

Car. No.

Bar. Nothing of St. Pierre ?

Car. No.

Bar. Can I meet with no one who will tell me any news ?

Car. By the bye, a horseman just now alighted near the palace.

Bar. [*Going to run off.*] Indeed !

Car. Stop ! you wont find him now.

Bar. Well !

Car. He had ridden at full speed.

Bar. He had ! go on, Signor Carlo.

Car. In less than a minute a crowd gathered round him—men, women, and children—asking all at once for the news.

Bar. Go on, dear Signor Carlo !

Car. You never heard such a clatter—‘ Have they found the duchess ? ’—‘ Have they caught St. Pierre ? ’ ‘ The news ’—‘ The news ! ’ and not a soul would hold his tongue to listen to the news ; and what do you think it was ?

Bar. I am dying to know !

Car. Why his wife had got scalded, and he had come to town for a leech.

Ber. There's news for you at last, Signor Bartolo ! But whither were you running ?

Car. To my breakfast—I have been up since four—have you breakfasted yet ?

Ber. No.

Car. Wilt thou go home with me?

Ber. I care not if I do! But look at Signor Bartolo—what's the matter, Signor?

Bar. I wonder if they will not be overtaken—The poor duchess.

Ber. Mark if he is not weeping—what a tender-hearted lad he is!

Bar. I am a tender-hearted lad, Signor Bernardo—I can cry by the hour! Tell me a doleful tale, and see if my handkerchief is not out.

Ber. And what are you weeping for now?

Bar. To think of the duchess—if she should be caught! The poor duchess—the fair duchess! what a sight it would be! Though I had to walk a hundred miles, I'd come to see it.

Ber. What would you come to see!

Bar. [*Crying.*] Her execution, Signor Bernardo. How I would hold my breath! How my heart would beat! How I would weep for the poor dear duchess!

Enter MARCO, hastily.

Marco. They are caught! They are caught!

Bar. Are they, dear Signor Marco? kind Signor Marco—when, where, and how?

Marco. On the other side of the lake—ten minutes ago; and by half a dozen burghers that luckily fell in with them.

Bar. Oh dear! put your hand to my heart, Signor Carlo. Feel how it beats! Kind Signor Marco, go on! 'Tis all over with them!

Marco. And so it ought to be—two arrant thieves.

Bar. Thieves! Signor Marco! thieves!

Marco. Ay, thieves! what could you call them? They found upon them a salver of gold and two massy cups of the same metal, all marked with the duke's arms. If that is not thievery, I know not what is.

Bar. Signor Carlo—Signor Bernardo! Heard you ever the like? To carry off the duke's plate! Go on, dear Signor Marco,—how lucky I had not gone before you came—go on—do, prithee! I suppose they will wait for the duke before anything is done?

Marco. Not they! what need to wait for the luke—summary justice will be done upon them.

Bar. Summary justice! think of that! O dear Signor Bernardo! Signor Carlo, O dear, I shall never be able to stand it.

Marco. Stand what?

Bar. The sight—good, kind, dear Signor Marco, doesn't your heart bleed for them?

Marco. Does yours, Signor Bartolo?

Bar. It does; look at my eyes. If you never saw rain from a pair of eyes before, there 'tis for you. Rain pelting—Signor Marco, pelting rain. Summary justice, say you?

Marco. Yes, they are to be whipt at noon.

Bar. Whipped! Bernardo!—Carlo! Whipped! You do not say whipped?

Marco. But I do!

Bar. Who are to be whipped!

Marco. Why, the two rascals who broke into the duke's jewellers last night.

Bar. What a fool you are, Signor Marco! I thought it was St. Pierre and the duchess that had been taken. And we shall have no execution after all! See, Signors, see! A horseman at full speed has just passed the end of the street, in the direction of the palace. News—Signors, news! Who makes the best use of his legs, shall have the first on't.

[*Exit running—the rest following.*]

SCENE II.—*A tent.*

LEONARDO, OFFICER, and Soldiers discovered.

Leon. I'faith, a glorious close! our brief campaign
Hath pass'd like sport upon a summer's day,
Without a cloud:—a game, where fortune lay
All on one side—and that was ours!

Give order for the striking of our tents

At earliest dawn—I'll but salute the sun,

And straight for Mantua.

[*Exeunt Officer and Soldiers*]

O sweet the sight

Of his dear native land to him who brings

A brow, with honors laden, back to it!

Dear Mantua, that twice has given me life!

Once in the breath which first I drew in it,

Now in the gift, without the having which
 That breath were given in vain! How does my wife,
 Bright crown of my bright fortunes? O my heart—
 How does my love?—the plume of victory
 I've won, but wear not till I see it nod
 In the bright mirror of her glistening eye.
 When shall that be?—to-morrow?—blest to-morrow,
 Would—would thou wast to-day!

Enter Second Officer, R.

Off. Your cousin, and the nobles who compose
 Your highness' council, with your confessor,
 And advocate of state, attend without—in haste, and new
 From Mantua.

Leon. The tidings of our truce
 Can scarce have reached them yet? Bad news flies quick,
 I deem'd not good was of so swift a wing.
 Admit them.

Enter FERRADO, FLORIO, ANTONIO, LORENZO, and
NOBLES, C.

Welcome, cousin—welcome all!
 Note of our victory I see has reached you,
 And ye are come to give me greeting, which
 I gladly should have journey'd to receive:—
 But where's my duchess? She had been, methinks,
 A fair addition to your cavalcade—
 You might have brought her with you.

[To Ferrado, who drops his eyes]

Strangers yet—
 Nay, then, the fault, I'm positive, is yours,
 Had you but dropp'd a hint of your intent,
 And given a glance of invitation to her,
 She would have ta'en it as a ready friend,
 Given you her hand, and thank'd you for the leave
 To bear you company.

Fer. Your highness' pardon;
 A man can't help his doubts, e'en if he would,
 And I have grounds, and solid ones, for mine.

Leon. Fie, fie—offend in any other thing,
 And ere you ask you're pardoned! Here are friends—
 Friends of my love's and mine—tried friends, and yet

Not friends in this—to leave my wife behind,
 Who loves me best,—when they in zeal of love
 Are here to give me joy of my high fortune.
 How does my lady, friend? How does she, father?
 Why comes she not to greet me?—You should be
 Her harbingers—a step or two before?
 Or bring ye charge from her to expedite
 My long'd return to Mantua, as if
 My heart were not remembrancer enough?
 For never speed me, heaven, if life is life—
 If I do feel I live beneath the sun,—
 Am what I am, the very fool of fortune,—
 Until I stand in her sweet sight again.

[*Ferrardo and Florio whisper.*

Why whisper, ye?

[*Antonio and Lorenzo whisper.*

And ye do whisper, too—

Ha! By your looks, I noted not before,

Ye come to tell me of disaster! speak!

The sum on't? 'Tis heavy—what is it?

Come, name me the amount! Is it my dukedom?

Or what?—'tis nothing of my wife—say that—

And say aught else which stern misfortune prompts!

Blow wind, mount wave,—no rock to shut me thence,

I see the strand to run my bark ashore,

And smile upon my shipwreck.

Fer. 'Tis of her

We came to speak.

Leon. 'Tis no mishap to her—

For you do speak in anger, not in grief.

If what you come to say affects reproach—

Reproach of her! speak out—speak ye the truth,

Ye cannot speak in anger!

Fer. That our duty

Permitted us to leave you in that mind!

Leon. Pshaw! do thy duty—be it duty—'tis

Beyond its power of other mind to make me.

Fer. Thy lady is false to thee.

Leon. [*Drawing.*] Thy tongue is false

To thee.—It puts thy life in jeopardy;

Recall thy words, or die.

Flo. My gracious liege,

He speaks the truth!

Leon. Thou too !

Lor. Your highness' patience.

What speaks your cousin, fain would I deny,
But cannot.

Leon. I do only doubt which way
To point my sword !

Ant. Your highness—

Leon. What say you ?

Speak out, thou reverend man !—there only wants
Thy tongue to prove how little heavenward do
The thoughts of men incline, when her—heaven's work—
That bears, as never did a thing of earth,
The glorious impress of its shining hand—
These men would filch from heaven. Come, side with
them,

And say my wife is false !

Ant. My gracious liege,

Restrain your ire at what you would not hear,
And audience give to what you ought to hear.
If facts, avouched by eyes, may be believed,
I say—that would not say it—thou art wronged.
Peruse that paper—there you have our grounds
For saying what we say.

Lor. O read, my liege !

“ Think 'tis our duty speaks, and what it says
“ Says at the cost of our unfeigned love,—
“ Which, sooner than mischarge should undermine
“ Thy towering happiness, would be itself
“ The seaward mole, to meet the rushing wave
“ And break its fury ere it bursts on thee !
“ But wind and tide together setting in
“ Will sometimes overwhelm all obstacles—
“ So needs must fall this heavy surge on thee
“ Which we let o'er in drowning !”

Leon. I read it—not

That I do fear it—or give credence to it.

Fer. Your highness sees how fact doth hinge on fact.

Leon. No !—I see nothing !

Fer. Nothing !

Leon. Not a jot

That might not be contrived, and against which
Improbability doth not set its face.

My lord—my lord—you love me not—nor you—
Nor you—I doubt if any loves me here :
I doubt all things but that my wife is true—
I will to Mantua, this very hour,
To crave her pardon that I listen to you.

Fer. My lord, she's fled from Mantua.

Leon. She is what ?

Fer. She's fled from Mantua, as also is
Her paramour.

Leon. Recall that word, or else
Thou mak'st me do a murder ! Is she fled ?
Cousin, thou murder'st me ! Speaks he the truth
Gainsay him, and I heed not what ye say !
Cousin, thou didst but hear that she was fled,
Thou dost not speak from thine own knowledge ?

Fer. Else
I had not spoken.

Leon. Fled—in company—

Fer. What else could I infer ?—

Leon. Thou but infer'st it.
Come then, all's well !—Let her be fled or not,
She has fled perhaps to friends, perhaps to me !

Enter SECOND OFFICER, *with* MARIANA, C.

Second Offi. My liege, the duchess.

Leon. Ha ! I told you so !
Welcome, my loved—my wronged—my innocent—
Welcome, my loyal wife !

Mar. My liege, stand off !
Embrace me at the peril of your honor !
Your cousin here ! the count ! your confessor !
And he !—and these the members of your council,
My tongue may save its labor, then. Yet whose
So fit to tell my husband, he's the lord
Of a dishonored bed,—as her's, whose heart,—
That ne'er admitted thought of man save him,
Knew not its part that was not given to him,
Before itself as dearer heart set him,
Sun, earth, life, health, desire, knew naught but him—
Yet could not guard the jewel paramount
Of what it loved so well, but by an act
Without a motive—monstrous to believe—

Which reason unto madness would refer—
 Nay, doubt that even madness' self could do!
 What it so loved, did spoil, and bring at once
 From proudest wealth to basest penury!

Leon. No—thou did'st never swerve.—Truth dwells in thee,

Thou art all radiant with it!

Mar. Not a doubt!

My trusting lord! my dear and honor'd lord!

[*Throws herself at his feet.*]

Leon. [*Endeavoring to raise her.*] Up to my heart!

Mar. No—by thy love!

Leon. I say

I'll have thee up—thy place is here!

Mar. “[*Preventing him.*] My lord!”

What holds that paper? tell me, is it not
 My accusation? Let me see it—True
 From first to last.—The facts not otherwise
 Than here set down. Would'st take me to thy heart,
 And this against me?

“*Leon.* Yes.

“*Mar.* Nay, speak again,

“And think before you speak. Say that the duke

“Your cousin, loves you not! say that the count

“Doth owe you grudge!—say these, the members of

“Your highness' council, are suborn'd by them—

“Here stand two honest men who take their side!

“Would'st take me to thy heart, and this against me?”

Leon. I would.

Mar. And if you would, you should not do it!

Leon. It is a plot.

Mar. It is—

But thou, my lord, must prove it to be one!
 Else it hath oped a chasm 'twixt thee and me,
 Which, till thou close it up, or bridge it o'er
 With stable-footed truth, that all may trust,
 May not be cross'd.—Leap it—and all is lost!

Leon. Canst give me clue to find it out?

Mar. Methinks

I can. Thy cousin counsell'd me to fly,
 To 'scape, as he did say, the penalty
 Of my imputed crime,—but, as I thought,

To furnish of that crime conclusive proof :—
Supplied me too with ample store of gold—

Leon. Traitor! I see it all—and do not you !
My cousin and my subject though thou art,
To solemn mortal combat I defy thee !
That from thy lips, at point of my true sword,
Admission I extort of an attempt
To slur my lady's honor :—for thy soul
No shriving knows, no healing speech with priest,
Till by confession it heaves off that sin.
Come forth ?

Mar. No ! no ! let me be guilty thought,
But, oh ! in peril place not thou thy life !
Or let me prove myself my innocence
By ordeal of poison or of fire ;
“ Or take from me, of unpolluted blood,
“ Lucretia's proof of an unstained soul,
“ Unable to survive her body's shame.”
Do aught but put thy life in jeopardy !

“ *Leon.* And she could injure me !

“ *Fer.* It is the trick
“ Of lapsed virtue to affect excess,
“ Which sound desert would sooner wrong itself
“ Than claim pretension to.

“ *Leon.* It is the trick
“ Of villainy to lie.” Come forth !

Fer. Lead on !

“ *Mar.* [*Embracing his knees.*] My lord ! my lord my
husband !”

Leon. Loose thine arms !

Mar. It is mine heart-strings hold thee, not mine arms.
Wilt snap them ? If thou wilt thou hast a right !
They are thine own ! but wilt thou use that right ?

Leon. Take her away !

Mar. When fails our dearest friend
There may be refuge with our direst foe.

[*Rushing up to Ferrardo.*

Oh ! why art thou my foe ? how lies my peace
Between thy good and thee ? Is it thy good
To slay my peace ! Wilt thou not look upon me ?
Alas ! thine eyes are better turn'd away !
For gazing on them, human as they are,

I have a feeling of a heart of stone :
 ' And from my hopeless tears thy spirit flies,
 " That frozen on my lids I feel them hang !"
 Thou rock ! Affliction did I plead to thee—
 I turn from thee, Despair !

Leon. Come forth !

Fer. Lead on !

Enter ST. PIERRE, behind, c.

Mar. No way to hold thee from thy bloody purpose !
 Stop ! thou wilt do a murder ! Art thou sure
 Thy wife is innocent ! Thou know'st not what
 Thou go'st to ! " Whate'er befalls, the sin
 " Of all the deed 'tis I must answer for—
 " The hapless wife that on thy house and thee
 " Brought ruin !—have compassion on her soul,
 " If not upon thy own"—nay, then, yet hear me—stop—
 I'll put an end to all—I am—

Fer. Guilty !

Mar. No !

To save thy life—my own—and his that's heart
 Unto my life—I cannot speak the lie !

Leon. And if thou could'st I'd not believe thy tongue—
 Though Truth's as soon could lie.

Fer. No tongue on earth
 Can clear her—she is false—to eyes and ears
 Convicted !—she is an adulteress !

St. Pier. [*Rushing forward.*] Liar !
 She is as true as thou art false !

Fer. A caitiff
 That robb'd me, and did put my life in peril—
 But I'll be quits with him

Leon. Prevent him !

[*Several interfere, but not till St. Pierre is wounded*
St. Pier. Not

Quite home, your Grace—yet near, I hope, enough !
 Your Highness, you do hear a dying man ;
 Your wife is innocent !

Fer. A poor gallant
 That would not say as much !
St. Pier. Your Highness read
 This paper ! Hold his Grace !

Fer. 'Twas forced from me.

St. Pier. Only the signature, my lord—the rest
Was voluntary—word for word—what fell
From his own lips.

Fer. You passed the night beside her—
Alone—none near you—within whisper of her!
Find pen to draw 'cross that.

St. Pier. I pray your Highness,
Wears not your wife a little rustic cross,
Carv'd by no craftsman's hand?

Mar. I do—the same
I show'd thee when we spoke together.

St. Pier. 'Twas
Your brother gave it you.

Mar. It was.

St. Pier. I think,
Some fifteen years ago?

Mar. So many years
Have pass'd since that dear brother gave it me.
I was a child then—he almost a man!

St. Pier. You woke one morning, did you not, and saw
That brother standing, weeping by your bed:—
He blessed you, put that cross upon your neck,
Kissed you, and bade farewell to you, and went—
You never saw him more.—Pray you come near!
O God! my mother's face!

Mar. My brother—Ambrose!

St. Pier. Yes, Mariana!

Fer. I'st a masque, your highness,
"They've got up to amuse you?"

Leon. Hence with him!

"The Count too!

Fer. I'm your slave, most gracious cousin,—
"Yet is there one thing wherein I am free.

Leon. And what is that?

Fer. To hate thee! and I do so!"

[*Exeunt FERRARDO and COUNT attended.*

Mar. Brother, I said I knew thee! Thou forgot'st
Thy sister's little face to woman's gown;
But I remembered thine enough to feel
'Twas something once had been familiar dear!

O that my memory had better kept
What my heart treasured—thou didst prove how well !
“ Wilt thou not speak to me ! Hear'st thou, my brother ?
“ *St. Pier.* Our father's cottage, Mariana ! ”

Mar. Ha !

Thou faintest !

St. Pier. No—it is nothing, sister !

What makes thee look so pale and vanishing ?

Don't go from me ! Alas—'tis I am going !

“ I have confessed myself ! ” Pray for me, sister !

Mine eyes have lost thee !—But I feel thee still,

That's comfort !—yet—I have thee in my arms—

Thou fadest too from them—fast ! fast !—thou art gone !

[*St. Pierre dies.*]

No. LII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

EVADNE:

OR,

THE STATUE.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY RICHARD SHEIL.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

PRICE,

12½ CENTS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Covent Garden, 1818.</i>		<i>Bowery, 1847.</i>
The King of Naples.....	<i>Mr. Abbott.</i>	<i>Mr. Jordan.</i>
Ludovico, his favourite.....	<i>" Macready.</i>	<i>" Neafie.</i>
Colonna.....	<i>" Young.</i>	<i>" Booth.</i>
Vicentio.....	<i>" C. Kemble.</i>	<i>" Clarke.</i>
Spalatro.....	<i>" Connor.</i>	<i>" Venue.</i>
Evadne.....	<i>Miss O'Neill.</i>	<i>Mrs. Shaw.</i>
Olivia.....	<i>Mrs. Faucit.</i>	<i>" Madison.</i>

SCENE—Naples.

COSTUMES

THE KING.—King's shirt or royal purple velvet, reaching nearly to the ankle, handsomely trimmed with gold leather and spangles, also with ermine, hanging sleeves, with tight ones under; richly trimmed overrobe of dark green velvet and gold, white silk tights, black velvet shoes, and handsome fillet of jewels, &c.

LUDOVICO.—Cream-coloured tight pantaloons, trimmed up the sides with red and gold, jacket and fly to match, same style as Iago's, white plumes and cap, yellow Hessian boots, gold tassels, sword, and gauntlets.

COLONNA.—Same style as Ludovico, but scarlet tights trimmed with gold, yellow jacket and fly, trimmed with red and gold, cap and red plumes, yellow Hessian boots, sword and white gauntlets.

VICENTIO.—White tight pantaloons, white jacket and fly, same as Ludovico, all handsomely trimmed with red and gold, white hat and plumes, white gloves, hand ruffles and sword.

SPALATRO.—Scarlet shirt, trimmed round the bottom with gold, amber scarf, red and white plumes, white tights, boots, sword and gauntlets.

CONSPIRATORS.—Ibid.

GUARDS.—Armour, shirts, leggings, and helmets.

EVADNE.—Pearl white satin bodice and train, all richly trimmed with gold.

OLIVIA.—Same as Evadne's, but of scarlet velvet.

PAGES.—Buff tunics, trimmed with black and silver, white silk tights, ankle boots, and white scarfs.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

KBR
JUNE
#805
no. 5

EVADNE;

OR, THE STATUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of the King of Naples.*

The KING, SPALATRO, and Ten Courtiers, Six Guards, and Two Banners, discovered.

King. DIDST say the Marquis of Colonna prays
Admission to our presence?

Spal. Ay, my liege;
He stands in the ante-chamber, with a brow
As stern as e'er was knitted in the folds
Of rancorous discontent.

King. I have noted oft
His absence from the court, the which I deem
His envy of our true Ludovico.

Spal. Deem it no little benefit, my liege;
His deep and murky smile, his gathered arms,
In whose close pride he folds himself; his raw
And pithy apothegms of scorn, have made him
Our laughter and our hatred; we are all
Grown weary of this new Diogenes,
Who rolls his hard and new philosophy
Against all innocent usage of the court.

King. We must not bid him hence: he has a sister—

Spal. The fair Evadne!

King. Fairer than the morn!
Who has not seen her, knows of beauty less
Than blind men of Aurora. For her sake
We give him ample scope, and we are glad
He comes to visit us.

Colonna. (Without) I'll hear no more.

Colonna does not often importune

With his unwelcome presence. Let me pass :

For once I must be heard.

Enter COLONNA, L., followed by two Courtiers.

My liege !

1st Cour. Hold back !

2d Cour. What right hast thou to rush before the sight
Of sacred royalty ?

Col. The right that all

Good subjects ought to have : to do him service.

My liege— [*Courtiers retire, L., and Spal. crosses to R.*]

King. You are welcome ;

And would you had brought your lovely sister, too.

Col. My sister, did you say ? my sister sire ?

She is not fit for courts ; “ she would be called—

“ For she has something left of nature still,—

“ A simple creature here. She cannot cast

“ Unholy glances from a sidelong eye,

“ Or give her untouched body to the wreath

“ Of mazy dances, where all decency

“ Is lost in pleasure's 'wildered labyrinth.

“ She is not fit for courts,” and I have hope

She never will. But, let it pass :—I come

To implore a favour of you.

King. Whatso'er

Colonna prays, sure cannot be refused.

Col. The favour that I ask is one, my liege,

That princes often find it hard to grant.

'Tis simply this—that you will hear the truth.

King. Proceed, and play the monitor, my lord.

Col. I see your courtiers here do stand amazed—

Of them I first would speak. There is not one

Of this wide troop of glittering parasites,

That circle you, as priests surround their god,

With sycophantic incense, but in soul

Is your base foe ! These smilers here, my liege,

Whose dimples seem a sort of honeycomb

Filled and o'erflowing with suavity ;

These soft melodious flatterers, “ my liege,

“ That flourish on the flexibility

“Of their soft countenances, are the vermin
“That haunt a prince’s ear with the false buzz
“Of villanous assentation.” These are they
Who from your mind have flouted every thought
Of the great weal of the people. These are they
Who from your ears have shut the public cry,
And with the poisoned gales of flattery
Create around you a foul atmosphere
Of unresounding denseness, through the which
Their loud complaints cannot reverberate,
And perish ere they reach you.

King. Who complains?
Who dares complain of us.

Col. All dare complain
Behind you—I, before you ! Do not think,
Because you load your people with the weight
Of camels, they possess the camel’s patience.
A deep groan labours in the nation’s heart ;
The very calm and stillness of the day
Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
Is as the marble smooth, and all within
Is rotten as the carcase it contains.
Though ruin knock not at the palace gate,
Yet will the palace gate unfold itself
To ruin’s felt-shod tread.

King. (*Aside.*) Insolent villain.

Col. “Your gorgeous banquets, your high feasts of gold,
“Which the four quarters of the rifled world
“Heap with their ravished luxuries ; your pomps,
“Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
“Of painted royalty will melt away,
“As in a theatre the glittering scene
“Doth vanish with the shifter’s magic hand,
“And the mock pageant perishes.” My liege,
A single virtuous action hath more worth
Than all the pyramids ; and glory writes
A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophagus
In which Sesostriis meant to sleep.

Spal. (*Coming forward.*) Forbear !
It is a subject’s duty to arrest
Thy rash and blasphemous speech.

King. Let him speak on !

The monarch who can listen to Colonna,
Is not the worthless tyrant he would make me.

Col. I deem you not that tyrant : if I did—
No ! Nature, framing you, did kindly mean,
And o'er your heart hath sprinkled many drops
Of her best charities. But you are led
From virtue and from wisdom far away,
By men, whose every look's a lie ; whose hearts
Are a large heap of cankers, and of whom
The chief is a rank traitor !

King. Traitor ! whom meanest thou !

Col. Your favourite, your minister, my liege ;
That smooth-faced hypocrite, that—

King. Here he comes !

Col. It is the traitor's self : I am glad of it,
That to his face I may confront—

Enter LUDOVICO, R., and advances rapidly to the King.

Lud. My liege,
I hasten to your presence, to inform you—
(*Starting.*) Colonna's here !

Col. The same—Colonna's here !
And if you wish to learn his theme of speech,
Learn that he spoke of treason and of you !

Lud. Did I not stand before the unhallowed eye
Of majesty, I would teach thee with my sword
How to reform thy phrase ; but I am now
In my king's presence, and, with awe-struck soul,
As if within religion's peaceful shrine,
Humbly I bend before him.—What, my liege,
Hath this professor of austerity,
And practiser of slander, vomited
Against your servant's honour ?

King. He hath called you—

Col. A traitor ! and I warn you to beware
Of the false viper nurtured in your heart.
He has filled the city with a band of men,
By fell allegiance sworn unto himself.
There are a thousand ruffians, at his word
Prepared to cut our throats ; the city swarms
With murderers' faces ; and though treason now

Moves like a muffled dwarf, 'twill speedily
Swell to a blood-robed giant! If, my liege,
What I have said doth not unfilm your eye,
'Twere vain to tell you more. "And I desire not
"To hear a traitor doling out before you
"His fluent protestation, till at last,
"With insolent mockery of attested Heaven,
"From the believing ear of royalty
"He sucks its brains out. I have said, my liege,
"And tried to interrupt security
"Upon her purple cushion; he, perhaps,
"Will find some drowsy syrup to lay down
"Her opening eyelids into sleep again,
"And call back slumber with a lullaby
"Of sweetest adulation." Fare you well!

Lud. Hold back!

Col. Not at your summons, my good lord.
The courtly air doth not agree with me,
And I respire it painfully.—My liege,
Hear my last words: Beware Ludovico!

Lud. Villain, come back!

Col. I wear a sword, my lord.

[*Exit. L*

Lud. He flies before me; and the sight of him
He dares accuse, came like the morning sun
On the night-walking enemy of mankind,
That shrinks before the day-light. Yes, he fled,
And I would straight pursue him, and send back,
On my sword's point, his falsehoods to his heart;
But that I here, before the assembled court,
Would vindicate myself. A traitor! who,
In any action of Ludovico,
Finds echo to that word?

King. I cannot think
Thou hast paid me with ingratitude.

Lud. I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign. What I did,
Was but my duty. Yet would I inquire,
If he who has fought your battles, and hath made
A very thrall of victory; who oft
Has back to Naples from the field of fight

Led your triumphant armies, "while the breeze
 "Spread out the royal banner, with its fold
 "Of floating glory, and yourself exclaimed, -
 "'Twas unprofaned by one small drop of blood ;
 "If he, who from his shoulders has ta'en off
 "The heavy mass of empire, to relieve
 "His sovereign from the ponderous load of rule,
 "And leave you but its pleasures"—he whose hand
 Hath lined the oppressive diadem with down,
 And ta'en its pressure from the golden round ;—
 If he, whose cheek hath at the midnight lamp
 Grown pale with study of his prince's weal,
 Is like to be a traitor ?—who, my liege,
 Hath often, like the daylight's God, transpierced
 The hydra-headed monster of rebellion,
 And stretched it bleeding at your feet ? who oft
 Hath from the infuriate people exercised
 The talking demon, *Liberty*, "and choked
 "The voice of clamorous demagogues" ?—I dare
 To tell you, 'twas Ludovico !

King. It was.

Lud. Who calls me traitor ? He whose breath doth -
 taint

Whate'er it blows on—he—

But ask yourself, my lord, if I be mad ?

For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,
 The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,
 Would best beseech my treason. "In your love

"My fortunes grow and flourish unto Heaven ;

"And I should win by treason but the load

"Of the world's execration, while the fierce

"And ravenous vulture of remorse would tear

"The vitals of my soul, and make my heart

"Its black, immortal banquet !—I a traitor !

"At first, I only meant to scorn ; but now,

"The bursting passion hath o'er-mastered me,

"And my voice chokes in anguish." Oh, my liege,

Your giving audience to this rancorous man,

Who envies me the greatness of your smile,

Hath done me wrong, and stabs me through and through

A traitor !—your Ludovico !

King. My lord—

Lud. (*Kneels*) Here is my heart ! If you have any mercy,

Strike through that heart, and as the blood flows forth,
Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

King. Arise, Ludovico, and do not think
I have harboured in my breast a single thought
That could dishonor thee. [*Raises and embraces him.*]

Lud. My royal master !
The power and gratitude mounts from my heart
And rushes to mine eyes, that are too apt
To play the woman with me. See, they are falling—
Oh ! let them not profane your sacred cheek,
But bathe my prince's feet.

King. Ludovico,
We have wronged thee, not by doubt,
But by our sufferance of Colonna's daring—
Whom from my sight into the dungeon's depth
I had flung, but that I hope—Let us apart—
[*Draws Ludovico aside in front, L.*]

But that I hope, Ludovico, that yet
I may possess me of his sister's charms.

Lud. There you have struck upon the inmost spring
Of all Colonna's hate ; for in obedience
To your high will, I humbly made myself
Your pleasure's minister, and to her ear
I bore your proffered love, which, he discovering,
Hath tried to root me from my prince's heart—

King. Where thou shalt ever flourish ! But, Ludovico,
But thou hast told her !—Is there hope, my friend ?

Lud. She shall be yours—nay, more—and well you
know

That you may trust your servant—not alone
Colonna's lovely sister shall be yours :
But, mark my speech, Colonna's self shall draw
The chaste white curtains from her virgin bed,
And lead you to her arms !

King. What ! her fierce brother
Yield his consent ?

Lud. Inquire not how, my liege,
I would accomplish this—trust to my pledge—
This very night.

King. To-night ! Am I so near

To heaven, Ludovico ?

Lud. You are, my liege.

(*Aside.*) To-night upon the breast of paradise
You shall most soundly sleep.

King. My faithful friend !

And dost thou say, Colonna will himself—?

Lud. Colonna's self shall bear her to your arms,
And bid her on to dalliance.

King. Oh, my friend,

Thou art the truest servant that e'er yet
Tended his sovereign's wish : but does not fear,
Her purposed marriage with Vicentio
May make some obstacle ?

Lud. I have recalled him
From Florence, whither, as ambassador,
In honourable exile he was sent.

King. Recalled him ! 'Twas to interrupt his love
That he was sent.

Lud. My projects need his coming.
For I intend to make Vicentio
An instrument to crown you with her charms !

King. How shall I bless thee, my Ludovico
Dost thou think

'Tis strange I pine for her—but why inquire
Of thee, who once wert kindled by her charms !

Lud. My liege ! [*A little disturbed.*]

King. She did prefer Vicentio.

Lud. She shall prefer you to Vicentio.

King. My dear Ludovico, within my soul
More closely will I wear thee !
Tell her we'll shower all honour on her head.
And here, Ludovico, to testify
That we have given ourselves, ear to her heart
This image of her king !

Lud. I am in all your servant.

King. My Ludovico,
We never can reward thee ! Come, my friends,

[*Crosses, B.*]

Let's to some fresh imagined sport, and wile
The languid hours in some device of joy,
To help along the lazy flight of time,
And quicken him with pleasure. My Ludovico !

Remember ! [*Flourish—Exeunt King and ten of the Courtiers, R.—Banners and Guards, R. U. E.—Spalatro and four other Conspirators remain behind with Ludovico.*]

Lud. He is gone,
And my unloosened spirit dares again
To heave within my bosom !—Oh, Colonna,
With an usurous vengeance I'll repay thee,
And cure the talking devil in thy tongue.
(*To Spalatro.*)—Give me thy hand, and let thy pulse again
Beat with a temperate and healthful motion,
Of full security. We are safe, my friends,
And in the genius of Ludovico,
An enterprise shall triumph.

Spal. We began to tremble when you entered—but full soon
With admiration we beheld you tread
Secure the steep of ruin, and preserve us.

Lud. That dammed Colonna !—by the glorious star
Of my nativity, I do not burn
For empire with a more infuriate thirst,
Than for revenge !

Spal. My poniard's at your service.
[*First and Second Conspirators half draw their daggers.*]
Lud. Not for the world, my friends !
I'll turn my vengeance to utility,
And must economize my hate—Whom think you
Have I marked out assassin of the King ?

Spal. Piero, perchance—he strikes the poniard deep.
Lud. A better hand at it.
Spal. Bartoló, then—
He pushes the stiletto to the heart.

Lud. No !
Spal. Then yourself will undertake the deed.
Lud. That were against all wisdom—No, my friends,
Colonna—

Spal. What, Colonna ?—he that now
Accused you here ?

Lud. Colonna !—
Spal. 'Tis impossible !—
From his great father he inherited
A sort of passion in his loyalty :

In him it mounts to folly.

Lud. Yet, Spalatro,
I'll make a murderer of him.

Your leave awile, my friends—[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Know you not,
He has a sister?

Spal. Yes, the fair Evande,
You once did love yourself.

Lud. There thou hast touched me.
And I am weak enough to love her yet,
If that indeed be love that doth consume me :
It is a sort of monster in my heart,
Made of horrid contrarities !
She scorns me for that smooth Vicentio—
Not only does he thwart me in my love,
But, well I know his influence in the state
Would, when the King is sent to paradise,
Be cast between me and the throne—he dies !—
Colonna too shall perish and the crown
Shall with Evande's love be mine.

Enter PAGE, L.

How now?

Page. My lord, the Lady Olivia
Waits on your highness.

Lud. I desired her here,
And straight I will attend her.
With a straw

[*Exit Page, L.*

A town may be consumed, and I employ
This woman's passion for Vicentio,
As I would use a poisoned pin, to kill.

Spal. She long hath loved Vicentio.

Lud. He shall wed her—
And from the hand of Hymen, death shall snatch
the nuptial torch, and use it for his own !
I haste me to her presence.
(*Takes out the King's picture.*) Come, fair bauble.
Thou now must be employed.—(*To Spal.*) Dost thou not
think,
Even in this image, that he bears the soft
And wanton aspect with the which he bid me.
To cater for his villanous appetite—

And with what luxury ?—Evande's charms !
Evande that I love !

Spal. But didst thou not.

Thyself eke that passion in his breast ?

Lud. I did, 'tis true—but for mine own success.
I hate him !

There is the very face with which he first
Poured his unholy wishes in mine ear—

Hia ! dost thou smile upon me ?—I will turn
Those glittering eyes, where love doth now inhabit,
To two dark, hollow palaces, for death
To keep his mouldering state in.

He dares to hope that I will make myself
The wretched officer of his desires,
And smooth the bed for his lascivious pleasures—
But I full soon will teach his royalty,
The beds I make are lasting ones, and lie
In the dark chamber of eternity !

Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Palace.*

Enter OLIVIA and LUDOVICO, R.

Lud. Dispose of it as I instructed you ;
[*Giving her the King's picture.*

You know that I have pledged myself to make
Vicentio yours. To-day yourself have given
The means to turn that promise into deed.

Oliv. My own heart
Tells me, 'tis a bad office I have ta'en ;
But this unhappy passion drives me on,
And makes my soul your thrall.—Thus I have crept,
Obedient to your counsels, meanly crept,
Into Evande's soft and trusting heart,
And coiled myself around her—Thus, my lord,
Have I obtained the page of amorous sighs.
That you enjoyed me to secure—I own.

'Twas a false deed, but I am gone too far
To seek retreat, and will obey you still.

Lud. And I will crown your passion with the flowers
Of Hymen's yellow garland—Trust me, Olivia,
That once dissevered from Evande's love,
He'll soon be taught to prize your nobler frame,
And more enkindled beauty—Well, 'tis known,
Ere he beheld the sorceress,
He deemed you fairest of created things,
And would have proffered love, had not—

Oliv. I pray you.
With gems of flattery do not disturb
The fount of bitterness within my soul ;
For dropped though ne'er so lightly, they but stir
The poisoned waters as they fall.—I have said.
I will obey you.

Lud. With this innocent page,
Will I light up the fire within Vicentio,—
But you must keep it flaming :—I have ta'en
Apt means to drive him into jealousy,
By scattering rumours (which have reached his ear)
Before he came to Naples,—e'en in Florence
Have I prepared his soft and yielding mind
To take the seal that I would fix upon it.
I do expect him with the fleeting hour,—
For all my presence he must come to bear
His embassy's commission, and be sure
He leaves me with a poison in his heart,
Evadne's lips shall never suck away.

Oliv. Then will I hence, and, if 'tis possible,
Your bidding shall be done.—Vincentio !

Enter VICENTIO, R.

Vic. Hail to my lord !

Lud. Welcome, Vicentio !
I have not clasped your hand this many a day !
Welcome from Florence. In your absence, sir,
Time seemed to have lost his feathers.

Vic. It was kind
To waste a thought upon me.—Fair Olivia,
Florence hath dimmed mine eyes, or I must else
Have seen a sunbeam sooner.—(*Crosses, c.*)—Fair Olivia,

How does your lovely friend ?

Oliv. What friend, my lord ?

Vic. I trust naught evil hath befallen Evande,
That you should fain to understand me not.
How does my beautiful and plighted love ?

Oliv. How does she, sir ? I pray you, my good lord,
To ask such tender question of the King. [*Exit, L.*

Vic. (Aside.) What meant she by the King ?

Lud. You seem, Vicentio,
O'ershadowed with reflection—should you
Not have used some soft detaining phrase to one,
Who should at least be pitied ?

Vic. I came here
To re-deliver to your hands, my lord,
The high commission of mine embassy,
That long delayed my marriage. You, I deem.
My creditor, in having used your sway
In my recall to Naples.

Lud. In return for such small service,
I hope
That you will not forget Ludovico,
When in the troop of thronging worshippers,
At distance you behold his stooping plume
Bend in humility.

Vic. What means my lord ?

Lud. Act not this ignorance—your glorious fortune
Hath filled the common mouth—
Your image stands already in the mart
Of pictured ridicule.—Come, do not wear
The look of studied wonderment—you know
Howe'r I stand upon the highest place
In the King's favour, that you will soon
Supplant the poor Ludovico.

Vic. I am no *Ædipus*,

Lud. You would have me speak in simpler phrase ;
Vicentio,
You are to be the favorite of the king.

Vic. The favourite of the king !

Lud. Certes, Vicentio.
In our Italian courts, the generous husband
Receives his monarch's recompensing smile,
That with alchymic power can turn the mass.

Of dull, opprobrious shame, to one bright heap
Of honour and emolument.

I bid you joy, my lord—why, how is this?
Do you not conceive me? Know you not,
You are to wed the mistress of the King?
Colonna's sister—ay, I have said it, sir,—
Now do you understand me?

Vic. Villain, thou liest!

Lud. What? are you to marry her?

Vic. Thou liest!

Though thou wert ten times what thou art already,
Not all the laurels heaped upon thy head
Should save thee from the lightnings of my wrath!

Lud. If it were my will,
The movement of my hand should beckon death
To thy presumption. But I have proved too oft
I bore a fearless heart, to think you dare
To call me coward—and I am too wise
To think I can revenge an injury
By giving you my life. But I compassionate,
Nay, I have learned to esteem thee for a wrath,
That speaks thy noble nature.

Fare thee well!

[*Crosses, L.*

Thy pulse is now too fevered for the cure
I honestly intended—yet, before
I part, here take this satisfying proof
Of what a woman's made of.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Vic. It is his character!

Hast thou shed phosphor on the innocent page,
That it has turned to fire?

Lud. Though hast thy fate.

Vic. 'Tis signed, "Evadne!"

Lud. Yes, it is—farewell!

Vic. For Heaven's sake, hear me,—Stay.—Oh, pardon
me

For the rash utterance of a frantic man—
Speak! in mercy speak!

Lud. I will

In mercy speak, indeed.—In mercy to
That fervid generosity of heart
That I beheld within thee.

Vic. From whom is this?

Lud. From whom? look there!

Vic. Evadne!

Lud. 'Tis written to the King and to my hand,
For he is proud of it, as if it were
A banner of high victory, he bore it,
To evidence of his valour.—It is grown
His cup-theme now, and your Evadne's name
Is lisped with all the insolence on his tongue
Of satiated triumph—he exclaims—
The poor Vicentio!

Vic. The poor Vicentio!

Lud. (*Aside.*) What! shall he murder him?—no, no—
Colonna!

The poor Vicentio!—and he oftentimes
Cries, that he pities you!

Vic. He pities me!

Lud. I own that sometimes I was infidel
To all the bombast vaunting of the King,
But—

Vic. 'Tis Evadne!—I have gazed upon it,
In hope that with the glaring of mine eyes,
I might burn out the false and treacherous word—
But still 'tis there—no more—else will it turn
My brain to a red furnace.—Look you, my lord—
Thus I rend the cursed evidence
Of that vile woman's falsehood—thus I cast
My love into the winds, and as I tread
Upon the poisoned fragments of the snake
That stings me into madness, thus, Ludovico,
Thus do I trample on her!

[*Crosses L.*

Lud. Have you ne'er heard,—
For 'twas so widely scattered in the voice
Of common rumour, that the very wind,
If it blew fair for Florence—

Vic. I have heard
Some whispers, which I long had flung away
With an incredulous hatred from my heart—
But now this testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in one vast heap
Of damned certainty!—Farewell, my lord—

[*Crosses, R*

Lud. Hear me, Vincentio.
Vengeance is left you still—the deadliest, too,

That a false woman can be made to feel :
 Take her example—be not satisfied
 With casting her forever from your heart,
 But to the place that she has forfeited,
 Exalt a lovelier than—but I perceive
 You are not in a mood to hear me now—
 Some other time, Vicentio—and, meanwhile,
 Despite your first tempestous suddenness,
 You will think that I but meant your honour well
 In this proceeding.

Vic. I believe I owe you
 That sort of desperate gratitude, my lord,
 The dying patient owes the barbarous knife,
 That delves in throes of mortal agony,
 And tears the rooted cancer from his heart ! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Colonna's Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, M. D., looking at a picture.

Eva. 'Tis strange he comes not ! through the city's gates
 His panting courser passed before the sun
 Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes not !—
 Ah ! Vicentio,
 To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
 Is sadder than to think thee far away ;
 For I had rather that a thousand leagues
 Of mountain ocean should dis sever us,
 Than thine own heart, Vicentio.—Sure, Vicentio,
 If thou didst know what a pining gaze
 I feed mine eyes upon thy image here,
 Thou wouldst not now leave thine Evadne's love
 To this same cold idolatry.

*Enter OLIVIA, unperceived, L. U. E., down on R., and touches
 Evadne on the shoulder.*

I will swear.
 That smile's a false one, for it sweetly tells
 No tarrying indifference.—Olivia !

Oliv. I have stolen unperceived upon your hours
 Of lonely meditation, and surprised
 Your soft soliloquies to that fair face,—
 Nay, do not blush—reserve that rosy dawn

For the soft pressure of Vicentio's lips.

Eva. You mock me, fair Olivia,—I confess,
That musing on my cold Vicentio's absence,
I quarrelled with the blameless ivory

Oliv. He was compelled, as soon as he arrived,
To wait upon the great Ludovico ;
Meanwhile, your soft, expecting moments, flow
In tender meditation on the face,
You dare to gaze upon in ivory
With fonder aspect, than when you behold
Its bright original ; for then 'tis meet
Your pensive brows be bent upon the ground
And sighs as soft as zephyrs on the wave,
Should gently heave your heart.—Is it not so ?
Nay, do not now rehearse your heart, I pray ;—
Reserve those downcast lookings for Vicentio ;
That's a fair picture—let me, if you dare
Entrust the treasure to another's hand,
Let me look on it. [Takes Vicentio's picture.

What a sweetness plays
On those half opened lips !—He gazed on you,
When those bright eyes were painted.

Eva. You have got
A heart so free of care, that you can mock
Your pensive friend with such light merriment.
But hark ! I hear a step.

Oliv. Now fortune aid me
In her precipitation.

Eva. It is himself !—
Olivia, he is coming.—Well know
My Lord Vicentio hastens to my eyes !
The picture—pr'ythee, give it back to me—
I must constrain you to it.

Oliv. [Who has substituted the picture of the King.] It is
in vain

To struggle with you, then—with what a grasp
You rend it from my hand, as if it were
Vicentio that I had stolen away.

[Gives her the King's picture, which Evadne places in
her bosom.

(Aside.) I triumph !—He is coming—I must leave you,
Nor interrupt the meeting of your hearts

By my officious presence !

[Exit, L.

Eva. It is himself !

Swiftly he passes through the colonnade !

Oh ! Vicentio,

Thy coming bears me joy as bright as e'er

Beat through the heart of woman, that was made

For suffering, and for transport !—Oh, Vicentio !

Enter VICENTIO, L.

Are you, then, come at last ?—do I once more

Behold my bosom's lord, whose tender sight

Is necessary for my happiness

As light for heaven !—My lord !—Vicentio !—

I blush to speak the transport in my heart,

But I am rapt to see you.

Vic. (Aside.) Dissembling woman !

Eva. How is this, my lord ?

You look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would you did !

Let me peruse the face where loveliness

Stays, like the light, after the sun is set.

Sphered in the stillness of those heavenly-blue eyes,

The soul sits beautiful ; “ the high white front,

“ Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple

“ Sacred to holy thinking !” and those lips

Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy

They are so innocent.—Oh ! Evadne,

Thou art not altered—would thou wert !

Eva. Vicentio,

This strangeness I scarce hoped for.—Say, Vicentio,

Has any ill befallen you ?—I perceive

That it's warm blood hath parted from your cheek :—

Ah me ! you are not well, Vicentio.

Vic. In sooth, I am not.—There is in my breast

A wound that mocks all cure—no salve, nor anodyne,

Nor medicinal herb, can e'er allay

The festering of that agonizing wound

You have driven into my heart !

Eva. I ?

Vic. Why, Evadne,

Why did you ever tell me that you loved me ?

Why was not I in mercy spurned away,

Scorned, like Ludovico ? for unto him
You dealt in honour, and despised his love :
But me you soothed and flattered—sighed and blushed—
And smiled and wept, for you can weep ; (even now
Your tears flow by volition, and your eyes,
Convenient fountains, have begun to gush,)
To stab me with a falsehood yet unknown
In falsest woman's perfidy ! [*Turns from her.*

Eva. Vicentio,
Why am I thus accused ? What have I done ?

Vic. What !—are you grown already an adept
In cold dissimulation ? Have you stopped
All access from your heart into your face ?
Do you not blush ?

Eva. I do, indeed, for you !

Vic. The King !

Eva. The King ?

Vic. Come, come, confess at once, and wear it high
Upon your towering forehead—swell your port—
Away with this unseemly bashfulness,
That will be deemed a savageness at court—
Confront the talking of the busy world—
Tell them you are the mistress of the King,
Tell them you are Colonna's sister, too ;
But hark you, madam,—prithce, do not say
You are Vicentio's wife ! [*Taking Stage, L.*

Eva. Injurious man !

Vic. The very winds from the four parts of heaven
Blew it through the city—

Eva. And if angels
Cried, trumpet-tongued, that I was false to you,
You should not have believed it.—You forget,
Who dares to stain a woman's honesty.
Does her a wrong, as deadly as the brand
He fears upon himself.—Go, go, Vicentio—
You are not what I deemed you !—Mistress ?—fie !
Let me not behold

The man who has reviled me with a thought
Dishonouring as that one !—for shame !—for shame !
Oh ! Vicentio,
Do I deserve this of you ?

Vic. If I had wronged her !—

Eva. I will not descend
To vindicate myself—dare to suspect me !—
My lord, I am to guess that you came here,
To speak your soul's revolt, and to demand
Your plighted vows again,—If for this
You tarry here, I freely give you back
Your late repented faith—Farewell forever !

[*As she is going, R.*

Vic. Evadne !

Eva. Well, my lord ?—

Vic. Evadne, stay !—

Eva. Vicentio !

[*With a look of reproaching remonstrance.*

Vic. Let me look in thy face—
Oh, 'tis impossible !—I was bemocked,
And cheated by that villain !—nothing false
Sure ever looked like thee ; and yet wilt thou
But swear—

Eva. What should I swear ?—

Vic. That you did not
Betray me to the King.

Eva. Never !—

Vic. Nor e'er
Didst write in love to him ?

Eva. Oh, never, never !—I perceive, Vicentio,
Some villain hath abused thy credulous ear—
But no !—I will not now inquire it of thee—
When I am calmer—I must hence betimes,
To chase these blots of sorrow from my face,—
For if Colonna should behold me weep,
So tenderly he loves me, that I fear
His hot tempestuous nature—Why, Vicentio,
Do you still wrong me with a wildered eye,
That sheds suspicion ?

Vic. (*Aside.*) I now remember
Another circumstance, Ludovico
Did tell me as I came—I do not see
My picture on her bosom.

Eva. Well, Vicentio ?

Vic. When I departed hence, about your neck
I hung my pictured likeness, which mine eyes,
Made keen by jealous vigilance, perchance

Desire upon your breast.

Eva. And is that all ?

And in such fond and petty circumstance,
Seek your suspicion's nourishment ?—Vicentio,
I must disclose my weakness—here, Vicentio,
I have pillowed your dear image on a heart
You should not have distrusted.

[*Draws the King's Picture from her bosom.*

Here it is—

And now, my lord, suspect me if you can.

Vic (*Startling.*) A horrid phantom, more accursed than
e'er

Yet crossed the sleep of frenzy, stares upon me—

Speak—speak at once—

Or—let it blast thee too.

Eva. Sure some dark spell,
Some fearful witchery—I am struck to ashes,—
Amazement, like the lightning—give it me,
And I will fix it in my very eyes,
Clasp it against my sight—'Tis not Vicentio !—

Vic. It is the King !

Eva. Oh ! do not yield it faith,—
Give not thy senses credence ? Oh, Vicentio,
I am confounded, maddened, lost, Vicentio !
Some demon paints it on the coloured air—
'Tis not reality that stares upon me !—
Oh ! hide it from my sight !—

Vic. Chance has betrayed thee,
And saves my periled honour—Here, thou all fraud,
Thou mass of painted perjury.—thou woman !—
And now I have done with thee, and pray to heaven
I ne'er may see thee more. (*Going, L.*) But, hold !—I must
Recall that wish again—The time will come
When I would look on thee—then, Evadne, then,
When the world's scorn is on thee, let me see
Thee, old in youth, and bending 'neath the load
Of sorrow, not of time—then let me see thee,
And mayest thou, as I pass, lift up thy head
But once from the sad earth, and then, Evadne,
Look down again forever !

[*Exit, R.*

Enter COLONNA, M. D., in time to see Vicentio go off.—Eva.

ne, at first not perceiving that he is gone, and recovering from her stupefaction.

Eva. I will swear—

Give it back to me—Oh ! I am innocent !

[Rushes up to Colonna, who advances, R., mistaking him for a moment for Vicentio.]

By heaven, I am innocent !

Col. Who dares to doubt it,—

Who knows thee of that noble family,

That cowardice in man, or wantonness

In woman, ever tarnished ?

Eva. (*Aside.*) He is gone !—

Col. But how is this, Evadne ? In your face

I read a wilder'd air has ta'en the place

Of that placidity, that used to shine

Forever on thy holy countenance.

Eva. Now, as I value my Vicentio's life—

Col. One of love's summer clouds, I doubt me, sister,

Hath floated o'er you, though 'twere better far

That it had left no rain drops.—What has happened ?

Eva. There's nothing has befallen, only—

Col. What, only ?

Eva. I pray you pardon me—I must begone !

Col. Evadne, stay ! let me behold you well—

Why do you stand at distance ? nearer still,—

Evadne !—

Eva. Well ?

Col. Vicentio—

Eva. (*Assuming an affected lightness of manner.*)

Why, Colonna—

Think you that I'm without my sex's arts,

And did not practice all the torturings

That make a woman's triumph ?

Col. 'Twas not well.

I hoped thee raised above all artifice

That makes thy sex but infancy matured.

I was at first inclined to follow him,

And ask what this might mean ?

Eva. Then he hath told

That I had played the tyrant.—Had you seen

How like my peevish lap-dog he appeared,

Just beaten with a fan.—Ha ! ha ! Colonna,
 You will find us all alike.—Ha ! ha ! my heart
 Will break.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Col. Farewell !

Eva. What would you do ?

Col. Let all the world

Hold me a slave, and hoard upon my head
 Its gathered infamy—be all who bear
 Colonna's name scorn-blighted—may disgrace
 Gnaw off all honour from my family,
 If I permit an injury to thee
 To 'scape Colonna's vengeance !

Eva. Hold, my brother !

I will not leave thy sight !

Col. Then follow me :

And if thou art abandoned, after all
 Vicentio's plighted faith, thou shalt behold—
 By heavens, an emperor should not do thee wrong,
 Or, if he did, though I'd a thousand lives,
 I had given them all to avenge thee.—I'll inquire
 Into this business ; and if I find
 Thou hast lost a lover, I will give him proof,
 I've my right arm, and thou thy brother still. [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Naples.—The Front of Olivia's House, R. D. F.*

Enter LUDOVICO and VICENTIO, L.

Lud. There is Olivia's house !

Vic. Thou hast resolved me.

I thank thee for thy counsel, and at once
 Speed to its dread performance.

[*Crosses, R*
 [*Raps, R. D. F.*]

Enter a SERVANT, R. D. F.

'Bides the lady Olivia in her home ?

Serv. She does, my lord.

[*Exit, R. D. F.*]

Vic. Farewell, Ludovico ! thou see'st, my friend,
For such I ever hold thee, that I pass
The stream of destiny. Thou sayest, Ludovico,
'Tis necessary for my fame.

Lud. No less—

By marrying Olivia, you disperse
The noises that abroad did sully you,
Of having given consent to play the cloak
To the King's dalliance.

Vic. Oh, speak of it
No more, Ludovico ! Farewell, my friend,
I will obey your counsels.— [*Exit into Olivia's house.*]

Lud. Fare you well,
My passionate, obsequious instrument,
Whom now I scorn so much, I scarcely let thee
Reach to the dignity of being hated.

Enter the KING, L., disguised.

King. My faithful servant, my Ludovico !

Lud. My prince ! I did not hope to meet you here !
What, in this masqued attire, has made you veil
The dazllling brightness of your royalty,
And led you from your palace ?

King. I have ta'en
Concealment's wonted habit to escape
The hundred eyes of curiosity,
And, wearied with the rotatory course
Of dull unchanging pleasure, sought for thee
Shall she be mine, Ludovico ?

Lud. My liege,
I marvel not at the impatient throb
Of restless expectation in your heart.
And know, my liege, that not in vain I toil,
To waft you to her bosom, for Vicentio
Renounces her forever ! and but moved
By my wise counsels, hath already prayed
The fair Olivia's hand.

King. How, my Ludovico,
Didst thou accomplish it ?

Lud. I turned to use
The passion of Olivia ; while Evadne traced
A letter to Vicentio, suddenly

The news of his expected coming reached
Her panting breast, and in the rush of joy,
Unfinished on her table did she leave
The page of amorous wishes, which the care
Of unperceived Olivia haply seized,
And bore unto my hand.—Vicentio's name
Was drowned in hurried vocatives of love,
As thus—"My lord—life—my soul,"—the which
I made advantage of, and did persuade him
'Twas written to your highness,—and with lights
Caught from the very torch of truest love,
I fired the furies' brands—

King. My faithful friend !

Lud. Then with your picture did Olivia work
Suspicion into frenzy—when he came
From your Evadne's house, I threw myself,
As if by fortune, in his path :—I urged
His heated passions to my purposes,
And bade him ask Olivia's hand, to prove
How much he scorned her falsehood.—Even now
He makes his suit, for there Olivia dwells,
And as you came, he entered.

King. But wherein

Will this promote the crowning of my love ?

Lud. I said that Colonna's self should be the first
To lead you to her arms—

King. Thou didst, Ludovico,
The which performed, I'll give thee half my realm.

Crosses, R.

Lud. (*Aside.*) You shall give all !

King. Accomplish this, my friend,
Thou art my great Apollo !

Lud. No, my liege,
You shall be Jove.

And taste more joys than the Olympian did,
In golden showers in Danae's yielding heart.

King. Ludovico, thou art as dear to me
As the rich circle of my royalty.
Farewell, Ludovico ; I shall expect
Some speedy tidings from thee—fare thee well !
To-night, Ludovico.

Lud. To-night, you perish !

Colonna's dagger shall let out your blood,
 And lance your wanton and high-swelling veins.—
 'That I should stoop to such an infamy !
 Evadne here !

Enter EVADNE, L.

Not for the King, but for myself I mean,
 A feast fit for the gods !

Eva. (*With some agitation.*) My Lord Ludovico—

Lud. The beautiful Evadne !

What would the brightest maid of Italy
 Of her poor servant ?

Eva. Sir, may I entreat
 Your knowledge where the Count Vicentio
 'Bides at this present instant ? I have been informed
 He 'companied you here.

Lud. It grieves me sore
 He hath done you so much wrong.

Eva. What may you mean ?

Lud. 'Tis talked of in the whispering gallery,
 Where envy holds her court :
 Who would have thought Vicentio's heart was like
 A plaything stuck with Cupid's lightest plumes,
 Thus to be tossed from one heart to another ?
 Or rather, who had thought that you were made
 For such abandonment ?

Eva. I scarce can guess—

Lud. I did not mean to touch so nice a wound.
 If you desire to learn where now he bides,
 I can inform you.

Eva. Where, Ludovico ?

Lud. Yonder, Evadne, in Olivia's house.

Eva. Olivia's house ? what would he there ?

Lud. You know

Vicentio and Olivia are to-day—

Eva. My lord ?

Lud. Are to be married—

Eva. Married, my lord ?

Vicentio and Olivia to be married !

Lud. I am sorry that it moves you thus—Evadne :
 " Had I been used as that ingrate, be sure
 " I ne'er had proved like him "—I would not thus

Have flung thee like a poppy from my heart.
A drowsy, sleep-provoking flower :—Evadne,
I had not thus deserted you !

[*Exit, R.*

Eva. Viceptio,
Olivia and Vicentio to be married ?
I heard it—yes—I am sure I did—Vicentio !
Olivia to be married !—and Evadne,
Whose heart was made of adoration—
Vicentio in her house ? there—underneath
That woman's roof—behind the door that looks
To shut me out from hope,—I will myself—

[*Advancing, then checking herself.*

I do not dare to do it—but he could not.—
He could not use me thus—he could not—Ha !

Enter VICENTIO, from Olivia's House, R. D. F.

Vic. Evadne here ?

Eva. Would I had been born blind,
Not to behold the fatal evidence
Of my abandonment !—Am I condemned
Even by the ocular proof, to be made sure
That I'm a wretch forever !

Vic. (*Advances, R.*) Does she come
To bate me with reproaches ? or does she dare
To think that she can angle me again
To the vile pool wherein she meant to catch me ?
I'll pass her with the bitterness of scorn,
Nor seem to know her present to my sight.

[*Crosses, L., and passes her,*
[*Going, L.*

Now I'm at least revenged.

Eva. My lord, I pray you—
My lord, I dare entreat—Vicentio—

Vic. Who calls upon Vicentio ! Was it you ?
What would you with him, for I bear the name.

Eva. Sir, I—

Vic. Go on.—(*Aside.*) I'll taunt her to the quick

Eva. My lord, I—

Vic. I pray you, speak—I cannot guess,
By such wild broken phrase, what you would have
Of one who knows you not.

Eva. Not know me ?

Vic. No—

Let me look in your face—there is indeed
Some faint resemblance to a countenance
Once much familiar to Vicentio's eyes,
But 'tis a shadowy ;—she that I speak of
Was full of virtues, as the milky way
Upon a frozen night is thick with stars.
She was as pure as untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
And good as infants giving charity !
Such was Evadne :—fare you well ?

Eva. My lord,
Is't true what I have heard ?—

Vic. What, have you heard ?

Eva. Speak—are you to be married—let me hear it—
Thank heav'n I've strength to hear it.

Vic. I scarce guess
What interest you find in one that deems
Himself a stranger to you.

Eva. Sir—

Vic. But if
You are indeed solicitous to learn
Aught that imports me, learn that I to-day
Have asked the fair Olivia's hand, in place of one—

Eva. You have bedewed with tears, and that henceforth
Will fear no lack of tears, though they may fall
From other eyes than yours.—So, then, Vicentio,
Fame did not wrong you.—You are to be married ?

Vic. To one within whose heart as pure a fire
As in the shrine of Vesta, long has burned.
Not the coarse flame of a corrupted heart,
To every worship dedicate alike,
A false perfidious seeming.—

Eva. I implore you
To spare your accusations.—I am come—

Vic. Doubtless to vindicate yourself.

Eva. Oh, no !—
An angel now would vainly plead my cause
Within Vicentio's heart—therefore, my lord,
I have no intent to interrupt the rite
That makes that lady yours ; but I am come
Thus breathless as you see me—would to heav'n
I could be tearless, too !—“ you will think, perhaps,

"That 'gainst the trembling fearfulness I sin,
"That best becomes a woman, and that most
"Becomes a sad abandoned one."

Vic. Evadne—

Evadne, you deceive yourself.

Eva. "I knew

"I should encounter this—

"But I will endure it"—nay, more, my lord.

Hear all the vengeance I intend.—

Vic. Go on.—

Eva. May you be happy with that happier maid,

That never could have loved you more than I do,

But may deserve you better !—May your days,

Like a long stormless summer, glide away,

And peace and trust be with you !—"May you be

"The after-patterns of felicity,

"That lovers, when they wed, may only wish

"To be as blest as you were ; loveliness

"Dwell round about you, like an atmosphere

"Of our soft southern air, where every flower

"In Hymen's yellow wreath may bloom and blow !

"Let nature, with the strong domestic bond

"Of parent tenderness, unite your hearts

"In holier harmony ; and when you see

"What you both love, more ardently adore !"

And when at last you close your gentle lives,

Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall

Into the grave as softly as the leaves

Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,

Beneath the soft sighs of the western wind,

Drop to the earth together !—for myself—

I will but pray—(*Sobbing.*)—I will but pray, my lord

Vic. (*Aside.*) I must begone, else she may soon regain
A mastery o'er my nature.

Eva Oh, Vicentio,

I see that I am doomed a trouble to you.

I shall not long be so.

There's but one trouble I shall ever give

To any one again. I will but pray

The maker of the lonely beds of peace

To open one of his deep, hollow ones,

Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in ;—

If ever you chance to pass beside my grave,
I am sure you'll not refuse a little sigh.
And if my friend, (I still will call her so,)
My friend, Olivia, chide you, pr'ythee tell her
Not to be jealous of me in my grave.

Vic. The picture ! In your bosom—near your heart—
There, on the very swellings of your breast,
The very shrine of chastity, you raised
A foul and cursed idol !

Eva. You did not give me time—no—not a moment,
To think what villany was wrought to make me
So hateful to your eyes.—It is too late ;
You are Olivia's, I have no claim to you—
You have renounced me—

Vic. Come, confess—confess—

Eva. What, then, should I confess ?—that you, that
heaven,
That all the world seems to conspire against me,
And that I am accursed ?—But let me hold—
I waste me in the selfishness of woe,
While life, perchance, is periled.—Oh, Vicentio,
Prithee, avoid Colonna's sight !

Vic. Evadne !—

You do not think to fright me with his name ?

Eva. Vicentio, do not take away from me
All that I've left to love in all the world !
Avoid Colonna's sight to-day.—Vicentio,
Only to-day avoid him,—I will find
Some way to reconcile him to my fate—
I'll lay the blame upon my hapless head !—
Only to-day, Vicentio.

Enter COLONNA, R. S. E.

Col. (R.) Ha ! my sister !
Where is thy dignity ? Where is the pride
Meet for Colonna's sister ?—hence ?—My lord—

Vic. (L.) What would you, sir !

Col. Your life :—you are briefly answered.
Look here, sir.—To this lady you preferred
Your despicable love ! Long did you woo,
And when at last, by constant adoration,
Her sigh revealed that you were heard, you gained

Her brother's cold assent.—Well, then—no more—
For I've no patience to repeat my cause
The wrong that thou hast done her. It has reached
Colonna's ear, that you have abandoned her—
It rings through Naples, my good lord—now, mark me—
I am her brother—

Vic. Well—

Eva. (c.) Forbear ! forbear !

I have no injury you should resent
In such a fearful fashion.—I—my brother—
I am sure I never uttered a complaint
Heaved with one sigh, nor shed a single tear.
Look at me, good Colonna !— now, Colonna,
Can you discern a sorrow in my face ?
I do not weep—I do not—look upon me—
Why, I can smile, Colonna *[Bursts into tears.*
Oh ! my brother !—

Col. You weep, Evadne ! but I'll mix your tears
With a false villain's blood.—If you have left
A sense of aught that's noble in you still—

Vic. My lord, you do mistake, if you have hope
Vicentio's name was e'er designed to be
The cloak of such vile purpose—

Col. How ? explain—
I understand you not.

Eva. Forbear, Colonna ;
Before your face, and in the face of heaven,
I freely do resign him ; I forgive him,
And may heaven follow my example, too !

Col. But I will not, Evadne.—I shall deal
In briefest phrase with you.—Is't true, my lord,
You have abandoned her ?

Vic. Is't true, my lord,
That to the king—

Col. The king ?

Vic. And could you think
That I am to be made an instrument
For such a foul advancement ? do you think
That I would turn my name into a cloak ?—

Eva. Colonna, my dear brother ! Oh, Vicentio !
My love, my life, my—pardon me, my lord,
I had forgot—I have no right to use

Words that were once familiar to my lips :
But, for Heaven's sake, I do implore you here—

Col. Sir, you said something, if I heard aright,
Touching the king ;—explain yourself.

Vic. I will !
I will not wéd his mistress !

Eva. (*With reproach.*) Oh, Vicentio !
Whom mean you, sir ?

Vic. Look there !
Col. Evadne ! ha ?
Vic. Evadne !

Col. (*Crosses, c., and strikes him with his glove.*) Here's
my answer ! follow me !

Beyond the city's gates, I shall expect you. [*Exit, r.*]

Eva. (*Clinging to Vicentio, who has his sword drawn, and kneeling to him.*) You shall not stir !

Vic. If from his heart I poured
A sea of blood, it would not now content me.
Insolent villain ! dost thou stay me back ?

Away ! unloose me !
Eva. Olivia, hear me—listen to my cry—
It is thy husband's life that now I plead for ;
Save, oh, save him !

Vic. Then must I fling thee from me.
That swift as lightning on the whirlwind's wings,
I rush to my revenge !

Eva. Oh ? my poor heart !
Choak not, thou struggling spirit, in my breast !
Hear me, Olivia !—Olivia, hear me !

Vicentio drags Evadne off, R., she clinging to his neck.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Bay, and View of Naples.*

Enter COLONNA and VICENTIO, L., with their swords drawn, passing across to R.

Col. Yonder, my lord, beside the cypress grove,
Fast by the churchyard—there's a place, methinks,
Where we may 'scape the eye of observation.

Vic. I follow, sir—the neighborhood of the grave
Will suit our purpose well, for you or
Must take its measure ere the sun be set. [*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter LUDOVICO, L. S. E., as they go off.

Lud. Ha ! there they go !—the furies with their whips
Of hissing serpents, lash you to your fate !
My dull and passionate fools—you fall at last
Into the pit I have dug for you—the grave.
You grasp the murdering hilt, while I, in thought,
Already clench the glorious staff of empire.
I hate you both !—One of you has denounced me—
The other, robbed me of a woman's love. !
They have already entered in the grove
Of funeral cypress.—Now they are lost
Amid the crowded trunks—and yet a moment,
And they will be about it !—Now, Vicentio,
Thy fate is sealed—Colonna's arm—
Ha ! who comes here ?
Evadne !—yes—my eyes deceive me not—
'Twas happiest chance that led me to the field—
She must be interrupted—let me think—
I have it.

Enter EVADNE, L.

Eva. For heaven's sake, whoe'er you are,
Tell me which way they passed—doth not this lead
To the eastern gate of the city ?—Ha ! Ludovico !
My lord, my lord—my brother, and Vicentio—

Lud. I know it all—and I shall thank the fate
That made Ludovico the messenger

Of such blest tidings to Evadne's ear—
Your brother and Vicentio.

Eva. Speak, my lord—
For heaven's sake, speak !

Lud. They are secure—thank heaven,
Their purpose is prevented.—

Eva. Secure !

My brother and Vicentio are secure !

Lud. By providential circumstance, before
Their purpose was accomplished, both were seized,
And all their furious passions are as hushed
As the still waters of yon peaceful bay.

Eva. Ludovico, I cannot speak how much
Thou hast bound me to thee, by the holy sounds
Thou hast breathed upon mine ear !—But, tell me, sir,
Where, how, and when was this ?—What blessed hand—
“Speak, my lord !”

Lud. 'Twas I !

Eva. 'Twas you, Ludovico ?

Lud. The same !

Hearing Olivia's marriage with Vicentio,
I saw the dreadful issue, and I flew
With the strong arm of power to intercept them.

Eva. 'Twas you, Ludovico—what shall I say ?
I know not what to tell you.—But, heav'n bless you !
A thousand times, heaven bless you !—On my knees,
And at your feet, I thank you.

[*Kneels.*

Lud. Beautiful Evadne !
Loveliest beneath the skies, where everything
Grows lovely as themselves ! Nay, do not bend
Your eyes, and hide beneath these fleecy clouds,
Stars beaming as the evening one, nor turn
That cheek away, that, like a cold rose, seems
Besprankt with snow !—nor strive to win from me
Those hands, which he who formed the lily, formed
With imitative whiteness—I will presume,—
For your dear sight hath made a madman of me,
To press my rapture here —

[*About to take her hand, which she carelessly withdraws.*

Eva. My lord, I own
That you surprise me, and were I not bound
By strenuous obligation, I should say,

Perchance you did offend me—But I will not !
Accept my gratitude, and be you sure
These thanks are from a warm and honest heart.
Farewell !

[Crosses, R.]

Lud. You fly me, then !

Eva. I do not fly your presence, but I go
To seek my brother's bosom—

Lud. And Vicentio's !

Eva. You would be merry, sir.

Lud. I have not cause—

Nor shall you, madam. You would fly me thus,
To rush at once into my rival's arms—
Nay, do not start—he well deserves the name—
I know him by no other.

Eva. Sir, I hope

You will not revive a subject that has long
Between us been forgotten.

Lud. What ! forgotten ?

I did not think to hear it—said you forgotten ?
Nay, do not think you leave me—in return
For such small service as I have done to-day,
I beg your audience—tell me what's forgotten ?
I would hear it from your lips.

Eva. I did not mean—

Forgive, and let me go.

[Crosses, R.]

Lud. What ? what forgotten ?

Your heartlessness to all the maddening power
Of the tumultuous passions in my heart !—
What ! what forgotten ? all the injuries
You have cast upon my head—the stings of fire
You have driven into my soul—my agonies,
My tears, my supplications, and the groans
Of my indignant spirit ! I can hold
My curbed soul no more—it rushes out !
What ? what forgotten ?—me—Ludovico ?

Eva. I pray you, my good lord, for heaven's sake, hear
me.

Lud. What ! to behold him, like a pilferer,
With his smooth face of meanless infancy,
And his soft moulded body, steal away
That feathered thing, thy heart.

Eva. Ludovico,

What may this sudden fury mean?—you do
 But act these horrid passions to affright me!
 For you to-day preserved him, did you not?
 Did you not say you saved Vicentio?

Lud. I will permit you shortly to embrace him—
 I will not long detain you from his arms—
 But you will find him grown as cold a lover
 As moonlight statues—his fond arms will hang
 In loosened idleness about your form,—
 And from those lips, where you were wont to t'imbibe
 The fiery respiration of the heart,
 You will touch the coldness of the unsunned snow,
 Without it's purity.

Eva. I now perceive
 What you would hint, my lord :—doubtless you deem
 Vicentio hath preferred Olivia's love?

Lud. If you can wake his heart to love again,
 I'll hold you for a sorceress—no, Evadne,
 You ne'er shall be Vicentio's—but mine!

Eva. Thine!

Lud. Mine!—I have said it, and before to-night
 I'll verify the prophecy.

Eva. I know not
 What lies within the dark and horrid cave
 Of your imagination; but be sure
 I had rather clasp Vicentio dead—I see
 That you recoil with passion.

Lud. By the fires—
 Down, down, my burning heart!—So you would rather
 Within Vicentio's cold and mouldering shroud,
 Warm into love, than on this beating heart?
 But be it so—you will have occasion soon
 To try the experiment—and then, Evadne,
 You will more aptly judge.

Eva. Ha! a strong glare,
 Like the last flash from sinking ships, has poured
 A horrid radiance on me—Ha! Ludovico—
 Let it be frenzy that before my face
 Spreads out that sheet of blood—

Lud. Well, my Evadne?

Eva. Demon, hast thou mocked me?

Lud. Didst thou not scorn—didst thou not madden me?

Didst thou not—Ha ! [*Seeing Colonna, crosses, R.*
By heavens, it is himself !—
All is accomplished—and upon my front
Methinks I clasp the round of royalty !
Already do I clasp thee in mine arms !
Evadne !—There—look there—Colonna comes,

(*Crosses, L.*

And on that weapon, flaming from afar,
He bears the vengeance of Ludovico. [*Exit, L.*

Enter COLONNA, R., with his sword bloody.

Col. Evadne here !

Eva. My brother !

Col. Call me so—

For I have proved myself to be thy brother.
Look here !

Eva. There's blood upon it !

Col. And there should be.

Eva. Thou hast—

Col. I have revenged thee !

Eva. Thou hast slain—

Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio ?

Col. I have revenged thee—

For any wrong done to my single self,
I should, perhaps, repent me of the deed ;
But, for a wrong to thee—Why dost thou look
Up to the heavens with such a 'wildered gaze ?

Eva. To curse thee, and myself, and all the world !
Villain, thou hast slain Vicentio !—thou hast slain him
Who was as dear unto my frantic heart,

As thou art horrible !—and 'tis to me

Thou comest to tell me, too—thou comest to bear

That weapon weltering with my lover's blood,

And stab these blasted eye-balls—Hide thee, villain !

Hide thee within the centre of the earth !

Thou art all made of blood—and to the sun

Art grown detestable—(*Crosses, R.*) Vicentio !

My lord ! my bosom's throb ! my pulse of life !

My soul ! my joy—my love !—my all the world !

Vicentio ! Vicentio !

(*Crosses, L.*

Col. Thy passionate grief

Doth touch me more than it beseems mine honour.

Eva. Strike that infernal weapon through my heart !
 Colonna, kill me !
 Kill me, my brother !

Col. Prithee, my Evadne,
 Let me conduct thy grief to secrecy—
 I must from hence prepare my speedy flight,
 For now my head is forfeit to the law !

Enter SPALATRO, with OFFICER and eight GUARDS, L.

Spal. Behold him here. Sir, I am sorry for
 The duty which mine office hath prescribed !
 You are my prisoner.

Col. Sir, there is need
 Of little words to excuse you—I was talking
 Of speeding me from Naples, as you came,
 But I scarce grieve you interrupt my flight,—
 Here is my sword.

Spal. You are doomed to death !

Eva. To death !

Spal. The king himself,
 Hearing your combat with Vicentio,
 Hath sworn, that who survived, shall by the axe—

Col. You speak before a woman—I was well
 Acquainted with my fate before you spoke it.

Eva. Death ! must you die, Colonna ? must you die ?
 Oh ! no—no---no ! not die, sir,—say not die—

[Crosses, c.

Col. Retire, my sister—sir, I follow you—

Eva. Oh, not die, Colonna ! no, Colonna,
 They shall not take thee from me !

Col. My sweet sister !
 I pray you, gentlemen, one moment more—
 This lady is my sister, and indeed
 Is now my only kin in all the world,
 And I must die for her sake—my sweet sister !

Eva. No, no, not die, my brother—Oh ! not die !

Col. Evadne ! sweet Evadne ! Let me hear

(*Evadne becomes gradually insensible.*

Thy voice before I go—I prithee, speak—
 That even in death I may remember me
 Of its sweet sounds, Evadne—she has fainted !
 Sir, I have a prayer to you.

Spal. It shall be granted.

Col. My palace is hard by—let some of these Good guardians of the law attend me thither.

Evadne, for thy sake, I am almost loth
To leave a world, the which, when I am gone,
Thou wilt find, I fear, a solitary one !

Exit, bearing Evadne, and followed by Spalatro and Guards, R.

SCENE II.—A Prison

Enter LUDOVICO, R., meeting SPALATRO, L.

Lud. Where is Colonna ?—Not yet arrived ?

Spal. Guarded, he bore
His sister to his palace, from the which
He will be soon led here.—

Lud. Spalatro, as I passed, a rumor came,
Colonna's sword had but half done the work.
And that Vicentio was not stabbed to death—
If he still lives—but till I am sure of it,
No need to speak my resolution,—
Thou art his friend—

Spal. Such I'm indeed accounted,
But, save yourself, none doth deserve the name.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence, Spalatro, to inform me
If yet Vicentio breathes—(*Spalatro crosses, R*)—and after-
wards,
I'll make some trial of thy love to me.

(*Exit Spalatro, R. D*)

Enter COLONNA, OFFICER, and eight GUARDS, L.

Col. Conduct me to my dungeon !—I have parted
From all that bound my bosom to the world—
Ludovico !

Lud. The same.

Col. Come you, my lord,
To swill with drunken thirst, the poor revenge
That makes a little mind's ignoble joy ?

Lud. Guards ! I discharge Colonna from your care ;
He is no more your prisoner—Hence !

(*Exeunt Officer and Guards, L.*)

My lord,

Such is the vengeance of Ludovico !

Col. What is a man, doomed to the stroke of death,
To understand by this ?

Lud. That I am his friend,
Who called me traitor !

Col. Such I call you still.

Lud. Well, then, I am a traitor.

Col. There is here
A kind of marvellous honesty, my lord.

Lud. In you, 'twas nobleness to bear the charge,
" And yet 'twas glory to deserve it, too.
" Your father was the tutor of the king,
" And loyalty is your inheritance—
" I am not blind to such exalted virtue,"
And I resolved to win Colonna's heart,
As hearts like his are won !—Unto the king,
Soon as Vicentio's fate had reached mine ear,
I hastened and implored your life.

Col. My life !—
Well, sir, my life ? (*With indifference.*)

Lud. Upon my knees I fell,
Nor can I speak the joy that in my heart
Leaped, when I heard him say, that thou shouldst live.

Col. I am loth to owe you gratitude, my lord,
But, for my sister's sake, whom I would not
Leave unprotected on the earth, I thank you !

Lud. You have no cause to thank me ; for, Colonna,
He did pronounce your death, e'en, as he said,
He gave you life.

Col. I understand you not.

Lud. Your honour's death, Colonna, which I hold
The fountain of vitality,

Col. Go on !
I scarce did hear what did concern my life,
But aught that touches honour—

Lud. Oh ! Colonna,
I almost dread to tell thee.

Col. Prithee, speak !
You put me on the rack !

Lud. Wilt thou promise me,—
I will not ask thee to be calm, Colonna,—
Wilt promise me, that thou wilt not be mad ?

Col. Whate'er it be, I will contain myself.
You said 'twas something that concerned mine honour.
The honour of mine house—he did not dare
To say my blood should by a foul attaint
Be in my veins corrupted ; from their height
The mouldering banners of my family
Flung to the earth ; the 'scutcheons of my fame
Trod by dishonour's foot, and my great race
Struck from the list of nobles ?

Lud. No, Colonna,
Struck from the list of men !—he dared to ask
As a condition for thy life, (my tongue
Doth falter as I speak it, and my heart
Can scarcely heave,) by heavens, he dared to ask
That, to his foul and impious clasp, thou shouldst
Yield up thy sister.

Col. Ha !

Lud. The king doth set a price
Upon thy life, and 'tis thy sister's honour.

Col. My sister !

Lud. Ay, thy sister !

Col. What !—my sister !

Lud. Yes !—your sister, sir,—Evadne !

Col. Evadne ! Thou hast plunged into mine ear
A sword of fire, and draw'st it to and fro
Athwart my brain—my sister !

Lud. Hold, Colonna !

Col. By yon heaven,
Though he were born with immortality,
I will find some way to kill him !
My sister !

Lud. Do not waste in idle wrath—

Col. My fathers ! do you hear it in the tomb ?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off ?—My sister ! oh ! yon heavens !
Was this reserved for me ? for me !—the son
Of that great man that tutored him in arms,
And loved him as myself ?—I know you wonder
That tears are dropping from my flaming eyelids ;
But 'tis the streaming of a burning heart,

And these are drops of fire.—My sister !

Lud. Now—

Do you now call me traitor ? Do you think
'Twas such a crime, from off my country's heart
To fling this incubus of royalty ?—

Am I a traitor ? is't a sin, my lord,
To think a dagger were of use in Naples ?

Col. Thou shalt not touch a solitary hair
Upon the villain's head !—his life is mine ;
His heart is grown my property—Ludovico,
None kills him but myself !—I will, this moment,
Amid the assembled court, in face of day,
Rush on the monster, and, without a sword,
Tear him to pieces !

[*Going, L.*

Lud. Nay, Colonna,
Within his court he may perchance escape you—
But, if you do incline to do a deed
Antiquity would envy,—with the means
He hath furnished you himself !—He means, Colonna,
In your own house that you should hold to-night
A glorious revelry to celebrate
Your sovereign's sacred presence ; and so soon
As all the guests are parted, you yourself
Should lead your sister to him—

Col. That I should
Convert the palace of mine ancestors
Into a place of brothelry—myself !—
Tell me no more, I prithee, if thou wouldst
I should be fit for death !—

Lud. In honour be
A Roman, an Italian in revenge.
“Waste not, in idle or tempestuous sound,
“Thy great resolve. The king intends to bear
“The honour of his presence to your house.”
Nay, hold !—I'll tell him you consent—he straight
Will fall into the snare, and then, Colonna,
Make offering of his blood to thy revenge !

Col. I thank thee for thy warning—'tis well thought
on—

I'll make my vengeance certain, and commend
Thy wisdom in the counselling.

Lud. Then, hie thee hence !

And make meet preparation for the banquet.
I'll straight return, and tell him you're all joy
In the honour of his coming.

Col. The rigorous muscles of my clenched hand
Already feel impatience for the blow
That strikes the crowned monster to the heart.

[*Exeunt, Colonna, L., Ludovico, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A vast Hall in Colonna's Palace, filled with Statues.—The moon streams in through the Gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the Statues. A Chamber-door at back.*

Enter LUDOVICO and the KING, R.

Lud. This is the way, my liege. Colonna bade me
Conduct you to your chamber, while he went
To seek the fair Evadne, and conduct
Her soft reluctance to thy highness' arms.

King. Ludovico, thou hast proved thyself to-day
The genius of my happier destiny ;
Thee must I thank, for 'twas thy rarer wit
Did guide me on to heaven.

Lud. (Aside.) I'll send you there.

King. When first I heard Vicentio fell beneath
The hot Colonna's sword, I do confess,
It smote me sore ; but now 'tis told abroad,
That he hath passed all peril.

Lud. I am glad
His death doth not conduct you to your joys.
Vicentio bears a slight, unharming wound,
That sheds his blood, but perils not his life :
But let him pass—let not a thought of him
Flit round the couch of love.

King. Good night, my friend,
And prithee, bid Colonna swiftly lead her
To the expecting transports of my heart.

Lud. I will bid him speed her coyness.

King. Hie thee, Ludovico,
For every moment seems an age.

[*Exit into chamber, R. U. E.*]

Lud. An age!

For you, nor minute, hour, nor day, nor year,
Nor age, shall shortly be.

"'Tis now the dead of night—That sounds to me

"Like an apt word,—for nature doth to me

"Show like a giant corse.—This mighty world,

"Its wide and highly-vaulted sepulchre,

"And yonder moon a tomb-lamp! when the king

"Lies dead to boot, all things will then appear

"In a more full proportion."—Ha! he comes!

My dull and unconscious instrument!—Colonna!

Enter COLONNA, with a dagger, L. U. E

Welcome, my friend, for such I dare to call you.—

The king's already to his bed retired,

Where death will be his paramour.

Col. I have heard

Vicentio was not wounded unto death—

Would this were sooner known!

Lud. Why, my good lord?

Col. Because the king would not have offered me

Such an indignity, nor should I now

Tread into murder.

Lud. Murder!—I had hoped

You would not, on the threshold of the deed.

Stay tottering thus—One would deem

It was a deed of sin, and not of honour,

That you had undertaken.

Col. By yon heaven

I cannot stab him like a slave that's hired

To be a blood-shedder! I cannot clench

This hand, accustomed to a soldier's sword,

Around this treacherous hilt, and with the other

Squeeze the choked spirit from the gasping throat—

Then kneel upon his bosom, and press out

The last faint sigh of life! Down, damned steel!

Fit instrument for cowards—(*Throws down the dagger near*

R.) I will play

A warrior's part, and arm him for the fight !—
Give me thy sword, that I may put defence,
Into the tyrant's hand, and nobly kill him.

Come forth ! [*Going to R. U. E.*

Lud. Hold, madman, hold !—what wouldst thou do ?

Col. Bravely encounter him—not take his life
Like a mercenary stabber.

Lud. Hast thou thought
That he may be the victor too ?

Col. My death.

Will not be thought inglorious.

Lud. There's some praise.

In falling by the hand of royalty ;
But when you are laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably, then, I fear me,
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the graven marbles on your tomb !

Your sister—

Col. Ha !

Lud. Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave.
Where will she find a guardian arm ?—thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king—

Col. I did not think on that.

Lud. But I perhaps mistake you all this while—
You have better thought upon the dignity
He means your house

Col. You do not dare—

Lud. I dare to tell you this—
Who can forgive such injury as thine,
Hath half consented to it.—“ How is it
“ The glorious resolve hath cooled within thee ?
“ Hath anything befallen that should have blown
“ On the red iron of thy heated wrath,
“ And steeped thee back to meekness ?”—Was the touch
Of his warm amorous hand, wherein he palmed
Her struggling fingers, ice upon your rage
When he did tread upon her yielding foot
Beneath the cloth of gold—

Col. If I had seen it,
He had not lived an instant.

Voice exclaims, L. U. E.) Hold !

Col. (Starting.) It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
“Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt,
“And trod to common murder”—he shall die !
Come, then, enraging thought, into my breast,
And turn it into iron !

(Voice, L. U. E.) Hold !

Col. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly on my sight.
What art thou ?

EVADNE advances, L. U. E., from behind the Statues.

Eva. My brother !

Col. How, my sister !
Come you across my purpose ?

Eva. From my chamber
That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forbode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies.—“Oh, Colonna,—
“Thank heaven, the safety of Vicentio
“Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps !”
What would you do ?

Col. Get thee to rest.

Eva. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon ?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of all mankind—
What wouldst thou do ?

Col. Murder !

Eva. What else, Colonna,
Could thou have learned from Ludovico ?

Col. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart !

Eva. ’Tis nobly done !
I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—

Remember, you have called him here—remember,
You have pledged him in your father's golden cup ;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna—

Col. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What thin'kst thou 'twas ?

Eva. I think there's naught too dear
To buy Colonna's life.

Col. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me, then,—you were to pay it, too—
It was my Evadne's honour.

Eva. Ha !

Col. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister,
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

Eva. What ! did he ?

Col. Thou dost understand me now ?
Now, if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne.
Where thou mayest hear his groan.

[*Going in.*

Eva. Oh ! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white, fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

Col. (*Aside.*) How is this ? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart ;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning !

Is it possible
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart ?
By heaven her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She's a woman !
Evadne !

Eva. Well ?

Col. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so ?

Eva. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

Col. What, bid him come to thee ?

Eva. And leave me with him here.

Col. What ! leave thee with him ?

Eva. Yes, I implore of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.

Col. (*Aside.*) Yes—I will try her—

I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous. If she fall, she dies.
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart through the other.

Eva. Send him to me.

Col. (*Aside.*) There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—(*Aside.*) What, ho !
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms !

Enter the KING from the chamber, M. D.

King. Colonna, my best friend, how shall I thank thee ?
But where is my Evadne ?

Col. There, my lord !

King. Colonna, I not only give thee life,
But place thee near myself ; henceforth thou wilt wear
A nobler title in thy family,—
And to thy great posterity we'll send
My granted dukedom.

Col. Sir, you honour me.

My presence is no longer needed here.

(*Aside.*) A word's consent despatches them !

[*Conceals himself behind the pillars, R. U. E.*]

King. My fair Evadne ! lay aside thy sad
And drooping aspect, in this hour of joy !
Stoop not thy head, that like a pale rose bends
Upon its yielding stalk—thou hast no cause
For such a soft abashment, for be sure
I'll place thee high in honour.

Eva. Honour, sir !

King. (R.) Yes ; I'll exalt thee into dignity,
Adorn thy name with titles—All my court
Shall watch the movement of thy countenance,
Riches and power shall wait upon thy smile,
And in the lightest bending of thy brow,
Death and disgrace inhabit.

Eva. And, my liege,
That will inhabit my own heart ?

King. My love !

Come, my Evadne—what a form is here !
 The imaginers of beauty did of old
 O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
 Scatter the naked graces ; but the hand
 Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
 Ail varied charms together.

Eva. You were speaking
 Of Sculpture, sir—I do remember me,
 You are deemed a worshipper of that high art
 Here, my lord, [Pointing to the Statues.
 Is matter for your transports !

King. Fair Evadne !
 Do you not mean to mock me ? Not to gaze
 On yonder lifeless marbles, did I come
 To visit you to-night, but in the pure
 And blue-veined alabaster of a breast,
 Richer than heaves the Parian that has wed
 The Florentine to immortality.

Eva. You deem me of a light, capricious mood,
 But it were hard if (woman as I am)
 I could not use my sex's privilege—
 Though I should ask you for yon orb of light,
 That shines so brightly, and so sadly there,
 And fills the ambient air with purity—
 Should you not fain, as 'tis the wont of those
 Who cheat a wayward child, to draw it down,
 And in the sheeted splendour of a stream
 To catch its shivering brightness !—It is my pleasure
 That you should look upon these reverend forms
 That keep the likeness of mine ancestry—
 I must enforce you to it !

King. Wayward woman !
 What arts does she intended to captivate
 My soul more deeply in her toils ?

Eva. Behold ! [Going to a statue, R. S. E.
 The glorious founder of my family !
 It is the great Rodolpho !—Charlemagne
 Did fix that sun upon his shield, to be
 His glory's blazoned emblem ; for at noon,
 When the astronomer cannot discern
 A spot upon the full-orbed disk of light,
 'Tis not more bright than his immaculate name !

With what austere and dignified regard
He lifts the type of purity, and seems
Indignantly to ask, if aught that springs
From blood of his, shall dare to sully it
With a vapour of the morning !

King. It is well ;
His frown has been attempered in the lapse
Of generations, to thy lovely smile.—
I swear, he seems not of thy family
My fair Evadne, I confess, I hoped
Another sort of entertainment here.

Eva. Another of mine ancestors, my liege—

[*Pointing to a statue* L. U. E.]

Guelfo, the murderer !

King. The murderer !
I knew not that your family was stained
With the reproach of blood.

Eva. We are not wont
To blush, though we may sorrow for his sin,
If sin indeed it be. His castle walls
Were circled in the siege of Saracens,—
He had an only daughter, whom he prized
More than you hold your diadem ; but when
He saw the fury of the infidels
Burst through his shattered gates, and on his child
Dishonour's hand was lifted, with one blow
He struck her to the heart, and with the other,
He stretched himself beside her.

King. Fair Evadne,
I must no more indulge you, else, I fear,
You would scorn me for my patience ; prithee, love,
Nor more of this wild phantasy ?

Eva. My liege,
But one remains, and when you have looked upon it,
And thus complied with my request, you will find me
Submissive to your own. Look here, my lord—
Know you this statue ? [Pointing to a statue, I. S. E.]

King. No, in sooth, I do not.

Eva. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill
Of princely memories, if you can find
Within the inmost chambers of your heart
No image like to ^{his}—look at that smile—

That smile, my liege—look at it !

King. It is your father !

Eva. (*Breaking into exultation.*)

Ay !—'tis indeed my father !—'tis my good,

Exalted, generous, and god-like father !

Whose memory, though he had left his child

A naked, houseless roamer through the world,

Were an inheritance a princess might

Be proud of for her dower ! It is my father !

Whose like in honour, virtue, and the fine

Integrity that constitutes man,

He hath not left behind him ! there's that smile,

That like perpetual day-light, shone about him

The clear and bright magnificence of soul !

Who was my father ?

[*With a proud and conscious interrogatory*

King. One, whom I confess

Of high and many virtues.

Eva. Is that all ?

I will help your memory, and tell you, first,

That the King of Naples looked among

The noblest in his realm for that good man,

To whom he might entrust your opening youth,

And found him worthiest. In the eagle's nest,

Early he placed you, and beside his wing

You learned to mount to glory ! Underneath

His precious care you grew, and you were once

Thought grateful for his service. His whole life

Was given to your uses, and his death— [*King starts*

Ha ! do you start, my lord ? On Milan's plain

He fought beside you, and when he beheld

A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him

He fell down at your feet,—he did, my lord !

He perished to preserve you !—(*Rushes to the Statue.*)—

Breathless image,

Although no heart doth beat within that breast,

No blood is in his veins, let me enclasp thee,

And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I am ready—

Come and unlosse these feeble arms, and take me !—

Ay, take me from this neck of senseless stone,—

And to reward the father with the meet

And wonted recompense that princes give—

Make me as foul as bloated pestilence,
As black as the darkest midnight, and as vile
As guilt and shame can make me.

King. She has smitten
Compunction through my soul!

Eva. Approach, my lord!
Come, in the midst of all mine ancestry,
Come, and unloose me from my father's arms—
Come, if you dare, and in his daughter's shame,
Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life!

King. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to show
My soul its own deformity—my guilt!

Eva. (*Disengaging herself from the statue.*)
Ha! have you got a soul?—have you yet left,
Prince as you are, one relic of a man?
Have you a soul?—He trembles—he relents—
I read it in the glimmering of his face;
And there's a tear, the bursting evidence
Of nature's holy working in the heart!
Oh, heav'n, he weeps! my sovereign, my liege!
Heart! do not burst in ecstasy too soon!
My brother! my Colonna!—hear me—hear!
In all the wildering triumph of my soul,
I call upon thee! (*Turning, she perceives Colonna advancing from among the statues, R. U. E.*)

There he is—my brother!

Col. (c.) Let me behold thee,
Let me compress thee here!—Oh, my dear sister!
A thousand times mine own!—I glory in thee,
More than in all the heroes of my name!—
I overheard you converse, and methought
It was a blessed spirit that had ta'en
Thy heavenly form, to show the wondering world
How beautiful was virtue!—(*To the King.*) Sir,—

Eva. (L.) Colonna,
There is your king!

Col. Thou hast made him so again!
Thy virtue hath recrowned him—and I kneel
His faithful subject here!

King. (R.) Arise, Colonna !
 You take the attitude that more befits
 The man who would have wronged you, but whose heart
 Was by a seraph called again to heaven !
 Forgive me !

Col. Yes, with all my soul I do !
 And I will give you proof how suddenly
 You are grown my prince again.—Do not inquire
 What I intend, but let me lead you here,
 Behind these statues.—

[*Places the King behind the Statues, R. U. E.*

Retire, my best Evadne ! [Exit Evadne, L.

Ho ! Ludovico !

What, ho ! there !—Here he comes !

Enter LUDOVICO, L.

Ludovico,
 I have done the deed.—

Lud. He is dead ?

Col. Through his heart,
 E'en as thou badest me, did I drive the steel,
 And as he cried for life, Evadne's name
 Drowned his last shriek !

Lud. So !

Col. Why, Ludovico,
 Stand you thus rapt ? Why does your bosom heave
 In such wild tumult ? Why is it you place
 Your hand upon your front ? What hath possessed you !

Lud. (*With a strong laugh of irony.*) Fool !

Col. How is this ?

Lud. So, thou hast slain the king ?

Col. I did but follow your advice, my lord.

Lud. Therefore, I call ye—fool !—From the king's
 head,

Thou hast ta'en the crown, to place it on mine own !
 Therefore I touched my front, for I did think
 That, palpably, I felt the diadem
 Wreathing its golden round about my brow !
 But, by yon heaven, scarce do I feel more joy
 In climbing up to empire, than I do
 In knowing thee my dupe !

Col. I know, my lord.
 You bade me kill the king.

Lud. And since thou hast slain him,
Know more—'twas I that first within his heart
Lighted impurity ;—'twas I, Colonna,—
Hear it—'twas I that did persuade the king
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life !

Col. You ?—

Lud. Would'st hear more ?
To-morrow sees me king ! I have already
Prepared three thousand of my followers
To call me to the throne—and when I am there,
I'll try thee for the murdering of the king,—
And then—What, ho, there ! Guards !—then, my good
lord,
When the good trenchant axe hath struck away
That dull and passionate head of thine—What, ho !—

Enter OFFICER and eight GUARDS, R.

I'll take the fair Evadne to mine arms,
And thus—
On yonder traitor seize !—
With sacrilegious hand, he has ta'en away
The consecrated life of majesty,
And--

The KING comes forward in C., R. U. E.

What do I behold ? is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision,
That hath started up
To make an idiot of me ?—is it not
The vapour of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico ?

King. Behold thy king !

Lud. He lives !—I am betrayed—but let me not
Play traitor to myself :—befriend me still,
Thou guarding genius of Ludovico !
My liege, my royal master, do I see you
Safe from the plots of yon accursed traitor ?
And throwing thus myself around your knees,
Do I clasp reality ?

King. Traitor, arise !

Nor dare pollute my garment with a touch !
I know thee for a villain !—Seize him, Guards !

Lud. (Drawing his sword.) By this right arm, they dare
not—this right arm,
That to the battle oft hath led them on,
Whose power to kill they know, but would not feel !—
I am betrayed—but who will dare to leap
Into the pit wherein the lion's caught,
And hug with him for death ? Not one of this
Vile herd of trembling wretches !
(*To King.*) Thou art meet alone to encounter me,
And thus, in the wild bravery of despair,
I rush into thy life !

[*Colonna intercepts and stabs him—he falls.*]

Colonna, thou hast conquered.

Oh, that I could,
Like an expiring dragon, spit upon you !—
That I could—thus I fling the drops of life
In showers of poison on you—May it fall
Like Centaur-blood, and fester you to madness !
Oh ! that I could—

[*Grasps his sword, and, in an effort to rise, dies.—Shouts without, R. U. E.*]

(*Voices without.*) Vicentio ! The lord Vicentio !

Enter VICENTIO, R.—Evadne, as she comes forward, utters a shriek of joy, and rushes to his arms.

Vic. And do I clasp thee thus ? Oh, joy unlooked-for !

Eva. Vicentio ! my brother, too !

King. Thou hast a second time preserved thy prince !

Fair Evadne,

We will repair our injuries to thee,
And wait, in all the pomp of royalty,
Upon the sacred day that gives thy hand
To thy beloved Vicentio !

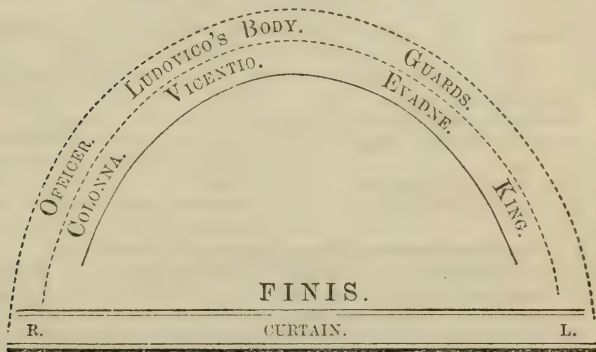
Col. And the nuptials
Shall at the pedestal be solemnized,
Of our great father !

Eva. And ever, as in this blest moment, may
His guardian spirit, with celestial love,
Spread its bright wings to shelter us from ill,

With nature's tenderest feelings looking down,
Benignant on the fortunes of his child !

THE END.

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.



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No. IX.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1826.</i>	<i>Pat. 1848.</i>
<i>The Stranger</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. G. Vandenhoff.
<i>Baron Steinfort</i>	" Archer.	" Dyott.
<i>Count Wintensen</i>	" Mercer.	" Bland.
<i>Mr. Solomon</i>	" Terry.	" Bass.
<i>Peter</i>	" Harley.	" Fisher.
<i>Francis</i>	" Powell.	" Barry.
<i>Tobias</i>	" Penley.	" Anderson.
<i>George</i>	" Povey.	" Gallot.
<i>Count's Son (five years old)</i>	Master I. Carr.	Master Jones.
<i>Stranger's Son, do.</i>	Master J. Carr.	Master House.
<i>Mrs. Haller</i>	Mrs. West.	Mrs. Mowatt.
<i>Countess Wintensen</i>	" Orger.	" Albott.
<i>Charlotte</i>	" Hughes.	" Knight.
<i>Annette</i>	Miss Povey.	Miss Wilkins.
<i>Claudine</i>	Miss Cubit.	Miss Burrows.
<i>Stranger's Daughter (four years old)</i> ..		Miss King.

Susan, Servants, Dancers, &c.

COSTUMES.

STRANGER.—Dark grey doublet and pantaloons trimmed with black velvet, boots and slouch hat.

BARON STEINFORT.—White body and pantaloons, with scarlet hussar cloak and sleeves, hanging over one shoulder, the whole trimmed with gold lace; hessian boots, cap and feathers.

COUNT WINTERSEN.—A green dress of the same make.

SOLOMON.—Brown coat, scarlet embroidered waistcoat, black velvet breeches, striped stockings, shoes, buckles, full curled powdered wig.—*Second dress*: flowered silk suit and white stockings.

FRANCIS.—Drab-coloured doublet and pantaloons, russet boots, and round cap.

PETER.—White cotton body, grey fly and trunks, blue stockings, russet shoes, small round white hat, broad shirt collar.—*Second dress*: Flowered silk suit and white stockings.

TOBIAS.—Dark drab or grey body, with trunks of same, blue stockings, cap, and shoes.

COUNT'S SON.—Light blue suit, silver buttons and sash, white stockings, shoes, and cap.

WILLIAM (the Stranger's Son.)—Buff-coloured dress, white stockings, shoes, sash, and cap.

GEORGE.—Drab or grey jerkin and trunks, blue stockings and shoes.

MRS. HALLER.—Neat white muslin dress, very plainly trimmed, white lace head dress, confined in the centre of the forehead, and falling over the shoulders.

COUNTESS.—Travelling pelisse, hat and tassel.—*Second dress*: White satin richly trimmed.

CHARLOTTE.—Blue or pink body and white muslin petticoat, trimmed with the same colour as the body.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
 S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*
 L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE STRANGER

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The skirts of Count Wintersen's park.—The park gates in the centre.—On the R. side, a low lodge among the trees.—On the L., in the back-ground, a Peasant's hut.*

Enter PETER, L.

Pet. POOH! pooh!—never tell me.—I'm a clever lad, for all father's crying out every minute, "Peter," and "stupid Peter!" But I say, Peter is not stupid, though father will always be so wise. First, I talk too much; then I talk too little; and if I talk a bit to myself, he calls me a driveller. Now I like best to talk to myself; for I never contradict myself, and I don't laugh at myself as other folks do. That laughing is often a plaguy teasing custom. To be sure, when Mrs. Haller laughs, one can bear it well enough; there is a sweetness even in her reproof, that somehow—But, lud! I had near forgot what I was sent about.—Yes, then they would have laughed at me indeed.—[*Draws a green purse from his pocket.*]—I am to carry this money to old Tobias; and Mrs. Haller said, I must be sure not to blab, or say that she had sent it. Well, well, she may be easy for that matter; not a word shall drop from my lips. Mrs. Haller is charming, but silly, if father is right; for father says, "He that spends his money is not wise," but "he that gives it away, is stark mad."

[*Going up to the Hut, L. U. E.*

Enter the STRANGER from the Lodge, R. U. E. followed by FRANCIS.—At sight of Peter, the Stranger stops, looks suspiciously at him. Peter stands opposite to him, with his mouth wide open. At length he takes off his hat, scrapes a bow, and goes into the Hut, L. U. E.

Stra. Who is that ?

Fra. The steward's son.

Stra. Of the Castle ?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. [After a pause.] You were—you were speaking last night—

Fra. Of the old countryman ?

Stra. Ay.

Fra. You would not hear me out.

Stra. Proceed.

Fra. He is poor.

Stra. Who told you so ?

Fra. Himself.

Stra. Ay, ay ; he knows how to tell his story, no doubt

Fra. And to impose, you think ?

Stra. Right !

Fra. This man does not.

Stra. Fool !

Fra. A feeling fool is better than a cold skeptic.

Stra. False !

Fra. Charity begets gratitude.

Stra. False !

Fra. And blesses the giver more than the receiver

Stra. True.

Fra. Well, sir. This countryman—

Stra. Has he complained to you ?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. He who is really unhappy, never complains
[Pauses.] Francis, you have had means of education beyond your lot in life, and hence you are encouraged to attempt imposing on me :—but go on.

Fra. His only son has been taken from him.

Stra. Taken from him ?

Fra. By the exigency of the times, for a soldier.

Stra. Ay !

Fra. The old man 's poor.

Stra. 'Tis likely.

Fra. Sick and forsaken.

Stra. I cannot help him.

Fra. Yes.

Stra. How?

Fra. By money. He may buy his son's release.

Stra. I'll see him myself.

Fra. Do so.

Stra. But if he is an impostor!—

Fra. He is not.

Stra. In that hut?

Fra. In that hut. [*Stranger goes into the hut, L. U. E.*]

A good master, though one almost loses the use of speech by living with him. A man kind and clear—though I cannot understand him. He rails against the whole world, and yet no beggar leaves his door unsatisfied. I have now lived three years with him, and yet I know not who he is. A hater of society, no doubt; but not by Providence intended to be so. Misanthropy in his head, not in his heart.

Enter PETER and the STRANGER from the Hut, L. U. E.

Pet. Pray walk on.

Stra. [*To Francis.*] Fool! [*Crosses to Francis.*

So soon returned!

Stra. What should I do there?

Fra. Did you find it as I said?

Stra. This lad I found.

Fra. What has he to do with your charity?

Stra. The old man and he understand each other perfectly well. [*Crosses to R.*

Fra. How?

Stra. What were this boy and the countryman doing?

Fra. [*Smiling, and shaking his head.*] Well, you shall hear. [*To Peter.*] Young man, what were you doing in that hut?

Pet. Doing!—Nothing.

Fra. Well, but you could not go there for nothing?

Pet. And why not, pray?—But I did go there for nothing, though.—Do you think one must be paid for every thing?—If Mrs. Haller were to give me but a smiling look, I'd jump up to my neck in the great pond for nothing.

Fra. It seems then Mrs. Haller sent you ?

Pet. Yes she did—But I'm not to mention it to anybody.

Fra. Why so ?

Pet. How should I know ? “Look you,” says Mrs. Haller, “Master Peter, be so good as not to mention it to anybody.” [*With much consequence*] “Master Peter, be so good”—Hi ! hi ! hi !—“Master Peter, be so”—Hi ! hi ! hi !—

Fra. Oh ! that is quite a different thing. Of course you must be silent then.

Pet. I know that ; and so I am too. For I said to old Tobias—says I, “Now, you're not to think as how Mrs. Haller sent this money ; for she told me not to say a word about that as long as I live,” says I.

Fra. There you were very right. Did you carry him much money ?

Pet. I don't know ; I did'nt count it. It was in a bit of a green purse. Mayhap it may be some little matter that she has scraped together in the last fortnight ?

Fra. And why just in the last fortnight.

Pet. Because about a fortnight since, I carried him some money before.

Fra. From Mrs. Haller ?

Pet. Ay, sure ; who else, think you ? Father's not such a fool. He says it is our bounden duty as Christians, to take care of our money, and not give anything away, especially in summer ; for then, says he, there's herbs and roots enough in conscience to satisfy all the reasonable hungry poor. But I say, father's wrong, and Mrs. Haller right.

Fra. Yes, yes---But this Mrs. Haller seems a strange woman, Peter ?

Pet. Ay, at times she is plaguy odd. Why she'll sit and cry you a whole day through, without any one knowing why, or wherefore. And somehow or other, whenever she cries I always cry too—without knowing why or wherefore.

Fra. [*To the Stranger.*] Are you satisfied ?

Stra. Rid me of that babbler.

Fra. Good day, Master Peter.

Pet. You're not going yet, are you ?

Fra. Mrs. Haller will be waiting for an answer.

Pet. So she will. And I have another place or two to call at. [*Takes off his hat to the Stranger.*] Servant, sir !

Stra. Pshaw !

Pet. Pshaw ! What—he's angry. [*Peter turns to Francis in a half whisper.*] He's angry, I suppose, because he can get nothing out of me.

Fra. It almost seems so.

Pet. Ay, I'd have him to know I'm no blab ! [*Exit, L.*]

Fra. Now, Sir !

Stra. What do you want ?

Fra. Were you not wrong, sir ?

Stra. Hem ! Wrong ? [*Crosses, L.*]

Fra. Can you still doubt ?

Stra. I'll hear no more ! Who is this Mrs. Haller ? Why do I always follow her path ? Go where I will, whenever I try to do good, she has always been before me.

Fra. You should rejoice at that.

Stra. Rejoice !

Fra. Surely ! that there are other good and charitable people in the world beside yourself.

Stra. Oh, yes !

Fra. Why not seek to be acquainted with her ? I saw her yesterday in the garden up at the Castle. Mr. Solomon, the steward, says she has been unwell, and confined to her room almost ever since we have been here. But one would not think it to look at her ; for a more beautiful creature I never saw.

Stra. So much the worse. Beauty is a mask.

Fra. In her it seems a mirror of the soul. Her charities——

Stra. Talk not to me of her charities. All women wish to be conspicuous :—in town by their wit ; in the country by their heart.

Fra. 'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.

Stra. No ; 'tis not immaterial.

Fra. To this poor old man, at least.

Stra. He needs no assistance of mine.

Fra. His most urgent wants, indeed, Mrs. Haller may have relieved ; but whether she has, or could have given as much as would purchase liberty for the son, the prop of his age——

Stra. Silence! I will not give him a doit! [*Crosses, R.*] You interest yourself very warmly in his behalf. Perhaps you are to be a sharer in the gift.

Fra. Sir, sir, that did not come from your heart.

Stra. [*Recollecting himself.*] Forgive me!

Fra. My poor master! How must the world have used you, before it could have instilled this hatred of mankind, this constant doubt of honesty and virtue!

Stra. Leave me to myself!

! *Throws himself on a seat, R. U. E. ; takes from his pocket "Zimmerman on Solitude," and reads.*

Fra. [*Aside, surveying him.*] Again reading! Thus it is from morning till night. To him nature has no beauty; life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile. [*Tobias enters from the hut.*] What will be his fate at last? Nothing diverts him. Oh, if he would but attach himself to any living thing! Were it but an animal—for something man must love.

TOBIAS advances, L.

Tob. Oh! how refreshing, after seven long weeks, to feel these warm sun-beams once again! Thanks! thanks! bounteous Heaven, for the joy I taste.

[*Presses his cap between his hands, looks up and prays.—*
[*The Stranger observes him attentively.*

Fra. [*To the Stranger.*] This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little; yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

Stra. Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading strings of Hope.

Fra. Hope is the nurse of life.

Stra. And her cradle is the grave.

[*Tobias replaces his cap.—Francis crosses behind to 1.*

Fr. i. I wish you joy. I am glad to see you are so much recovered.

Tob. Thank you. Heaven, and the assistance of a kind lady, have saved me for another year or two.

Fra. How old are you, pray?

Tob. Fourscore and four. To be sure, I can expect but little joy before I die. Yet, there is another and a better world.

Fra. To the unfortunate, then, death is scarce an evil!

Tob. And am I so unfortunate? Do I not enjoy this glorious morning? Am I not in health again? Believe me, sir, he, who, leaving the bed of sickness, for the first time breathes the fresh pure air, is, at that moment, the happiest of his Maker's creatures.

Fra. Yet 'tis a happiness that fails upon enjoyment.

Tob. True; but less so in old age. Some sixty years ago, my father left me this cottage. I was a strong lad; and took an honest wife. Heaven blessed my farm with rich crops, and my marriage with five children. This lasted nine or ten years. Two of my children died. I felt it sorely. The land was afflicted with a famine. My wife assisted me in supporting our family; but four years after she left our dwelling for a better place. And of my five children, only one son remained. This was blow upon blow. It was long before I regained my fortitude. At length, resignation and religion had their effect. I again attached myself to life. My son grew, and helped me in my work. Now the State has called him away to bear a musket. This is to me a loss indeed. I can work no more. I am old and weak; and true it is, but for Mrs. Haller, I must have perished.

Fra. Still, then, life has charms for you?

Tob. Why not, while the world holds anything that's dear to me? Have not I a son?

Fra. Who knows that you will ever see him more? He may be dead.

Tob. Alas! he may. But as long as I am not sure of it, he lives to me. And, if he falls, 'tis in his country's cause. Nay, should I lose him, still I should not wish to die. Here is the hut in which I was born. Here is the tree that grew with me; and, I am almost ashamed to confess it—I have a dog which I love.

[*Stranger rises and advances, R.*

Fra. A dog!

Tob. Yes!—Smile, if you please: but hear me. My benefactress once came to my hut herself, some time before you fix'd here. The poor animal, unused to see the form of elegance and beauty enter the door of penury, growled at her.—“I wonder you keep that surly, ugly animal, Mr. Tobias,” said she; “you who have hardly food enough for yourself.”—“Ah, madam,” I replied, “and if

I part with him, are you sure that anything else will love me?"—She was pleased with my answer.

Fra. [*To Stranger.*] Excuse me, sir; but I wish you had listened.

Stra. I have listened.

[*Crosses, c.*]

Fra. Then sir, I wish you would follow this poor old man's example.

Stra. Here; take this book and lay it on my desk. [*Francis goes into the Lodge with the book.*] How much has this Mrs. Haller given you?

Tob. Oh, sir, she has given me so much that I can look towards winter without fear.

Stra. No more?

Tob. What could I do with more?—Ah! true; I might—

Stra. I know it.—You might buy your son's release.—There! [*Presses a purse into his hand, and exit, R.*]

Tob. What's all this? [*Opens the purse, and finds it full of gold.*] Merciful heaven!

Enter FRANCIS from the Lodge, just in time to see the Stranger give the purse.

—Now look, sir: is confidence in Heaven unrewarded?

Fra. I wish you joy! My master gave you this?

Tob. Yes, your noble master. Heaven reward him!

Fra. Just like him. He sent me with his book, that no one might be witness to his bounty.

Tob. He would not even take my thanks. He was gone before I could speak.

Fra. Just his way.

Tob. Now I'll go as quick as these old legs will bear me. What a delightful errand! I go to release my Robert! How the lad will rejoice! There is a girl, too, in the village, that will rejoice with him. O, Providence, how good art thou!

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antichamber in Wintersen Castle.*

Enter SUSAN, R. meeting GEORGE, L.

Susan. Why, George! Harry! Where have you been loitering? Put down these things. Mrs. Haller has been calling for you this half hour.

Geo. Well, here I am, then. What does she want with me?

Susan. That she will tell you herself. Here she comes

Enter MRS. HALLER, with a letter: HANNAH following, R.

Mrs. H. Very well; if those things are done, let the drawing room be made ready immediately.—[*Exit Maids, R.*] And, George, run immediately into the park and tell Mr. Solomon I wish to speak with him. [*Exit George, L.*] I cannot understand this. I do not learn whether their coming to this place be but the whim of a moment, or a plan for a longer stay! If the latter, farewell, solitude! Farewell, study!—farewell!—Yes, I must make room for gaiety, and mere frivolity. Yet could I willingly submit to all: but should the Countess give me new proofs of her attachment, perhaps of her respect, Oh! how will my conscience upbraid me! Or if this seat be visited by company, and chance should conduct hither any of my former acquaintance—Alas! alas! how wretched is the being who fears the sight of any one fellow-creature! But, oh! superior misery! to dread still more the presence of a former friend!—[*Peter knocks, L.*] Who's there?

Enter PETER, L.

Pet. Nobody. It's only me.

Mrs. H. So soon returned?

Pet. Sharp lad, an't I! On the road I've had a bit of talk too, and—

Mrs. H. But you have observed my directions?

Pet. Oh, yes, yes:—I told old Tobias as how he would never know, as long as he lived, that the money came from you.

Mrs. H. You found him quite recovered, I hope?

Pet. Ay, sure did I. He's coming out to-day, for the first time.

Mrs. H. I rejoice to hear it.

Pet. He said that he was obliged to you for all; and before dinner would crawl up to thank you.

Mrs. H. Good Peter, do me another service.

Pet. Ay, a hundred, if you'll only let me have a good long stare at you.

Mrs. H. With all my heart! Observe when old Tobias

comes, send him away. Tell him I am busy, or asleep or unwell, or what you please.

Pet. I will, I will.

Sol. [*Without.*] There, there, go to the post-office.

Mrs. H. Oh! here comes Mr. Solomon.

Pet. What! Father? Ay, so there is. Father's a main clever man:—he knows what's going on all over the world.

Mrs. H. No wonder; for you know he receives as many letters as a prime minister and all his secretaries.

Enter SOLOMON, L.—Peter crosses behind, L.

Sol. Good morning, good morning to you, Mrs. Haller. It gives me infinite pleasure to see you look so charmingly well. You have had the goodness to send for your humble servant. Any news from the Great City? There are very weighty matters in agitation. I have had my letters, too.

Mrs. H. (*Smiling.*) I think, Mr. Solomon, you must correspond with the four quarters of the globe.

Sol. Beg pardon, not with the whole world, Mrs. Haller; but, [*consequently,*] to be sure, I have correspondents, on whom I can rely, in the chief cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Mrs. H. And yet I have my doubts whether you know what is to happen this very day, at this very place.

Sol. At this very place! Nothing material. We meant to have sown a little barley to-day, but the ground is too dry; and the sheep-shearing is not to be till to-morrow.

Pet. No, nor the bull-baiting till—

Sol. Hold your tongue, blockhead! Get about your business.

Pet. Blockhead! There again! I suppose I'm not to open my mouth. [*To Mrs. H.*] Good bye! [*Exit, R.*

Mrs. H. The Count will be here to-day.

Sol. How! What!

Mrs. H. With his lady, and his brother-in-law, Baron Stemfort.

Sol. My letters say nothing of this. You are laughing at your humble servant.

Mrs. H. You know, sir, I'm not much given to jesting

Sol. Peter! (*Crosses, R.*) Good lack-a-day! His Righ

Honourable Excellency the Count Wintersen, and her Honourable Excellency the Countess Wintersen, and his Honourable Lordship Baron Steinfort,—and, Lord have mercy! nothing in proper order!—Here, Peter! Peter!

Enter PETER, R.

Pct. Well, now, what's the matter again?

Sol. Call all the house together, directly! Send to the gamekeeper: tell him to bring some venison. Tell Rebecca to uncase the furniture, and take the covering from the Venetian looking-glasses, that her Right Honourable Ladyship the Countess may look at her gracious countenance; and tell the cook to let me see him without loss of time; and tell John to catch a brace or two of carp. And tell—and tell—and tell—tell Frederick to friz my Sunday wig. Mercy on us—tell—There—Go! [*Exit Peter, R.*] Heavens and earth! So little of the new furnishing of this old castle is completed!—Where are we to put his Honourable Lordship the Baron?

Mrs. H. Let him have the little chamber at the head of the stairs; it is a neat room, and commands a beautiful prospect.

Sol. Very right, very right. [*Crosses, L.*] But that room has always been occupied by the Count's private secretary. Suppose—Hold, I have it! You know the little lodge at the end of the park: we can thrust the secretary in that.

Mrs. H. You forget, Mr. Solomon; you told me that the Stranger lived there.

Sol. Pshaw! What have we to do with the Stranger? Who told him to live there? He must turn out.

Mrs. H. That would be unjust; for you said that you let the dwelling to him, and by your own account he pays well for it.

Sol. He does, he does. But nobody knows who he is. The devil himself can't make him out. To be sure, I lately received a letter from Spain, which informed me that a spy had taken up his abode in this country, and from the description—

Mrs. H. A spy! Ridiculous! Everything I have heard bespeaks him to be a man who may be allowed to dwell any where. His life is solitude and silence.

Sol. So it is.

Mrs. H. You tell me, too, he does much good.

Sol. That he does.

Mrs. H. He hurts nothing : not the worm in his way.

Sol. That he does not.

Mrs. H. He troubles no one ?

Sol. True, true !

Mrs. H. Well, what do you want more ?

Sol. I want to know who he is. If the man would only converse a little, one might have an opportunity of *pump- ing* ; but if one meets him in the lime walk, or by the river, it is nothing but "Good morrow;" and off he marches. Once or twice I have contrived to edge in a word : "Fine day"—"Yes." "Taking a little exercise, I perceive?"—"Yes"—and off again like a shot. The devil take such close fellows, say I. And, like master like man—not a syllable do I know of that mumps, his servant, except that his name is Francis.

Mrs. H. You are putting yourself into a passion, and quite forget who are expected.

Sol. So I do—mercy on us ! There now, you see what misfortunes arise from not knowing people.

Mrs. H. 'Tis near twelve o'clock ! If his lordship has stolen an hour from his usual sleep, the family must soon be here. I go to my duty : you will attend to yours, Mr. Solomon. [Exit, R.

Sol. Yes, I'll look after my duty, never fear. There goes another of the same class. Nobody knows who she is, again. However, thus much I do know of her, that her Right Honourable Ladyship the Countess, all at once, popped her into the house, like a blot of ink upon a sheet of paper ; but why, wherefore, or for what reason, not a soul can tell. "She is to manage the family within doors." She to manage ! Fire and faggots ! Havn't I managed every thing, within and without, most reputably, these twenty years ? I must own I grow a little old, and she does take a deal of pains ; but all this she learned of me. When she first came here—mercy on us ! she didn't know that linen was made of flax ! But what was to be expected from one who has no foreign correspondence ? [Exit, L.

A C T I I.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room in the Castle, with Sofa and Chairs.*

Enter SOLOMON, L.—Rural music heard z. without.

Pet. [*Without, L.*] Stop; not yet, not yet; but make way there, make way, my good friends, tenants, and villagers.—John, George, Frederick! Good friends, make way.

Sol. It is not the Count: its only Baron Steinfort. Stand back, I say; and stop the music!

Enter BARON STEINFORT, L. ushered in by PETER, who mimicks and apes his father.

I have the honour to introduce to your lordship myself, Mr. Solomon, who blesses the hour in which fortune allows him to become acquainted with the Honorable Baron Steinfort, [*Baron passes Solomon and throws himself on the Sofa,*] brother-in-law of his Right Honourable Excellency Count Wintersen, my noble master.

Pet. Bless our noble master! [*Peter is on R. of sofa.*

Bar. Old and young, I see they'll allow me no peace. [*Aside.*] Enough, enough, good Mr. Solomon, I am a soldier. I pay but few compliments, and require as few from others.

Sol. I beg pardon, my lord—We do live in the country to be sure, but we are acquainted with the reverence due to exalted personages. [*Sitting beside the Baron, L.*

Pet. Yes—We are acquainted with exalted personages.

Bar. What is to become of me?—Well, well, I hope we shall become better acquainted. You must know, Mr. Solomon, I intend to assist, for a couple of months at least, in attacking the well stocked cellars of Wintersen.

Sol. Why not whole years, my lord?—Inexpressible would be the satisfaction of your humble servant. And, though I say it, well-stocked indeed are our cellars. I have, in every respect, here, managed matters in so frugal and provident a way, that his Right Honourable Excellency the Count will be astonished. [*Baron yawns.*] Extremely sorry it is not in my power to entertain your lordship

Pet. Extremely sorry.

Sol. Where can Mrs. Haller have hid herself?

Bar. Mrs. Haller! Who is she?

Sol. Why, who she is, I can't exactly tell your lordship.

Pet. No, nor I.

Sol. None of my correspondents give any account of her. She is here in the capacity of a kind of a superior housekeeper. Methinks I hear her silver voice upon the stairs. [*Crosses R., Peter crosses behind to L.*] I will have the honour of sending her to your lordship in an instant.

Bar. Oh! don't trouble yourself.

Sol. No trouble whatever! I remain, at all times, your honorable lordship's most obedient, humble, and devoted servant.

[*Exit, bowing. R.*

Pet. Devoted servant.

[*Exit, bowing, L.*

Bar. Now for a fresh plague. Now am I to be tormented by some chattering old ugly hag, till I am stunned with her noise and officious hospitality. O, patience! what a virtue art thou!

Enter MRS. HALLER, R. with a courtsey; BARON rises, and returns a bow in confusion.

[*Aside.*] No, old she is not. [*Casts another glance at her.*] No, by Jove, nor ugly.

Mrs. H. I rejoice, my lord, in thus becoming acquainted with the brother of my benefactress.

Bar. Madam, that title shall be doubly valuable to me, since it gives me an introduction equally to be rejoiced at.

Mrs. H. [*Without attending to the compliment.*] This lovely weather, then, has enticed the Count from the city.

Bar. Not exactly that. You know him. Sunshine or clouds are to him alike, as long as eternal summer reigns in his own heart and family.

Mrs. H. The Count possesses a most cheerful and amiable philosophy. Ever in the same happy humor; ever enjoying each minute of his life. But you must confess, my lord, that he is a favourite child of fortune, and has much to be grateful to her for. Not merely because she has given him birth and riches, but for a native sweetness of temper, never to be acquired; and a graceful suavity of manners, whose school must be the mind. And, need I enumerate among fortune's favours, the hand and affections of your accomplished sister?

Bar. [*More and more struck.*] True, madam. My good easy brother, too, seems sensible of his happiness, and is resolved to retain it. He has quitted the service, to live here. I am yet afraid he may soon grow weary of Winterson and retirement.

Mrs. H. I should trust not. They, who bear a cheerful and unrepublishing conscience into solitude, surely must increase the measure of their own enjoyments. They quit the poor, precarious, the dependent pleasures which they borrowed from the world, to draw a real bliss from that exhaustless source of true delight, the fountain of a pure unsullied heart.

Bar. Has retirement long possessed so lovely an advocate !

Mrs. H. I have lived here three years.

Bar. And never felt a secret wish for the society you left, and must have adorned ?

Mrs. H. Never.

Bar. To feel thus, belongs either to a very rough or a very polished soul. The first sight convinced me in which class I am to place you.

Mrs. H. [*With a sigh.*] There may, perhaps, be a third class.

Bar. Indeed, madam, I wish not to be thought forward ; but women always seemed to me less calculated for retirement than men. We have a thousand employments, a thousand amusements, which you have not.

Mrs. H. Dare I ask what they are ?

Bar. We ride—we hunt—we play—read—write

Mrs. H. The noble enjoyments of the chase, and the still more noble enjoyments of play, I grant you.

Bar. Nay, but dare I ask, what are your employments for a day ?

Mrs. H. Oh, my lord ! you cannot imagine how quickly time passes, when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life. How often do I ask, "Is Saturday come again so soon ?" On a bright cheerful morning, my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass-plot. Then is the sweet picture of reviving industry, and eager innocence, always new to me. The bird's notes so often heard, still waken new ideas : the herds are led into the fields : the peasant bends his eye upon his plough. Every thing lives and moves ; and in every creature's mind, it seems

as it were morning. Towards evening, I begin to roam abroad: from the park into the meadows. And sometimes, returning, I pause to look at the village boys and girls as they play. Then do I bless their innocence, and pray to Heaven those laughing thoughtless hours could be their lot for ever.

Bar. This is excellent!—But these are summer amusements. The winter! The winter!

Mrs. H. Why for ever picture winter like old age, torpid, tedious, and uncheerful? Winter has its own delights: this is the time to instruct and mend the mind by reading and reflection. At this season, too, I often take my harp, and amuse myself by playing or singing the little favorite airs that remind me of the past, or solicit hope for the future.

Bar. Happy indeed are they, who can thus create and vary their own pleasures and employments.

Enter PETER, L. (Mrs. Haller crosses to Peter.)

Pet. Well—well—Pray now—I was ordered—I can keep him out no longer—'Tis old Tobias: he will come in.

Enter TOBIAS, L., forcing his way: Exit Peter, L.

Tob. I must, good Heaven, I must.

Mrs. H. [*Confused.*] I have no time at present—I—I—You see I am not alone.

Tob. Oh! this good gentleman will forgive me.

Bar. What do you want?

Tob. To return thanks. Even charity is a burden if one may not be grateful for it.

Mrs. H. To-morrow, good Tobias; to-morrow.

Bar. Nay, no false delicacy, madam. Allow him to vent the feelings of his heart; and permit me to witness a scene which convinces me, even more powerfully than your conversation, how nobly you employ your time. Speak, old man.

Tob. Oh, lady, that each word which drops from my lips, might call down a blessing on your head! I lay forsaken and dying in my hut: not even bread or hope remained. Oh! then you came in the form of an angel; brought medicines to me; and your sweet consoling voice did more than those I am recovered. To-day, for the

first time, I have returned thanks in the presence of the sun : and now I come to you, noble lady. Let me drop my tears upon your charitable hand. For your sake, Heaven has blessed my latter days. The Stranger too, who lives near me, has given me a purse of gold to buy my son's release. I am on my way to the city : I shall purchase my Robert's release. Then I shall have an honest daughter-in-law. And you, if ever after that you pass our happy cottage, oh ! what must you feel when you say to yourself, " This is my work ! "

Mrs. H. [*In a tone of entreaty.*] Enough, Tobias ; enough !

Tob. I beg pardon ! I cannot utter what is breathing in my breast. There is One who knows it. May His blessing and your own heart reward you ! [*Exit, L.*]

Mrs. H. [*Endeavoring to bring about a conversation.*] I suppose, my lord, we may expect the Count and Countess every moment now ?

Bar. Not just yet, madam. He travels at his leisure. I am selfish, perhaps, in not being anxious for his speed : the delay has procured me a delight which I never shall forget.

Mrs. H. [*Smiling.*] You satirise mankind, my lord.

Bar. How so ?

Mrs. H. In supposing such scenes to be uncommon.

Bar. I confess I was little prepared for such an acquaintance as yourself : I am extremely surprised. When Solomon told me your name and situation, how could I suppose that——Pardon my curiosity : You have been, or are married ?

Mrs. H. [*Suddenly sinking from her cheerful raillery into mournful gloom.*] I have been married, my lord.

Bar. [*Whose enquiries evince curiosity, yet are restrained within the bounds of the nicest respect.*] A widow, then ?

Mrs. H. I beseech you—There are strings in the human heart, which, touched, will sometimes utter dreadful discord—I beseech you—

Bar. I understand you. I see you know how to conceal every thing except your perfections.

Mrs. H. My perfections, alas ! [*Rural music without, L.*] But I hear the happy tenantry announce the Count's arrival. Your pardon, my lord ; I must attend them. [*Exit, L.*]

Bar. Excellent creature!—What is she, and what can be her history? I must seek my sister instantly. How strong and how sudden is the interest I feel for her! But it is a feeling I ought to check. And yet, why so? Whatever are the emotions she has inspired, I am sure they arise from the perfections of the mind; and never shall be met by unworthiness in mine. [Exit, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Lawn.*

(Rural Music, L.)

Enter SOLOMON and PETER, L. ushering in the COUNT, CHILD, COUNTESS WINTERSEN leading the Child; MRS HALLER, the BARON, and SERVANTS following.

Sol. Welcome, ten thousand welcomes, your Excellencies!

Count. Well! here we are! Heaven bless our advance and retreat! Mrs. Haller, I bring you an invalid, who in future will swear to no flag but yours.

Mrs. H. Mine flies for retreat and rural happiness.

Count. But not without retreating Graces, and retiring Cupids too.

Countess. [*Who has in the meantime kindly embraced Mrs. Haller, and by her been welcomed to Wintersen.*] My dear Count, you forget that I am present.

Count. Why, in the name of chivalry, how can I do less than your gallant brother, the Baron, who has been so kind as nearly to kill my four greys, in order to be here five minutes before me?

Bar. If I had known all the charms of this place, you should have said so with justice.

Countess. Don't you think William much grown?

[Puts William over to Mrs. Haller.]

Mrs. H. The sweet boy! [*Stoops to kiss him, and deep melancholy overshadows her countenance. Retires with the Child a little, L*]

Count. Well, Solomon, you've provided a good dinner!

Sol. As good as haste would allow, please your Right Honourable Excellency!

Pet. Yes, as good as—

[Count retires a little R., with Solomon and

Bar. Tell me, I conjure you, sister, what jewel you have thus buried in the country?

Countess. Ha! ha! What, brother, *you* caught at last?

Bar. Answer me.

Countess. Well, her name is Mrs. Haller.

Bar. That I know; but—

Countess. But!—but I know no more myself.

Bar. Jestings apart, I wish to know.

Countess. And, jesting apart, I wish you would not plague me. I have at least a hundred thousand important things to do. Heavens! the vicar may come to pay his respects to me before I have been at my toilet; of course I must consult my looking glass on the occasion. Come, William, [*crossing, R.*] will you help to dress me, or stay with your father?

Count. We'll take care of him. [*Goes to the Child, c.*]

Countess. Come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Mrs. Haller crosses to the Countess*
Exit with Mrs. Haller, Susan and Hannah following, R.]

Bar. [*Aside, and going.*] I am in a very singular humor. [*Crosses, R.*]

Count. Whither so fast, good brother?

Bar. To my apartment: I have letters to—I—

Count. Pshaw! Stay. Let us take a turn in the park together.

Bar. Excuse me. I am not perfectly well. I should be but bad company. I— [*Exit, R.*]

Count. [*Solomon and Peter advance bowing, R.*] Well, Solomon, you are as great a fool as ever, I see.

Sol. Ha! ha! At your Right Honourable Excellency's service.

Count. [*Points to Peter.*] Who is that ape at your elbow?—

Sol. Ape!—Oh! that is—with respect to your Excellency be it spoken—the son of my body; by name, Peter. [*Peter bows*]

Count. So, so! Well, how goes all on?

Sol. Well and good; well and good. Your Excellency will see how I've improved the park. You'll not know it again. A hermitage here; serpentine walks there; an obelisk; a ruin; and all so sparingly, all done with the most economical economy.

Count. Well, I'll have a peep at your obelisk and ruins while they prepare for dinner.

Sol. I have already ordered it, and will have the honor of attending your Right Honourable Excellency.

Count. Come, lead the way. [*Solomon crosses, L.*] Peter, attend your young master to the house; [*Gives the Child over to Peter, R.*] we must not tire him. [*Exeunt, L. U. E. conducted by Solomon; George and Harry follow.*]

Pet. We'll go round this way, your little Excellency, and then we shall see the bridge as we go by; and the new boat, with all the fine ribands and streamers. This way, your little Excellency. [*Exit, leading the Child, R. U. E.*]

SCENE III.—*The Antichamber.*

Enter MRS. HALLER, R.

Mrs. H. What has thus alarmed and subdued me? My tears flow; my heart bleeds. Already had I apparently overcome my chagrin: already had I at least assumed that easy gaiety once so natural to me, when the sight of this child in an instant overpowered me. When the Countess called him William—Oh! she knew not that she plunged a poinard in my heart. I have a William too, who must be as tall as this, if he be still alive. Ah! yes, if he be still alive. His little sister, too! Why, fancy, dost thou rack me thus? Why dost thou image my poor children, fainting in sickness, and crying to their mother? To the mother who has abandoned them? [*Weeps.*] What a wretched outcast am I! And that just to-day I should be doomed to feel these horrible emotions! Just to-day, when disguise was so necessary.

Enter CHARLOTTE, R.

Char. [*Entering.*] Very pretty, very pretty indeed! Better send me to the garret at once. Your servant, Mrs. Haller. I beg, madam, I may have a room fit for a respectable person.

Mrs. H. The chamber into which you have been shown is, I think, a very neat one.

Char. A very neat one, is it? Up the back stairs, and over the laundry! I should never be able to close my eyes.

Mrs. H. [*Very mildly.*] I slept there a whole year

Char. Did you! Then I advise you to remove into it again, and the sooner the better. I'd have you to know, madam, there is a material difference between certain persons and certain persons. Much depends upon the manner in which one has been educated. I think, madam, it would only be proper if you resigned your room to me

Mrs. H. If the Countess desires it, certainly.

Char. The Countess! Very pretty, indeed! Would you have me think of plaguing her ladyship with such trifles? I shall order my trunk to be carried wherever I please.

Mrs. H. Certainly; only not into my chamber.

Char. Provoking creature! but how could I expect to find breeding among creatures born of one knows not whom, and coming one knows not whence?

Mrs. H. The remark is very just.

Enter PETER, in haste, L.

Pet. Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. H. What's the matter!

Pet. The young Count has fallen into the river! His little Excellency is drowned!

Mrs. H. Who! What?

Pet. His honour, my young master!

Mrs. H. Drowned?

Pet. Yes.

Mrs. H. Dead?

Pet. No; he's not dead.

Mrs. H. Well, well, then softly;—you will alarm the Countess.

Pet. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Enter the BARON, R.

Bar. What is the matter? Why all this noise?

Pet. Noise? Why—

Mrs. H. Be not alarmed, my lord. Whatever may have happened, the dear child is now at least safe. You said so, I think, master Peter?

Pet. Why, to be sure, his little Excellency is not hurt; but he's very wet, though: and the Count is taking him by the garden door to the house.

Bar. Right, that the Countess may not be alarmed. But how could it happen? Pray tell us, young man?

Pet. What, from beginning to end? [*Crossing to Baron.*]

Mrs. H. Never mind particulars. You attended the dear child?

Pet. True.

Mrs. H. Into the park?

Pet. True.

Mrs. H. And then you went to the river?

Pet. True.—Why, rabbit it, I believe you're a witch.

Mrs. H. Well, and what happened further?

Pet. Why, you see, his dear little Excellency would see the bridge that father built out of the old summer house; and the streamers, and the boat, and all that.—I only turned my head round for a moment, to look after a magpie—Crush! Down went the bridge with his little Excellency; and oh, how I was scared to see him carried down the river!

Bar. And you drew him out again directly?

Pet. No, I did'nt.

Mrs. H. No; your father did?

Pet. No, he did'nt.

Mrs. H. Why, you did not leave him in the water?

Pet. Yes, we did!—But we bawled as loud as we could. You might have heard us down to the village.

Mrs. H. Ay—and so the people came immediately to his assistance?

Pet. No, they did'nt; but the Stranger came, that lives yonder, close to old Toby, and never speaks a syllable. Odsbodkins! What a devil of a fellow it is! With a single spring bounce he slaps into the torrent; sails and dives about and about like a duck; gets me hold of the little angel's hair, and, Heaven bless him! pulls him safe and sound to dry land again.—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. Is the Stranger with them?

Pet. Oh, lud! no. He ran away. His Excellency wanted to thank him, and all that; but he was off; vanquished—like a ghost.

[*Crosses to R.*]

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. Oh! thou careless varlet! I disown you! What an accident might have happened! And how you have terrified his Excellency! [*Crosses to Mrs. Haller.*] But I beg pardon, [*Bows.*] His Right Honourable Excellency, the Count, requests your—

Bar. We come. [*Crosses, and exit with Mrs Haller, L.*]

Char. [*Advances, R.*] Ha! ha! ha! Why, Mr. Solomon, you seem to have a hopeful pupil.

Sol. Ha! sirrah!

Char. But Mr. Solomon, why were you not nimble enough to have saved his young lordship?

Sol. Not in time, my sweet Miss. Besides, mercy on us! I should have sunk like a lump of lead; and I happened to have a letter of consequence in my pocket, which would have been made totally illegible, a letter from Constantinople, written by Chevalier—What's his name? [*Draws a letter from his pocket, and putting it up again directly, drops it. Peter takes it up slyly and unobserved.*] It contains momentous matter, I assure you. The world will be astonished when it comes to light; and not a soul will suppose that old Solomon had a finger in the pie.

Char. No, that I believe.

Sol. But I must go and see to the cellar. Miss, your most obedient servant. Oh, sirrah, Oh! [*Exit, L.*]

Char. [*With pride.*] Your servant, Mr. Solomon.

Pet. Here's the letter from Constantinople. I wonder what it can be about. Now for it! [*Opens it.*]

Char. Aye, let's have it.

Pet. [*Reads.*] "*If so be you say so, I'll never work for you, never no more. Considering as how your Sunday waist-coat has been turned three times, it doesn't look amiss, and I've charged as little as any tailor of 'em all. You say I must pay for the buckram; but I say, I'll be damn'd if I do. So no more from your loving nephew, TIMOTHY TWIST.*" From Constantinople! Why, Cousin Tim writ it.

Char. Cousin Tim! Who is he?

Pet. Good lack! Don't you know cousin Tim? Why, he's one of the best tailors in all—

Char. A tailor! No, sir, I don't know him. [*Crosses L.*] My father was a state coachman, and wore his Highness's livery. [*Exit, L.*]

Pet. [*Mimicking.*] "My father was a state coachman, and wore his Highness's livery."—Well, and cousin Tim could have nade his Highness's livery, if you go to that. State coach nan, indeed! [*Exit, L.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park and Lodge, &c. as before.*
The STRANGER is discovered on a seat, reading.

Enter FRANCIS, from the Lodge.

Fra. Sir, sir, dinner is ready. [Comes forward, L

Stra. I want no dinner.

Fra. I've got something good.

Stra. Eat it yourself.

Fra. You are not hungry?

Stra. No.

[Risca.

Fra. Nor I. The heat does take away all appetite.

Stra. Yes.

Fra. I'll put it by; perhaps at night—

Stra. Perhaps.

Fra. Dear sir, dare I speak?

Stra. Speak.

Fra. You have done a noble action.

Stra. What?

Fra. You have saved a fellow creature's life.

Stra. Peace.

Fra. Do you know who he was?

Stra. No.

Fra. The only son of Count Wintersen.

Stra. Immaterial.

Fra. A gentleman, by report worthy and benevolent as yourself.

Stra. [Angry.] Silence! Dare you flatter me?

Fra. As I look to Heaven for mercy, I speak from my heart. When I observe how you are doing good around you, how you are making every individual's wants your own, and are yet yourself unhappy, alas! my heart bleeds for you.

Stra. I thank you, Francis. [Crosses L.] I can only thank you. Yet share this consolation with me;—my sufferings are unmerited.

[Crosses, R.

Fra. My poor master!

Stra. Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh, 'tis true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience!—[Charlotte sings without.] What's here?

Enter CHARLOTTE, [singing,] from the Park Gate, L. U. E.

Char. I presume, sir, you are the strange gentleman that drew my young master out of the water?—[*The Stranger reads.*] Or, [*To Francis.*] are you he? [*Francis makes a wry face.*] Are the creatures both dumb? [*Looks at them by turns.*] Surely, old Solomon has fixed two statues here, by way of ornament; for of any use there is no sign. [*Approaches Francis.*] No, this is alive, and breathes; yes, and moves its eyes. [*Bawls in his ear.*] Good friend!

Fra. I'm not deaf.

Char. No, nor dumb, I perceive at last.—Is yon lifeless thing your master?

Fra. That honest, silent gentleman, is my master.

Char. The same that drew the young Count out of the water?

Fra. The same.

Char. [*To the Stranger.*] Sir, my master and mistress, the Count and Countess, present their respectful compliments, and request the honour of your company at a family supper this evening.

Stra. I shall not come.

Char. But you'll scarce send such an uncivil answer as this. The Count is overpowered with gratitude. You saved his son's life.

Stra. I did it willingly.

Char. And won't accept of "I thank you," in return?

Stra. No.

Char. You really are cruel, sir, I must tell you. There are three of us ladies at the Castle, and we are all dying with curiosity to know who you are. [*Exit Stranger, R.*] The master is crabbed enough, however. Let me try what I can make of the man. Pray, sir—[*Francis crosses, R.*]—The beginning promises little enough. Friend, why won't you look at me?

Fra. I like to look at green trees better than green eyes.

Char. Green eyes, you monster! Who told you that my eyes were green? Let me tell you, there have been sonnets made on my eyes before now. Green eyes!

Fra. Glad to hear it.

Char. To the point, then, at once. What is your master?

Fra. A man.

Char. I surmised as much. But what's his name?

Fra. The same as his father's.

Char. Not unlikely; and his father was—

Fra. Married.

Char. To whom?

Fra. To a woman.

Char. [*Enraged.*] I'll tell you what; who your master is, I see I shall not learn, and I don't care; but I know what you are.

Fra. Well, what am I?

Char. A bear! [*Exit at gate.*]

Fra. Thank you! Now to see how habit and example corrupt one's manners. I am naturally the civilest spoken fellow in the world to the pretty prattling rogues; yet, following my master's humour, I've rudely driven this wench away. I must have a peep at her, though.

[*Looking towards the Park Gate.*]

Enter STRANGER, R.

Stra. Is that woman gone?

Fra. Yes.

Stra. Francis!

Fra. Sir.

Stra. We must be gone too.

Fra. But whither?

Stra. I don't care.

Fra. I'll attend you.

Stra. To any place?

Fra. To death.

Stra. Heaven grant it—to me, at least! There is peace.

Fra. Peace is every where. Let the storm rage without if the heart be but at rest. Yet I think we are very well where we are: the situation is inviting; and nature lavish of her beauties, and of her bounties too.

Stra. But I am not a wild beast to be stared at, and sent for as a show. Is it fit I should be?

Fra. Another of your interpretations! That a man, the life of whose only son you have saved, should invite you to his house, seems to me not very unnatural.

Stra. I will not be invited to any house.

Fra. For once, methinks, you might submit. You'll not be asked a second time. [*Half aside.*]

Stra. Proud wretches! They believe the most essential service is requited, if one may but have the honour of sitting at their table. Let us begone. [*Crosses, L.*]

Fra. Yet hold, sir! This bustle will soon be over. Used to the town, the Count and his party will soon be tired of simple nature, and you will again be freed from observation.

Stra. Not from your's.

Fra. This is too much. Do I deserve your doubts?

Stra. Am I in the wrong?

Fra. You are, indeed!

Stra. Francis, my servant, you are my only friend.

Fra. That title makes amends for all.

Stra. But, look! look, Francis! There are uniforms and gay dresses in the walk again. No, I must be gone. Here I'll stay no longer. [*Crosses, R.*]

Fra. Well, then, I'll tie up my bundle.

Stra. The sooner the better! They come this way. Now must I shut myself in my hovel, and lose this fine breeze. Nay, if they be your high-bred class of all, they may have impudence enough to walk into my chamber. Francis, I shall lock the door.

[*Goes into the Lodge, locks the door, and is fastening the shutters.*]

Fra. And I'll be your sentinel.

Stra. Very well. [*Closes the shutters.*]

Fra. Now, should these people be as inquisitive as their maid, I must summon my whole stock of impertinence. But their questions and my answers need little study. They can learn nothing of the Stranger from me; for the best of all possible reasons—I know nothing of him myself.

Enter BARON and COUNTESS, from Gates.

Countess. [*Comes down C.*] There is a strange face. The servant, probably.

Bar. (*L.*) Friend, can we speak to your master?

Fra. (*R.*) No.

Bar. Only for a few minutes.

Fra. He has locked himself in his room.

Countess. Tell him a lady waits for him.

Fra. Then he's sure not to come.

Countess. Does he hate our sex?

Fra He hates the whole human race, but women particularly.

Countess. And why?

Fra. He may have been deceived.

Countess. This is not very courteous.

Fra. My master is not over courteous; but when he sees a chance of saving a fellow creature's life, he'll attempt it at the hazard of his own.

Bar. You are right. Now hear the reason of our visit. The wife and brother-in-law of the man, whose child your master has saved, wish to acknowledge their obligations to him.

Fra. That he dislikes. He only wishes to live unnoticed.

Countess. He appears to be unfortunate.

Fra. Appears!

Countess. An affair of honor, perhaps, or some unhappy attachment may have—

Fra. It may.

Countess. Be this as it may, I wish to know who he is.

Fra. So do I.

Countess. What! Don't you know him yourself?

Fra. Oh! I know him well enough. I mean his real self—His heart—his soul—his worth—his honour!—Perhaps you think one knows a man, when one is acquainted with his name and person.

Countess. 'Tis well said, friend; you please me much. And now I should like to know you. Who are you?

Fra. Your humble servant. [Exit, R.]

Countess. This is affectation! A desire to appear singular! Every one wishes to make himself distinguished. One sails round the world; another creeps into a hovel.

Bar. And the man apes his master!

Countess. Come, brother, let us seek the Count. He and Mrs. Haller turned into the lawn— [Going.]

Bar. Stay. First, a word or two, sister. I am in love.

Countess. For the hundredth time.

Bar. For the first time in my life.

Countess. I wish you joy.

Bar. Till now, you have evaded my inquiries. Who is she? I beseech you, sister, be serious. There is a time for all things.

Countess. Well, if I am to be serious, I obey. I do not

know who Mrs. Haller is, as I have already told you; but what I do know of her, shall not be concealed from you. It may now be three years ago, when, one evening, about twilight, a lady was announced, who wished to speak with me in private. Mrs. Haller appeared, with all that grace and modesty which have enchanted you. Her features, at that moment, bore keener marks of the sorrow and confusion which have since settled into gentle melancholy. She threw herself at my feet; and besought me to save a wretch who was on the brink of despair. She told me she had heard much of my benevolence, and offered herself as a servant to attend me. I endeavoured to dive into the cause of her sufferings, but in vain. She concealed her secret; yet opening to me more and more each day a heart, chosen by virtue as her temple, and an understanding improved by the most refined attainments. She no longer remained my servant, but became my friend, and, by her own desire, has ever since resided here. [*Curtseying.*] Brother, I have done.

Bar. Too little to satisfy my curiosity; yet enough to make me realize my project. Sister, lend me your aid—I would marry her.

Countess. You!

Bar. I.

Countess. Baron Steinfort!

Bar. For shame! If I understand you.

Countess. Not so harsh, and not so hasty! Those great sentiments of contempt of inequality in rank are very fine in a romance; but we happen not to be inhabitants of an ideal world. How could you introduce her to the circle we live in? You surely would not attempt to present her to—

Bar. Object as you will—my answer is—I love. Sister, you see a man before you, who—

Countess. Who wants a wife.

Bar. No; who has deliberately poised advantage against disadvantage; domestic ease and comfort against the false gaieties of fashion. I can withdraw into the country. I need no honours to make my tenants happy; and my heart will teach me to make their happiness my own. With such a wife as this, children who resemble her, and fortune enough to spread comfort around me, what would the soul of man have more?

Countess. This is all vastly fine. I admire your plan; only you seem to have forgotten one trifling circumstance.

Bar. And that is—

Countess. Whether Mrs. Haller will have you or not.

Bar. There, sister, I just want your assistance.—Good Henrietta.

Countess. Well, here's my hand. I'll do all I can for you. St!—We had near been overheard. They are coming. Be patient and obedient.

Enter at the Gates, COUNT, and MRS. HALLER leaning on his arm, L. They advance, C.

Count. Upon my word, Mrs. Haller, you are a nimble walker; I should be sorry to run a race with you.

Mrs. H. Custom, my lord. You need only take the same walk every day for a month.

Count. Yes; if I wanted to resemble my greyhounds.—Well, what says the Stranger?

Countess. He gave Charlotte a flat refusal; and you see his door, and even his shutters are closed against us.

Count. What an unaccountable being! But it won't do. I must show my gratitude one way or other. [*Crosses to Steinfort.*] Steinfort, we will take the ladies home, and then you shall try once again to see him. You can talk to these oddities better than I can.

Bar. If you wish it, with all my heart.

Count. Thank you, thank you. Come, ladies; come, Mrs. Haller.

[*Exeunt Countess & Mrs. H., Count & Baron, thro' Gates.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter COUNTESS and MRS. HALLER, R.

Countess. Well, Mrs. Haller, how do you like the man that just now left us?

Mrs. H. Who do you mean, madam?

Countess. My brother.

Mrs. H. He deserves to be your brother.

Countess. [*Curtseying.*] Your most obedient! That shall be written in my pocket book.

Mrs. H. Without flattery, then madam, he appears to be most amiable.

Countess. Good!—And a handsome man?

Mrs. H. [*With indifference.*] Oh, yes.

Countess. “Oh, yes!” It sounded almost like “Oh, no!” But I must tell you, that he looks upon you to be a handsome woman. [*Mrs. Haller smiles.*] You make no reply to this?

Mrs. H. What shall I reply? Derision never fell from your lips; and I am little calculated to support it.

Countess. As little as you are calculated to be the cause of it. No;—I was in earnest.—Now?

Mrs. H. You confuse me!—But why should I play the prude? I will own there was a time when I thought myself handsome. 'Tis past. Alas! The enchanting beauties of a female countenance arise from peace of mind—the look, which captivates an honorable man, must be reflected from a noble soul.

Countess. Then Heaven grant my bosom may ever hold as pure a heart as now these eyes bear witness lives in yours.

Mrs. H. [*With sudden wildness.*] Oh! Heaven forbid!

Countess. [*Astonished.*] How!

Mrs. H. [*Checking her tears.*] Spare me! I am a wretch. The sufferings of three years can give me no claim to your friendship—No, not even to your compassion. Oh! Spare me! [*Going.*]

Countess. Stay, Mrs. Haller. For the first time, I beg your confidence.—My brother loves you.

Mrs. H. [*Starting and gazing full in the face of the Countess.*] For mirth, too much—for earnest, too mournful!

Countess. I revere that modest blush. Discover to me who you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? And can I not be silent?

Mrs. H. Alas! But a frank reliance on a generous mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true repentance. This sacrifice I will offer. [*Hesitating.*] Did you never hear—pardon me—did you never hear—Oh! how shocking is it to unmask a deception, which alone has recommended me to your regard! But it must be so.—Madam—Fie, Adela de! Does pride become you? Did you ever hear of the Countess Waldbourg?

Countess. I think I did hear, at the neighboring court, of such a creature. She plunged an honourable husband into misery. She ran away with a villain.

Mrs. H. She did indeed. [*Falls at the feet of the Countess.*] Do not cast me from you.

Countess. For Heaven's sake! You are—

Mrs. H. I am that wretch.

Countess. [*Turning from her with horror.*] Ha!--Begone! [*Going, but her heart draws her back.*] Yet, she is unfortunate: she is unfriended! Her image is repentance—Her life the proof. Be still awhile, remorseless prejudice, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow—they do not truly honour virtue, who can insult the erring heart that would return to her sanctuary. [*Looking with sorrow on her.*] Rise, I beseech you, rise! My husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise to be silent. [*Raising her.*

Mrs. H. Yes, you will be silent—But, oh! conscience! conscience! thou never wilt be silent.—[*Clasping her hands.*] Do not cast me from you.

Countess. Never! Your lonely life, your silent anguish and contrition, may at length atone your crime. And never shall you want an asylum, where your penitence may lament your loss. Your fault was youth and inexperience! your heart never was, never could be concerned in it.

Mrs. H. Oh! spare me! My conscience never reproaches me so bitterly, as when I catch my base thoughts in search of an excuse! No, nothing can palliate my guilt; and the only just consolation left me, is to acquit the man I wronged, and own I erred without a cause of fair complaint.

Countess. And this is the mark of true repentance. Alas! my friend, when superior sense, recommended, too, by superior charms of person, assail a young though wedded—

Mrs. H. Ah! not even that mean excuse is left me. In all that merits admiration, respect, and love, he was far, far beneath my husband. But to attempt to account for my strange infatuation—I cannot bear it. I thought my husband's manner grew colder to me. 'Tis true, I knew that his expenses, and his confidence in deceitful friends, had embarrassed his means, and clouded his spirits; yet I thought he denied me pleasures and amusements still

within our reach. My vanity was mortified! My confidence not courted. The serpent tongue of my seducer promised every thing. But never could such arguments avail, till, assisted by forged letters, and the treachery of a servant, whom I most confided in, he fixed my belief that my lord was false, and that all the coldness I complained of was disgust to me, and love for another—all his home retrenchments but the means of satisfying a rival's luxury. Maddened with this conviction, (conviction it was, for artifice was most ingenious in its proof,) I left my children—father—husband, to follow—a villain.

Countess. But, with such a heart, my friend could not remain long in her delusion?

Mrs. H. Long enough to make a sufficient penitence impossible. Oh, what were my sensations when the mist dispersed before my eyes! I called for my husband, but in vain!—I listened for the prattle of my children, but in vain!

Countess. [*Embracing her.*] Here, here, on this bosom only shall your future tears be shed; and may I, dear sufferer, make you again familiar with hope!

Mrs. H. Oh! impossible!

Countess. Have you never heard of your children?

Mrs. H. Never.

Countess. We must endeavor to gain some account of them. We must—Hold! My husband and my brother! Oh! my poor brother! I had quite forgotten him. Quick, dear Mrs. Haller, wipe your eyes. Let us meet them.

Mrs. H. Madam, I'll follow. Allow me a moment to compose myself.—[*Exit Countess, R.*] I pause!—Oh! yes—to compose myself! [*Ironically.*] She little thinks it is but to gain one solitary moment to vent my soul's remorse. Once, the purpose of my unsettled mind was self-destruction. Heaven knows how I have sued for hope and resignation. I did trust my prayers were heard.—Oh! spare me further trial! I fee, I feel my heart and brain can bear no more.

[*Exit, R.*]

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c., as before.
A Table, spread with Fruits, &c.*

FRANCIS *discovered placing the Supper.*

Fra. I know he loves to have his early supper in the fresh air; and, while he sups, not that I believe any thing can amuse him, yet I will try my little Savoyard's pretty voices. I have heard him speak as if he had loved music. [*Music without, L.*] Oh, here they are.

Enter, L., ANNETTE and CLAUDINE, playing on their Guitars

Ann. To welcome mirth and harmless glee,
We rambling minstrels, blithe and free,
With song the laughing hours beguile,
And wear a never fading smile:
Where'er we roam,
We find a home,
And greeting, to reward our toil.

Claud. No anxious griefs disturb our rest,
Nor busy cares annoy our breast;
Fearless we sink in soft repose,
While night her sable mantle throws.
With grateful lay,
Hail, rising day,
That rosy health and peace bestows!

During the Duet, the STRANGER looks from the Lodge window, and at the conclusion, comes out.

Stra. (R.) What mummery is this?

Fra. (R. c.) I hoped it might amuse you, sir.

Stra. Amuse me—fool!

Fra. Well, then, I wished to amuse myself a little. I don't think my recreations are so very numerous.

Stra. That's true, my poor fellow; indeed they are not. Let them go on.—I'll listen. [*Retires and sits down, R.*]

Fra. But to please you, my poor master, I fear it must be a saddler strain.—Annette, have you none but these cheerful songs?

Ann. O. plenty. If you are dolefully given, we can be as sad as night. I'll sing you an air Mrs. Haller taught me, the first year she came to the Castle.

Fra. Mrs. Haller ! I should like to hear that

Ann. I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart ;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 But it consumes my heart.
 This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,
 My lot for ever be,
 So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
 Be never known by thee !

And when pale characters of death
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
 When my poor wasted trembling breath
 My life's last hope would speak,
 I shall not raise my eyes to Heaven,
 Nor mercy ask for me ;
 My soul despairs to be forgiven,
 Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

Stra. [*Surprised and moved.*] Oh ! I have heard that air before, but 'twas with other words. [*Rises.*] Francis, share our supper with your friends—I need none.

[*Enters the Lodge.*]

Fra. So I feared. Well, [*Crosses, c.*] my pretty favourites, here are refreshments.—[*Leads them to the table.*]—So, disturbed again ! Now will this gentleman call for more music, and make my master mad ! Go, go, and return when you observe this man is gone.—[*Exeunt, L., Annette and Claudine, singing. Francis sits and eats.*]—I was in hopes that I might at least eat my supper peaceably in the open air ; but they follow at our heels like blood-hounds.

Enter BARON from Gates.

Bar. (L.) My good friend, I must speak to your master.

Fra. (R.) Can't serve you.

Bar. Why not ?

Fra. It's forbidden.

Bar. [*Offers money.*] There ! Announce me.

Fra. Want no money.

Bar. Well, only announce me, then.

Fra. [*Rising.*] I will announce you, sir ; but it won't avail ! I shall be abused, and you rejected. However, we can but try.

[*Going.*]

Bar. I only ask half a minute. [*Francis goes into the*

Lodge.] But when he comes, how am I to treat him? I never encountered a misanthrope before. I have heard of instructions as to conduct in society; but how am I to behave towards a being who loathes the whole world, and his own existence, I have never learned.

Enter the STRANGER, from Lodge.

Stra. (R.) Now; what's your will?

Bar. (L.) I beg pardon, sir, for—[*Suddenly recognizing him.*] Charles!

Stra. Steinfort!

[*They embrace.*]

Bar. Is it really you, my dear friend?

Stra. It is.

Bar. Merciful Heavens! How you are altered!

Stra. The hand of misery lies heavy on me. But how came you here? What want you?

Bar. Strange! Here was I ruminating how to address this mysterious recluse; he appears, and proves to be my old and dearest friend.

Stra. Then you were not in search of me, nor knew that I lived here?

Bar. As little as I know who lives on the summit of Caucasus. You this morning saved the life of my brother-in-law's only son: a grateful family wishes to behold you in its circle. You refused my sister's messenger; therefore, to give more weight to the invitation, I was deputed to be the bearer of it. And thus has fortune restored to me a friend, whom my heart has so long missed, and whom my heart just now so much requires.

Stra. Yes, I am your friend; your sincere friend. You are a true man; an uncommon man. Towards you, my heart is still the same. But if this assurance be of any value to you—go—leave me—and return no more.

Bar. Stay! All that I see and hear of you, is inexplicable. 'Tis you; but these, alas! are not the features which once enchanted every female bosom, beamed gaiety through all society, and won you friends before your lips were opened! Why do you avert your face? Is the sight of a friend become hateful? Or, do you fear that I should read in your eye what passes in your soul? Where is that open look of fire, which at once penetrated into every heart and revealed your own?

Stra. [*With asperity.*] My look penetrate into every heart!—Ha! ha! ha!

Bar. Oh, Heavens! Rather may I never hear you laugh, than in such a tone!—For Heaven's sake, tell me, Charles! tell me, I conjure you, what has happened to you?

Stra. Things that happen every day; occurrences heard of in every street. Steinfort, if I am not to hate you, ask me not another question. If I am to love you, leave me.

Bar. Oh, Charles! awake the faded ideas of past joys. Feel that a friend is near. Recollect the days we passed in Hungary, when we wandered arm in arm upon the banks of the Danube, while nature opened our hearts, and made us enamored of benevolence and friendship. In those blessed moments, you gave me this seal as a pledge of your regard. Do you remember it?

Stra. Yes.

Bar. Am I, since that time, become less worthy of your confidence?

Stra. No!

Bar. Charles! it grieves me that I am thus compelled to enforce my rights upon you. Do you know this scar?

Stra. Comrade! Friend! It received and resisted the stroke aimed at my life. I have not forgotten it. You knew not what a present you then made me.

Bar. Speak, then, I beseech you.

Stra. You cannot help me.

Bar. Then I can mourn with you.

Stra. That I hate. Besides, I cannot weep.

Bar. Then give me words instead of tears. Both relieve the heart.

Stra. Relieve the heart! My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre. Let what is within it, moulder and decay. Why, why open the wretched charnel-house to spread a pestilence around?

Bar. How horrid are your looks! For shame! A man like you thus to crouch beneath the chance of fortune!

Stra. Steinfort! I did think that the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me; but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning now I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded. Listen—Much misery may be contained in few words!

Attracted by my native country, I quitted you and the service. What pleasing pictures did I form of a life employed in improving society and diffusing happiness! I fixed on Cassel to be my abode. All went on admirably. I found friends. At length, too, I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature, scarce sixteen years of age. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter. Both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes; then, then I was really happy. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Ha! a tear! I could not have believed it. Welcome, old friends! 'Twas long since we have known each other. Well, my story is nearly ended. One of my friends, for whom I had become engaged, treacherously lost me more than half my fortune. This hurt me. I was obliged to retrench my expenses. Contentment needs but little. I forgave him. Another friend—a villain! to whom I was attached heart and soul; whom I had assisted with my means, and promoted by my interest, this fiend! seduced my wife, and bore her from me. Tell me, sir, is this enough to justify my hatred of mankind, and palliate my seclusion from the world?—Kings, laws, tyranny, or guilt, can but imprison me, or kill me. But, O God! O God! Oh! what are chains or death, compared to the tortures of a deceived, yet doting husband! [*Crosses, L.*]

Bar. To lament the loss of a faithless wife is madness.

Stra. Call it what you please—say what you please—I love her still.

Bar. And where is she?

Stra. I know not, nor do I wish to know.

Bar. And your children?

Stra. I left them at a small town hard by.

Bar. But why did you not keep your children with you? They would have amused you in many a dreary hour.

Stra. Amused me! Oh, yes! while their likeness to their mother, should every hour remind me of my past happiness! No. For three years I have never seen them. I hate that any human creature should be near me, young or old! Had not ridiculous habit made a servant necessary, I should never have engaged him, though he is not the worst among the bad.

Bar. Such too often are the consequences of great alli-

ances. Therefore, Charles, I have resolved to take a wife from a lower rank of life.

Stra. You marry!

Bar. You shall see her. She is in the house where you are expected. Come with me.

Stra. What! I mix again with the world!

Bar. To do a generous action without requiring thanks is noble and praiseworthy. But so obstinately to avoid those thanks, as to make the kindness a burthen, is affectation.

Stra. Leave me! leave me! Every one tries to form a circle, of which he may be the centre: so do I. As long as there remains a bird in these woods to greet the rising sun with its melody I shall court no other society. [*Crosses R.*]

Bar. Do as you please to-morrow; but give me your company this evening.

Stra. No!

Bar. Not though it were in your power, by this single visit, to secure the happiness of your friend for life?

Stra. Ha! Then I must.—But how?

Bar. You shall sue in my behalf to Mrs. Haller. You have the talent of persuasion.

Stra. I! my dear Steinfort!

Bar. The happiness or misery of your friend depends upon it. I'll contrive that you shall speak to her alone. Will you?

Stra. I will; but upon one condition.

Bar. Name it.

Stra. That you allow me to be gone to-morrow, and not endeavor to detain me.

Bar. Go! Whither?

Stra. No matter. Promise this, or I will not come.

Bar. Well, I do promise. Come.

Stra. I have directions to give my servant. [*Crosses, L.*]

Bar. In half an hour, then, we shall expect you. Remember, you have given your word.

Stra. I have. [*Exit Baron through gates. The Stranger walks up and down, thoughtful and melancholy*] Francis! Francis!

Enter FRANCIS, from Lodge.

Stra. Why are you out of the way?

Fra. Sir, I came when I heard you call.

Stra. I shall leave this place to-morrow.

Fra. With all my heart.

Stra. Perhaps to go into another land.

Fra. With all my heart again.

Stra. Perhaps into another quarter of the globe.

Fra. With all my heart still. Into which quarter?

Stra. Wherever Heaven directs! Away! away! from Europe! From this cultivated moral lazaret! Do you hear, Francis? To-morrow, early.

Fra. Very well.

[*Going.*]

Stra. Come here, come here first, I have an errand for you. Hire that carriage in the village; drive to the town hard by; you may be back by sunset. I shall give you a letter to a widow who lives there. With her you will find two children. They are mine.

Fra. [*Astonished.*] Your children, sir?

Stra. Take them and bring them hither.

Fra. Your children, sir?

Stra. Yes, mine! Is it so very inconceivable?

Fra. That I should have been three years in your service, and never have heard them mentioned, is somewhat strange.

Stra. Pshaw! Blockhead!—

Fra. You have been married, then?

Stra. Well—go, go, and prepare for our journey.

Fra. That I can do in five minutes.

[*Going.*]

Stra. I shall come and write the letter directly.

Fra. Very well, sir.

[*Exit, L.*]

Stra. Yes, I'll take them with me. I'll accustom myself to the sight of them. The innocents! they shall not be poisoned by the refinements of society. Rather let them hunt their daily sustenance upon some desert island with their bow and arrow; or creep, like torpid Hottentots, into a corner, and stare at each other. Better to do nothing than to do evil. Fool that I was, to be prevailed upon once more to exhibit myself among these apes! What a ridiculous figure shall I make! And in the character of a suitor, too. He cannot be serious! 'Tis but some friendly artifice to draw me from my solitude. Why did I promise him? Yet, my sufferings have been many: and to oblige a friend, why should I hesitate to add another pain-

ful hour to the wretched calendar of my life! I'll go, I'll go.
[Exit into Lodge.]

SCENE II.—*The Antichamber.*

Enter CHARLOTTE, R.

Char. No, indeed, my lady! If you choose to bury yourself in the country, I shall take my leave. I am not calculated for a country life. And, to sum up all, when I think of this Mrs. Haller——

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. [*Overhearing her last words.*] What of Mrs. Haller, my sweet Miss?

Char. Why, Mr. Solomon, who is Mrs. Haller? You know everything; you hear everything.

Sol. I have received no letters from any part of Europe on the subject, Miss.

Char. But who is to blame? The Count and Countess. She dines with them; and at this very moment is drinking tea with them. Is this proper?

Sol. By no means.

Char. Should not a Count and Countess, in all their actions, show a proper degree of pride and pomposity?

Sol. To be sure! To be sure, they should!

Char. No, I won't submit to it. I'll tell her ladyship, when I dress her to-morrow, that either Mrs. Haller or I must quit the house.

Sol. [*Seeing the Baron.*] St!

Enter BARON, R.

Bar. Did'nt I hear Mrs. Haller's name here?

Sol. [*Confused.*] Why—yes—we—we—

Bar. Charlotte, tell my sister I wish to see her as soon as the tea-table is removed. [*Crosses, L.*]

Char. Either she or I go, that I'm determined. [*Exit, R.*]

Bar. May I ask what it was you were saying?

Sol. Why, please your Honourable Lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that—

Bar. I almost begin to suspect some secret.

Sol. Secret! Heaven forbid! Mercy on us! No! I should have had letters on the subject if there had been a secret.

Bar. Well, then, since it was no secret, I presume I may know your conversation.

Sol. You do us great honour, my lord. Why, then, at first, we were making a few common-place observations. Miss Charlotte remarked we all had our faults. I said, "Yes." Soon after, I remarked that the best persons in the world were not without their weaknesses. She said, "Yes."

Bar. If you referred to Mrs. Haller's faults and weaknesses, I am desirous to hear more.

Sol. Five enough, sir, Mrs. Haller is an excellent woman; but she's not an angel, for all that. I am an old faithful servant to his Excellency the Count, and therefore it is my duty to speak when anything is done disadvantageous to his interest.

Bar. Well!

Sol. For instance, now; his Excellency may think he has at least some score of dozens of the old six-and-twenty hock. Mercy on us! There are not ten dozen bottles left; and not a drop has gone down my throat, I'll swear.

Ba. [Smiling.] Mrs. Haller has not drank it, I suppose?

Sol. Not she herself, for she never drinks wine. But if anybody be ill in the village, any poor woman lying-in, away! goes a bottle of the six-and-twenty! Innumerable are the times that I've reprov'd her; but she always answers me snappishly, that she will be responsible for it.

Bar. So will I, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. Oh! with all my heart, your Honourable Lordship. It makes no difference to me. I had the care of the cellar twenty years, and can safely take my oath, that I never gave the poor a single drop in the whole course of my life.

Bar. How extraordinary is this woman! [Crosses, R.]

Sol. Extraordinary! One can make nothing of her. To-day, the vicar's wife is not good enough for her. Tomorrow, you may see her sitting with all the women in the village. To be sure, she and I agree pretty well; for between me and your Honourable Lordship, she has cast an eye upon my son Peter.

Bar. Has she?

Sol. Yes—Peter's no fool, I assure you. The school-master is teaching him to write. Would your Honourable Lordship please to see a specimen? I'll go for his copy-book. He makes his pot-hooks capitally.

Bar. Another time, another time. Good bye for the present, Mr. Solomon. [*Solomon bows without attempting to go.*] Good day, Mr. Solomon.

Sol. [*Not understanding the hint.*] Your Honourable Lordship's most obedient servant.

Bar. Mr. Solomon, I wish to be alone.

Sol. As your lordship commands. If the time should seem long in my absence, and your lordship wishes to hear the newest news from the seat of war, you need only send for old Solomon. I have letters from Leghorn, Cape Horn, and every known part of the habitable globe. [*Exit, L.*]

Bar. Tedious old fool! Yet hold. Did he not speak in praise of Mrs. Haller? Pardoned be his rage for news and politics.

Enter COUNTESS, R.

Well, sister, have you spoken to her?

Countess. I have: and if you do not steer for another haven, you will be doomed to drive upon the ocean for ever.

Bar. Is she married?

Countess. I don't know.

Bar. Is she of a good family?

Countess. I can't tell.

Bar. Does she dislike me?

Countess. Excuse my making a reply.

Bar. I thank you for your sisterly affection, and the explicitness of your communications. Luckily, I placed little reliance on either; and have found a friend, who will save your ladyship all further trouble.

Countess. A friend!

Bar. Yes. The Stranger, who saved your son's life this morning, proves to be my intimate friend.

Countess. What's his name?

Bar. I don't know.

Countess. Is he of good family?

Bar. I can't tell.

Countess. Will he come hither?

Bar. Excuse my making a reply.

Countess. Well, the retort is fair—but insufferable.

Bar. You can't object to the *Da Capo* of your own composition.

Enter COUNT and MRS. HALLER, R.

Count. Zounds ! do you think I am Xenocrates ; or like the poor sultan with marble legs ? There you leave me, *tete-à-tete* with Mrs. Haller, as if my heart were a mere flint. So you prevailed, brother. The Stranger will come then, it seems.

Bar. I expect him every minute.

Count. I am glad to hear it. One companion more, however. In the country, we never can have too many.

Bar. This gentleman will not exactly be an addition to your circle, for he leaves this place to-morrow.

[*Crosses behind Mrs. Haller, R.*]

Count. But he won't, I think. Now, Lady Wintersen, summon all your charms. There is no art in conquering us poor devils ; but this strange man who does not care a doit for you all together, is worth your efforts. Try your skill. I shan't be jealous.

Countess. I allow the conquest to be worth the trouble. But what Mrs. Haller has not been able to effect in three months, ought not to be attempted by me.

Mrs. H. Oh, madam, he has given me no opportunity of trying the force of my charms, for I never once happened to see him.

Count. Then he's a blockhead ; and you an idler.

Sol. [*Without, L.*] This way, sir ! This way !

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. The Stranger begs leave to have the honour—

Count. Welcome ! Welcome ! [*Exit Solomon.*]

[*Runs to meet the Stranger, whom he conducts in by the hand.*]

My dear sir—Lady Wintersen—Mrs. Haller—

[*Mrs. Haller, as soon as she sees the Stranger, shrieks, and swoons in the arms of the Baron. The Stranger casts a look at her, and, struck with astonishment and horror, rushes out of the room, L. The Baron and Countess bear Mrs. Haller off, R. ; Count following in great surprise.*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*The Antichamber.**Enter* BARON, R.

Bar. Oh! deceitful hope! Thou phantom of future happiness. To thee have I stretched out my arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! The mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend! I cannot myself be happy; but I may, perhaps, be able to reunite two lovely souls whom cruel fate has severed. Ha! they are here. I must propose it instantly.

Enter COUNTESS and MRS. HALLER, R.

Countess. Into the garden, my dear friend! Into the air!

Mrs. H. I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account.

Bar. Madam, pardon my intrusion; but to lose a moment may be fatal. He means to quit the country to-morrow. We must devise means to reconcile you to the Stranger.

Mrs. H. How, my lord! You seem acquainted with my history?

Bar. I am. Waldbourg has been my friend ever since we were boys. We served together from the rank of cadet. We have been separated seven years. Chance brought us this day together, and his heart was open to me.

Mrs. H. How do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, when I dare not meet his eye.

Bar. If sincere repentance, if years without reproach, do not give us a title to man's forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, lovely penitent! your contrition is complete. Error for a moment wrested from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; but she awoke, and, with a look, banished her enemy forever. I know my friend. He has the firmness of a man; but, with it, the gentlest feelings of your sex. I hasten to him. With the fire of pure, disinterested friendship will I enter on this work; that, when I look back upon my past life, I may

derive from this good action consolation in disappointment, and even resignation in despair. [Going, L.]

Mrs. H. [Crosses, c.] Oh, stay! What would you do? No! never! My husband's honour is sacred to me. I love him unutterably: but never, never can I be his wife again; even if he were generous enough to pardon me.

Bar. Madam! Can you, Countess, be serious?

Mrs. H. Not that title, I beseech you! I am not a child who wishes to avoid deserved punishment. What were my penitence, if I hoped advantage from it beyond the consciousness of atonement for past offence?

Countess. But if your husband himself?—

Mrs. H. Oh! he will not! he cannot! And let him rest assured I never would replace my honour at the expense of his.

Bar. He still loves you.

Mrs. H. Loves me! Then he must not—no—he must purify his heart from a weakness which would degrade him!

Bar. Incomparable woman! I go to my friend—perhaps for the last time! Have you not one word to send him?

Mrs. H. Yes, I have two requests to make. Often, when, in excess of grief, I have despaired of every consolation, I have thought I should be easier if I might behold my husband once again, acknowledge my injustice to him, and take a gentle leave of him forever. This, therefore, is my first request—a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is—Oh—not to see, but to hear some account of my poor children.

Bar. If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not for a moment delay your wishes.

Countess. Heaven be with you!

Mrs. H. And my prayers.

[Exit Baron, L.]

Countess. Come, my friend, come into the air, till he returns with hope and consolation.

Mrs. H. Oh, my heart! how art thou afflicted! My husband! My little ones! Past joys and future fears.—Oh, dearest madam, there are moments in which we live years! moments which steal the roses from the cheek of health, and plough deep furrows in the brow of youth.

Countess. Banish these sad reflections. [*Crosses, L.*]—Come, let us walk. The sun will set soon; let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

Mrs. H. Alas! Yes, the setting sun is a proper scene for me.

Countess. Never forget that a morning will succeed.

[*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Skirts of the Park, Lodge, &c., as before.*

Enter BARON, from Gates.

Bar. On earth, there is but one such pair. They shall not be parted. Yet what I have undertaken is not so easy as I at first hoped. What can I answer when he asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his character, and become the derision of society? For he is right: a faithless wife is a dishonor! and to forgive her, is to share her shame. What though Adelaide may be an exception; a young deluded girl, who has so long and so sincerely repented; yet what cares an unfeeling world for this? The world! He has quitted it. 'Tis evident he loves her still; and upon this assurance builds my sanguine heart the hope of a happy termination to an honest enterprise.

Enter FRANCIS with two children, WILLIAM and AMELIA, R.

Fra. (R. c.) Come along, my pretty ones—come.

Will. (L. c.) Is it far to home?

Fra. No, we shall be there directly now.

Bar. (L.) Hold! Whose children are these?

Fra. My master's.

Will. Is that my father?

Bar. It darts like lightning through my brain. A word with you. [*Francis puts the children a little back.*] I know you love your master. Strange things have happened here. Your master has found his wife again.

Fra. Indeed! Glad to hear it.

Bar. Mrs. Haller—

Fra. Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.

Bar. But he is determined to go from her.

Fra. Oh!

Bar. We must try to prevent it.

Fra. Sirely.

Bar. The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps assist us.

Fra. How so?

Bar. Hide yourself with them in that hut. Before a quarter of an hour is passed, you shall know more.

Fra. But—

Bar. No more questions, I entreat you. Time is precious.

Fra. Well, well: questions are not much in my way. Come, children. *[Takes them in each hand.]*

Will. Why, I thought you told me I should see my father?

Fra. So you shall, my dear. Come, moppets.

[Goes into the Hut with the Children, L. U. E.]

Bar. Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice. If the mild look of the mother fails, the innocent smiles of these, his own children, will surely find the way to his heart. *[Taps at the Lodge door: the Stranger comes out.]* Charles, I wish you joy.

Stra. Of what?

Bar. You have found her again.

Stra. Show a bankrupt the treasure which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount!

Bar. Why not, if it be in your power to retrieve the whole?

Stra. I understand you: you are a negotiator from my wife. It won't avail.

Bar. Learn to know your wife better. Yes, I am a messenger from her; but without power to treat. She, who loves you unutterably, who without you never can be happy, renounces your forgiveness; because, as she thinks, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.

Stra. Pshaw! I am not to be caught.

Bar. Charles! consider well—

Stra. Steinfort, let me explain all this. I have lived here three years. Adelaide knew it.

Bar. Knew it! She never saw you till to-day.

Stra. That you may make fools believe. Hear further: she knows, too, that I am not a common sort of man; that my heart is not to be attacked in the usual manner. She, therefore, framed a deep-concerted plan. She played a charitable part; but in such a way, that it always reached

my ears. She played a pious, modest, reserved part, in order to excite my curiosity. And, at last, to-day she plays the prude. She refuses my forgiveness, in hopes, by this generous device, to extort it from my compassion.

Bar. Charles ! I have listened to you with astonishment. This is a weakness only to be pardoned in a man who has so often been deceived by the world. Your wife has expressly and steadfastly declared, that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it.

Stra. What then has brought you hither ?

Bar. More than one reason. First, I am come in my own name, as your friend and comrade, to conjure you solemnly not to spurn this creature from you ; for, by my soul, you will not find her equal.

Stra. Give yourself no further trouble.

Bar. Be candid, Charles. You love her still ?

Stra. Alas ! yes.

Bar. Her sincere repentance has long since obliterated her crime.

Stra. Sir ! a wife, once induced to forfeit her honour, must be capable of a second crime.

Bar. Not so, Charles. Ask your heart what portion of the blame may be your own.

Stra. Mine ?

Bar. Yours. Who told you to marry a thoughtless inexperienced girl ? One scarce expects established principles at five-and-twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl of sixteen ! But of this no more. She has erred : she has repented ; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of calumny has not discovered a speck upon this radiant orb.

Stra. Now, were I to believe all this—and I confess I would willingly believe it—yet she can never again be mine. Ah ! what a feast would it be for the painted dolls and vermin of the world, when I appeared among them with my runaway wife upon my arm ! What mocking, whispering, pointing !—Never ! Never ! Never !

[*Crosses, L.*

Bar. Enough ! As a friend I have done my duty ; I now appear as Adelaide's ambassador. She requests one mo-

ment's conversation : she wishes once again to see you, and never more ! You cannot deny her this only, this last request.

Stra. I understand this too : she thinks my firmness will be melted by her tears : she is mistaken. She may come.

Bar. She will come to make you feel how much you mistake her. I go for her.

Stra. Another word.

Bar. Another word !

Stra. Give her this paper, and these jewels. They belong to her.

[*Presenting them.*]

Bar. That you may do yourself.

[*Exit at Gate, c.*]

Stra. The last anxious moment of my life draws near. I shall see her once again ; I shall see her on whom my soul doats. Is this the language of an injured husband ? What is this principle which we call honor ? Is it a feeling of the heart, or a quibble in the brain ? I must be resolute : it cannot now be otherwise. Let me speak solemnly, yet mildly ; and beware that nothing of reproach escape my lips.

Enter COUNTESS, MRS. HALLER, and BARON, *from Gates.*

Yes, her penitence is real, it is real. She shall not be obliged to live in mean dependence : she shall be mistress of herself, she shall—Ha ! they come. Awake, insulted pride ! Protect me, injured honour !

[*Gets over to R. of Stage.*]

Mrs. H. [*Advances slowly, and in a tremour, L. Countess attempts to support her.*] Leave me now, I beseech you. [*Baron and Countess retire into the hut, L. U. E. Approaches the Stranger, who, with averted countenance, and in extreme agitation, awaits her address.*] My lord !

Stra. [*With gentle tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.*] What would you with me, Adelaide ?

Mrs. H. [*Much agitated.*] No—for Heaven's sake ! I was not prepared for this—Adelaide !—No, no. For Heaven's sake !—Harsh words alone are suited to a culprit's ear.

Stra. [*Endeavoring to give his voice firmness.*] Well, madam !

Mrs. H. Oh ! If you will ease my heart, if you will spare and pity me, use reproaches.

Stra. Reproaches! Here they are; here on my sallow cheek—here in my hollow eye—here in my faded form. These reproaches I could not spare you.

Mrs. H. Were I a hardened sinner, this forbearance would be charity: but I am a suffering penitent, and it overpowers me! Alas! then I must be the herald of my own shame. For where shall I find peace till I have eased my soul by my confession.

Stra. No confession, madam. I release you from every humiliation. I perceive you feel that we must part forever.

Mrs. H. I know it. Nor come I here to supplicate your pardon; nor has my heart contained a ray of hope that you would grant it. All I dare ask, is, that you will not curse my memory.

Stra. No, I do not curse you. I shall never curse you.

Mrs. H. From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, abandoned it. But this is not enough; you must have that redress which will enable you to choose another—another wife; in whose chaste arms may Heaven protect your hours of bliss! This paper will be necessary for the purpose; it contains a written acknowledgment of my guilt. [*Offers it, trembling.*]

Stra. [*Tearing it.*] Perish the record for ever!—No, Adelaide, you only have possessed my heart; and I am not ashamed to own it, you alone will reign there forever.—Your own sensations of virtue, your resolute honour, forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even if—this is beneath a man! But—never—will another fill Adelaide's place here.

Mrs. H. Then nothing now remains but that one sad, hard, just word—farewell! [*Going, L.*]

Stra. Stay a moment. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of your fellow creatures. I am happy that it is so. You shall not be without the power of gratifying your benevolence. I know you have a spirit that must shrink from a state of obligation. This paper, to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, secures you independence, Adelaide; and let the only recommendation of the gift be, that it will administer to you the means of indulging in charity, the divine propensity of your nature.

Mrs. H. Never! To the labor of my hands alone will I owe my sustenance. A morsel of bread, moistened with the tear of penitence, will suffice my wishes, and exceed my merits. It would be an additional reproach, to think that I served myself, or even others, from the bounty of the man whom I had so deeply injured.

Stra. Take it, madam; take it.

Mrs. H. I have deserved this. But I throw myself upon your generosity. Have compassion on me!

Stra. [*Aside.*] Villain! Of what a woman hast thou robbed me!—[*Puts up the paper.*] Well, madam, I respect your sentiments and withdraw my request; but on condition, that if ever you shall be in want of anything, I may be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make your application.

Mrs. H. I promise it, my lord.

Stra. And now I may, at least, desire you to take back what is your own—your jewels. [*Gives her the casket.*]

Mrs. H. [*Opens it, and weeps.*] How well do I recollect the sweet evening when you gave me these! That evening my father joined our hands; and joyfully I pronounced the oath of eternal fidelity.—It is broken. This locket you gave me on my birth-day.—That was a happy day! We had a country feast—How cheerful we all were!—This bracelet I received after my William was born!—No! Take them—take them—I cannot take these, unless you wish that the sight of them should be an incessant reproach to my almost broken heart. [*Gives them back.*]

Stra. I must go. My soul and pride will hold no longer. Farewell.

Mrs. H. Oh! But one minute more! An answer to but one more question.—Feel for a mother's heart!—Are my children still alive?

Stra. Yes, they are alive.

Mrs. H. And well?

Stra. Yes, they are well.

Mrs. H. Heaven be praised! William must be much grown?

Stra. I believe so.

Mrs. H. What! Have you not seen them, then? And little Amelia, is she still your favorite? [*The Stranger, who is in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent*

contention between honor and affection.] Oh! generous man, allow me to behold them once again!—Let me once more kiss the features of their father in his babes, and I will kneel to you, and part with them forever.

[She kneels—he raises her.]

Stra. Willingly, Adelaide! This very night. I expect the children every minute. They have been brought up near this spot. I have already sent my servant for them. He might, ere this time, have returned. I pledge my word to send them to the Castle as soon as they arrive. There, if you please, they may remain till daybreak to-morrow: then they must go with me.

[The Countess and Baron, having re-entered and listened to the whole conversation with the warmest sympathy, exchange signals. Baron goes into the Hut, and soon returns with the Children. He gives the Girl to the Countess, who places herself behind the Stranger. He himself walks with the Boy behind Mrs. Haller.]

Mrs. H. In this world, then, we have no more to say! —*[Seizing his hand.]* Forget a wretch who never will forget you.—Let me press this hand once more to my lips—this hand which once was mine. And when my vengeance shall have broken my heart,—when we again meet in a better world——

Stra. There, Adelaide, you may be mine again.

Stra.

Mrs. H. } Oh! Oh! *[Peering]*

[But, as they are going, she encounters the Boy, and he the Girl.]

Children. Dear father! Dear mother!

[They press the Children in their arms with speechless affection; then tear themselves away—gaze at each other—spread their arms and rush into an embrace. The Children run and cling round their parents. The Curtain falls.]

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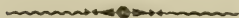
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<i>Roman Centurion</i> ..	" Bender.	" Heath.	" Wright.
<i>Sicilian Merchant</i> ..	" Harcourt.	" Gallot.	" Jones.
<i>Sophronia</i>	Miss H. Faucit.	Mrs. G. Jones.	Miss Wallack.
<i>Hero</i>	" Turpin.	Miss Flynn.	" Gordon.

COSTUMES.

GISIPPUS.—*First dress* : Blue shirt, and red Grecian toga, richly embroidered with gold, wreath of pink roses round the head, flesh leggins, and sandals. *Second dress* : Long white shirt, and blue toga, trimmed with gold, white ribbon round the head. *Third dress* : Old brown shirt, slate-colored toga, old sandals, fleshings, and sword.

TITUS QUINTUS FULVIUS.—*First dress* : Grecian toga. *Second dress* : Roman toga.

MEDON.—Rich Grecian shirt and mantle.

PHEAX.—Ditto.

CHREMES.—Ditto.

LYCIAS.—Plain white shirt, trowsers, and robe.

DECIUS.—Roman shirt, breastplate, and helmet.

MACRO.—Ditto.

CENTURION.—Ditto.

DAVUS.—Good Grecian Dress.

MUTIUS.—Plain Grecian dress.

SICILIAN MERCHANT.—Ditto.

SOPHRONIA.—White muslin Grecian dress, trimmed with silver, and ribbon round the head.

HERO.—Plain Grecian dress.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door* ; F. *the Flat* ; D. F. *Door in Flat*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right* ; L., *Left* ; C., *Centre* ; R. C., *Right of Centre* ; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the Representation.

REK
JMTL
P885
10.7

GISIPPUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Athens.*

Enter CHREMES, PHEAX, and MEDON, *L.*

Med (c.) The sweetest, fairest, loveliest maid in Athens,
Although I be her brother, that do say it.

Chre. (L.) Sum all perfection in one little word,
And say—the wealthiest maid in Athens.

Med. Nay.
Gisippus does not care for that! He loves
Too deeply, and too fervently, for that.
And yet, I think not the *less* truly for it!
The shafts of the boy-God ne'er would less surely
For being tipped with gold!

Pheax. (R.) But prithee, Meden,
When goes the wedding forward?

Med. Why, he hath waited
The changing of her humor these three years,
In patient fondness; and it seems not like,
Now he hath bent at last her stubborn will
Unto the fashion of his own, and weaned
Her memory from that phanptom-love that haunted it,
He'll stay the consummation of his joy
O'erlong.—But look you yonder. [*Pointing L.*

Pheax. 'Tis Fulvius!

Chre. Returned so soon from Corinth?

Med. How!—what, Fulvius?

Chre. You should have heard Gisippus speak of him.
He is the other self—his Pylades—
The young Roman student!

Med. As I kuow him not,

And have some matters that command me hence,
 I'll leave you to accost him. Fare you well. [*Exit Med*
and Phe. R.

Enter FULVIUS, L.

Chre. So early from your studies, Fulvius?

Fulv. A smile! I've searched half Athens for a smile,
 And never found it. What a heavy time
 I spend here with you Greeks! I soon shall quit
 Your Academic groves, and I am glad on't.

Chre. Of all men, you should not complain of dullness
 Yourself a very cynic, you have not
 The capability of pleasantry;
 Our maids of Athens find you cold and harsh.
 And given to thinking.

Fulv. I'll be so no longer!—
 (*Musing.*) 'Tis true, I had a cause.

Chre. (*Crossing R.*) And do ye still
 Dream of this fair Corinthian vision! Oh!
 How passing a sigh was there!

Fulv. (*R.*) Peace! Peace!

Chre. To pine for years upon a boyish fancy,
 And let the thousand bright and real beauties
 That court your praise, flit by you all unheeded
 Shame! shame! You ne'er again will meet your old love,
 (And tho' you should, you've found her most unworthy;)
 Then cast that memory to the winds! Look round ye!
 There are bright eyes and fairer forms in Greece,
 And hearts less false, believe me. I have seen ye,
 Before this fair Corinthian fancy seized you,
 Flatter a graceful robe with such a spirit,
 And make such furious protestations? Oh!
 But now, your manhood is forgotten.

Fulv. No!
 Give me your hand—you have well counselled me,
 And thou shalt see me changed to what I was,
 From this time forth. "No! my lost love shall find
 "I can be free and generous as she was."—
 The first fair form I meet, I bend the knee to;
 I'll be no pining fool, to die forsaken,
 And have my name and fortune chronicled
 Among the tales of true love-victims. Hark thee!
 I'll think of her no more.

Chre. Bravely resolved !

Fulv. I say, I'll thiuk of her no more !

Chre. And wisely,
And gallantly 'tis said.

Fulv. No—by the Gods,
I never will !

Chre. Well, you have said enough on't.—
Here comes Gisippus, with his wedding face on.

Fulv. Gisippus !

Chre. There's a smile !—you longed to see one—
The smile successful lore wears. Are ye bid
Unto the bridal ?

Fulv. Aye ; but know not yet
The lady of the feast nor sought to learn
Ere this.—What ! Gisippus !

Enter GISIPPUS and a Slave, R.

Gis. You are well met

I'm glad to see you wear so gay a brow
To honor our espousal.—(*To slave.*) To your mistress :
Bid her expect me earlier than she looked for. [*Exit*
I've sought you, Fulvius. *Slave, R.*

Fulv. I shall now, at length,
Behold this paragon your bride, and know her ?
Do you find her still a paragon ?

Gis. And think you,
Love can be led by circumstance so easily ?

Chre. Ay. Passion hath its change of seasons, sir ;
And 'twere as vain to hope eternal Summer,
As an eternal faith. This is with you
The Spring of courtship, which calls up the flowers,
The fairest flowers of love—your blooming fancies—
Your fragrant love-thoughts, murmuring sighs and pray'rs.
But even as Nature's spring, Love's too must roll
Away ; and then comes your adored honey-moon,
Love's summer of enjoyment ; next, his Autumn
Of lukewarm liking, verging to indifference,
The time of shrugs and yawns, and absent thoughts.
And then his Winter comes—frosty and dry,
Sharp, biting, bitter ; cunning in cold taunts ;
Making the evening hearth, so late a paradise,
A place of harsh uncomfot.—Then, O Love !

How suddenly thy changeful votaries
Find thy Elysium void ! From the pale poet,
Who wooed the groves in song-lorn melancholy,
To him the blustering terror of the field,
Who sighed like Boreas, and who made love like war—
All, weary grown of the ignoble bondage,
Look back with scorn upon the yoke they've spurned,
And wonder how the silly toy had power
To make them sin so palpably 'gainst wisdom.

Gis. Peace, scoffer.

Chre. True—that speech was for a married man,
Not for a mateless turtle like myself.

I'll leave you with a proselyte I've made
Within this hour—no very worthless votary—
You will confirm the change I have begun.

[*Exit, R.*

Gis. Come to my bridal, Fulvius. You shall see
Some beauties worth the wooing, though they lack
The eagle spirit of your Roman maids.

Fulv. And I shall deem them lovely in that want.
Those eagle spirits are too grand for me :
Such forms may grace a painter's canvas well,
Grouped in a legend of the Commonwealth,
But by an evening fire are cold companions.
Woman was made for love, and not for wonder.
Give me the pliant, soft, and human fair—
But Heaven defend me from your soaring beauties !
Your love is none of these ?

Gis. (R.) Come with me, sir :
Let your own judgment answer you.

Fulv. (L.) And tell me—
You are indeed the happy one you seem ?

Gis. Happy ! Ah, thou cold Western, thou dull scholar,
Made up of all crabbed systems, I'll not talk
With thee of that thou can'st not comprehend.
And yet, if thou hadst seen her, Fulvius,
Although thy breast were frigid as the stream
That curdles through the usurper's withered veins,
Thou still wouldst own my happiness.—But yet—

Fulv. Nay, if your fortune may admit that clause,
I shall not envy you.

Gis. One thing troubles me—

Fulv. Ay, I should wonder else Did you then look

To rest your happiness on a woman's will,
And find it unalloyed? What is this seasoner
Of yours?

Gis. Why, nothing. It hath taken birth
In thought alone—a doubt of love, too sensitive
To give e'en rapture's self free entertainment.
Some old affection combated my love,
That still is made a mystery. Faith stands
On unsure grounds where confidence is wanting,
And hers I lack. But let doubt find out me
I'll not seek it, nor do. She's mine; and I
Could trace no lingering of the hesitation
That chilled my earlier wooing, in the deed
That made her mine at length. But fare ye well: [*Cros-*
I'll meet you straight and bring you to her house: *ses* L.

Fulv. There's something more than beauty to content
ye?

Gis. There are, as you will see, some fair possessions;
Yet, Fulvius, by the honor of my love,
I had no thought of these when I became
Her suitor.

Fulv. I believe you.

Gis. And it was not
My fortunes placed my need beyond them, neither.
Had not this chanced, I were a ruin every way:
Two thousand sesterces were all I owned,
And those I was a debtor for—I staked
My villa to command them. Do you wonder
That I should thus send my last ventures forth,
On the frail prospect of a woman's kindness?

Fulv. I rather wonder that hath not deceived you.
But frankly, I am glad to see ye happy,
And like yourself again.

Gis. Oh, I have but now
Begun to live! Until this morn, my soul
Ran its career in darkness; and the world—
Fair unto those who live in Fortune's smiles—
Was unto me a weariness; but this
Hath poured a flood of light into my soul,
That no succeeding night can chill or darken.

[*Exeunt severally, Gisippus, L., Fulvius, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Gardens of Sophronia, with Grottoes, &c.*
Music.

Enter SOPHRONIA and HERO, L.

Hero. (L. c.) Sophronia ! Not a word ! Is it to hide
 A blush or tear, that veil's so closely drawn ?
 Dear friend, speak to me ! on my heart, your silence
 Falls like an augury of ill, least fitting
 Of any to a day like this.

Soph. (R. c.) Oh, Hero ! [*Crossing, L*
 Do not question me. I have not known (too late
 I find it,) all my spirit's weakness.—Oh !
 What an inconstant thing is woman's will !
 On what a trifle may the happiness
 Of whole existence hang ! A summer wind,
 That is but air—nothing—may turn an argosy ;
 And the poor word in weakness uttered,
 Hath power to bind, beyond release or hope,
 A life's whole destiny.

Hero. The Gods have made
 Thine their especial care.

Soph. Ah ! yes !

Hero. Sophronio, some grief is at your heart ; may I
 not share it ? [*Sophronia avoids her.*
 This is not like yourself, Sophronia—friend—
[*Sophronia returns, and they retire conversing.*

Enter FULVIUS and CHREMES, R. U. E.

Chre. (R.) Why, Fortune must have ta'en her bandage
 off.

To shower such graces on you. You must dedicate
 A temple to the goddess.—From the Emperor ?
 Sent for to Rome already ?

Fulv. (R. c.) I have here
 The letters which command my presence there.
 I am promised honors. If you be not bound
 Too closely to your native city, Chremes,
 Let not this change divide us.—Share my fortunes,
 And be to me a memory of what.

Gisippus was, till love made friendship light.

Chre. (L.) We'll speak of this again ere you leave
 Athens.

Did you not say he should have met you here?

Fulv. A little further on—

[*Fulvius fixes his eye on Sophronia, who is talking with Hero.*]

Chre. 'Twill be no grateful tidings for his ear,
Those news of your return to Rome.

Fulv. That form !—

Chre. You do not think of leaving till the festival
Be past?

Fulv. How dim and wavering is the recollection
That stirs within me? There's some faint similitude
To an old memory, I cannot now
Distinctly summon up.

Chre. What's this? Why gaze you so?

Fulv. It is the loveliest form I've looked upon
Since I have entered Athens!

Chre. It is, indeed,
A bust for Dian's self!

Fulv. If she had left
Her wild wood for the portal of her temple,
To give her votaries a visible *audit*,
She could not move my admiration more.
I'll speak to her!

Chre. You cannot think it, sure?
This is some lady of high estimation!
You are changed, indeed! What plea have you to offer?

Fulv. I care not. Let chance, which gives the occasion,
Be kinder yet, and furnish me with matter.

Chre. You are a madman! [Stopping him.]

Fulv. "You are a coward! Off!"

"A pitiful, dull trembler. Hark you, sir:
"Go you and marvel yonder, at her state,
"And see it bend to me.—'Twill do so! Hush!"
Be dumb—she speaks!—

Chre. You will not be advised?

Fulv. Psha! No—away!— [Exit Chremes, R. U. E.]
Now, by Cytherea,

Here is no common beauty! Would she but lift
That veil! There is a sadness in her air
And motion. Oh! if that veil hide beneath it.
A sorrowing brow, when shall a smile be worshipped?

Soph. [To Hero, coming a little forward, L.]

But, trust me, since that fatal "yes" was wrung from me,
 I have not rested. You must come more frequently,
 Else I grow serious as the fate that waits me.
 Farewell ! I wait Gisippus here. [Exit Hero, L.]

Fulv. (Aside.) Gisippus,
 Some fair friend of the bride—
*Sophronia, coming forward, c., suddenly meets Fulvius,
 and starts back.*

Soph. Ah, heaven !—

Fulv. Your pardon, lady :
 Do ye start from as it were a spectre
 That crossed your daylight path ?—" You shake and trem-
 ble !

" These groves are silent, but not desolate,
 " And many ears are waking near you. Say,
 " What is there in an honest face to terrify you ?
 " As sure mine seems no other."

Soph. (Aside.) It is Fulvius !
 'Tis the same gallant air—the noble form
 That caught my first affection—Years have made
 But little change upon him.

Fulv. (Aside.) How she regards me !

Soph. He knows me not ! [Seeming to go.]

Fulv. Lady, you will not go,
 Leaving me thus unsatisfied ?

Soph. I know ye not, sir !

Fulv. I am a Roman, and a friend of Gisippus !
 A scholar, too, just weaned from the harsh studies
 Of Your Athenian schools, and turning now
 To and a gentler lesson in the fair
 And varied volume Nature lays before me !
 A diligent and most untiring learner,
 Could I but hope
 That most excellent pattern of her skill
 This morning shows me, might continue ever
 My study and my inspiration.

" *Soph.* You

" Are pleasant, sir !

" *Fulv.* I have a failing that way,—oh,

" Oh !

" Could you but feel the wrong you do that brow,

" When you would make it minister to scorn,

" No heart would mourn the absence of its light.

" *Soph.* Vain men ! And do ye seek to cozen us
" With flattery so palpable as this ?

" You know it fair, and yet have never seen it !

" *Fulv.* But shall ?— [Approaching her.

" *Soph.* No !—Named you not Gisippus, Roman ?—

" *Fulv.* He is known to you ?

" *Soph.* He is.

" *Fulv.* His promised bride, too ?

" *Soph.* Should be my near friend.

" *Falv.* And we thus stand at distance !—Now, by Ne-
mesis,

" I thought we should be friends. I know not why,

" But though we sure have never met before,

" That form already grows upon my soul

" Familiar as memory of its childhood.

" Our sages teach, (and now I find them reasonable,)

" There is between the destinies of mortals

" A secret and mysterious coincidence,

" Drawn from one mighty principle of Nature ;

" A fixed necessity, a potent 'must,'

" That sways mortality through all its harmonies !

" That souls are mingled and hearts wedded, ere

" Those souls have felt the dawning of a thought ;

" Before those hearts have formed a pulse, or yet

" Begun to beat with consciousness of being !

" My heart is governed by a fate like this,

" And drawn to thee, unknown—unseen.

" *Soph.* Beware !

" I am your friend, and warn you. Trust me not :

" Earth never formed a being half so false.

" To him who shuns me, I can be more just ;

" To him who woos like thee, with heart on lip,

" A very icicle.

" *Fulv.* I will believe you !—

" 'Tis beautiful, and so art thou—'tis fragile,

" And false—so ye would have me think ye—Bright,

" So is thy beauty—sparkling as thy wit !

" 'Tis radiant as thy form ; and it is cold—

" And so art thou "

" *Soph.* I am a dull diviner,

If that speech were not meant for one, a foolish friend

Of mine, at Corinth once, who threw her heart

Away, thinking it given to a Roman youth.

Fulv. At Corinth, lady—
Spoke you of Sophronia?

Soph. Why,
I named her not!—you've known her, then?

Fulv. I have.
I pray you, hear. There is a friend of mine—
A poor weak youth—On! hear me—for my life
Is wrapped in his, and that is failing fast.
He loved her—and she wronged him.—“Knew ye this?”
“*Soph.* No, truly.—And yet I might say I knew her,
“(Her very heart) even as mine own.

“*Fulv.* She was
“The fairest, yet the falsest thing that e'er
“Made light of confidence.—Her eyes looked brightest
“When they were silent perjurers;—her voice
“Sweetest, when turned to deep deceit;—her smile.
“Pleasant as health, yet death's worst messenger!
“This is my memory of her.” Years, alas,
Have passed since I beheld her! Lives she?

Soph. Yes,
And for a new love. She has lived to learn
The wisdom of forgetfulness. 'Twill be,
Some comfort to your false friend, to hear this!

Fulv. Oh! I was never false—Proud I might be,
I am—but though in very stubbornness,
I steeled my heart against the scorn that pained it;
And like the slave, whose struggling in his chains
Makes them hang heavier and corrode more deeply,
The influence that I sought to smile away,
But clung more sensibly about my heart,
Binding it down unto its first affections
More firmly, while my laughing lip denied
The dear allegiance—Would Sophronia knew this!

Soph. Ay, if she had but known this!

Fulv. Ay, idle sorrow now;
For had I sought her and bowed down my heart
Yet lower than its boyish pride could stoop,
It were in vain, for she esteemed the fancied wrong
Her own and would have spurned the suit and me.

Soph. Oh, women have forgiving tempers, Fulvius:
You should have made the trial.

Fulv. Ha!—that tone!
I stand as one in mist—Am I deceived?—

Soph. But now, indeed, 'tis late. Sophronia is
In Athens—and forgiveness past her power

Fulv. (*Approaching her.*) The veil! In mercy! Oh,
my anxious heart

And throbbing brain! The veil! Nay, raise it, lady—
And snatch me from the agonizing dream—

“Say, do I err?”

“Or does my heart deceive me, when it claims

“That voice, for one familiar with its oldest

“And best remembrances?” It grows upon me

More rapidly and surely—My Sophronia,

(*Kneels.*) Oh, my love! life! happiness?

[*She throws back the veil.*]

Soph. Hold, there!

Fulv. No, no!

By thine own unchanged beauty, I do swear

I am as innocent of wrong to *ye*,

As aught in virtue or in truth!

Soph. It is too late:

I am no more mine own to meet thy faith,

Although I should believe it.

Fulv. Say thou dost;

[*Rising.*]

And where is he who dares dispute the consequence?

“I do remember somewhat, lightly spoken

“And hastily, (which thou wilt sure recall, love,)

“That chills my breast to think on. Nay, put off

“That distant air.—Wave not your hand thus coldly,

“As you would scatter sorrow with the action

“Upon the heart that loves you.” Register.

My pardon, even by a look, and say

Unkindness sleeps between us, and love wakes again.

Soph. It is too late, now.

Fulv. Wherefore? Are you not

The same free Grecian maiden? I can see

No mark of bondage on you.

Soph. But there is

A heavy bondage—I am bound.

Fulv. To me!

[*Eagerly taking her hand.*]

Think you I could forget that vow, Sophronia?

Truth, love, and justice are my witnesses,

(And surely you will honor them,) the heart

That stilled its beating to record the pledge,

Tenders it yet—among its living pulses.
The dearest memory there !

Soph. This must be ended.

Fulvius—I am indeed—

Fulv. (*Interrupting her.*) Although my lips,
Which are the beauteous ministers of truth,
While virgin Truth herself, had sworn that, lady,
I still must disbelieve ye.

Soph. Then fare ye well—
The time must undeceive you.

[*Going, L.*

Fulv. Hold, Sophronia !
If any fearful, creeping, heartless slave,
Have made a base advantage—Oh, my blindness !
That I should leave to such a venom'd slanderer
The opportunity he dared not vindicate !—
But name him—and I will redeem thy pledge,
Though I should tear it from his heart, and give thee
A reeking witness with it.

Soph. 'Tis a name
Will lay a quieter and heavier influence
Upon your spirit, Fulvius. You are sensitive
In friendship, as in love ?—

[*Music, Piano.*

Fulv. (*Starting back.*) Ha !

Soph. I am here
The mistress of the revel.—Hark ! Oh, heaven !
My lord approaches—Oh, forgive and leave me !

Fulv. Your lord ?

Soph. My husband—Gisippus ! Your friend !
Oh ! fly !

Fulv. My friend ?

[*Abstractedly.*

Soph. I fear your meeting.

Fulv. Oh !

Avenging Nemesis !—Oh, traitor, Hope !
What was there in the little store of peace
That I till now had laid unto my heart,
Thine eye should covet thus ?

Soph. (*Anxiously.*) He comes !

Fulv. (*Starting round.*) I am glad of it !

Soph. Mercy ! you would not—

Fulv. In his very teeth

I'll fling my charge—there let it stick, and blacken !

[*Crosses, R.*

Ye bards, whose tales of Grecian faith are cherished

In strains that credulous fancy dotes upon,
Your ashes shall no more be hallowed now.
It was a lying spirit moved ye !—Hence !
Thou art become a plague unto my sight,
A blot and stain upon the virgin air.

[*Music is heard within, louder ; Sophronia, crosses, R.
and sinks on her knee.*

Oh, arise, my love !

How swift a shame runs burning through my veins !
You should not kneel—What, though you are heartless,
love,

You still are queen in this—Beautiful falsehood :
Ye have spells about ye—and I would curse,
Yet can but gaze into thine eyes, and bless thee.
What would ye I should do !

Soph. I've been to blame,
But now repentance is in vain. I fear
The anger of my lord—for I am now
Bound to obedience.—Seem not to know me, Fulvius !
The fate that's on us passion cannot alter,
But may confirm.

Fulv. Fear not.—I will be governed.

*Enter GISIPPUS, MEDON, CHREMES, Ladies Guests, &c.,
R. U. E.—Music plays while seats are arranged—Gisippus
leads Sophronia to a seat, L.—Fulvius remains unobserved,
leaning against a side scene up the Stage.*

Gis. Here in these silent groves we will attend
The lighting of the Hymeneal torch.
How pure, how holy is the sacrifice,
That waits on virtuous love ! How sacred is
The very levity we wake to honor it !
The fiery zeal that passion knows, is there
Tempered by mild esteem and holiest reverence
Into a still, unwasting, vestal flame,
That wanders nor decays. All soft affections,
Calm hopes and quiet blessings, hover round,
And soft Peace shed her virtuous dew upon it
No conscious memories haunt the path of pleasure,
But happiness is made a virtue.

Fulv. (R.) Ay !
An universal one—for truth and justice,

Honor and faith may be cast off to gain it,
Without one conscious shame.

Gis. How's this?

Soph. (*Lays her hand on his arm.*) Gisippus!

Gis. My love! What would you?

Fulv. (*R.*) Oh! must I endure this?

The action hath struck fire from out mine eyes—

I cannot hold— [*Coming forward.*]

Gis. (*c.*) Ha! Fulvius! Oh, dear friend!

My happiness fell short of its completion,

Till you had given me joy.

Fulv. (*R.*) Why should it need?

The joy that conscious truth gives will wait on ye,

For surely you deserve it.

Gis. Friend and brother,

I thank you.

Fulv. Does the bride?

Gis. Nay! ye should spare her.

Fulv. Prudent friend! Wise lover! Now

I see the spring of your half confidences.

Gis. What doubt is this!

Fulv. Doubt! Oh! I know thee just;

I know thy tongue was honest—but I know, too,

The silent tales a glance may tell—the lies

That may be acted.

[*They all rise.*]

Gis. Ha! [*Sophronia throws herself between.*]

Soph. Oh! heed him not:

There is some error—

Fulv. All the nods—the looks,

By which the absent fool is safely damned—

Ye would not slander me in words, I know it;

But there are ways.

Gis. (*L. c.*) (*Aside.*) What sudden, horrible fear,
Creeps o'er my frame?

There is no likelihood in that.

Fulv. Farewell!

Honest Gisippus, fare ye well! Sophronia,

I will not, for the last time, take your hand

With an ill word.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Gisippus, this is all

Your friend claims from your bride—oh, she was worth

A double perjury! Oh, virtuous pair,

The happiness ye merit dwell about ye,
Till ye have learned to laugh at conscience. How!
Am I a wonder, that ye throng and gaze
Upon me! Have I marred the bridal? Oh!
Let it proceed and pardon me. Hearts worthier
Marriage ne'er blest; "take a friend's word for that—
"An undone friend, it may be, but that's little."
My last advice is—ye may ne'er remember
The name or fortunes of your ancient friend,
For there's a cause why that should breed ill thinking.
Farewell, Sophronia! Oh, true friend, Gisippus—
Farewell! farewell! [Exit, R.

Medon. (*Aside.*) What is the cause of this?

Pheax. Whate'er it be, Gisippus hath it now.
His looks betray it. Mark him!

Gis. (*L. c.*) Hold, my heart!
Rush not too quickly on a divination
So full of fear for thee. Sophronia?

Soph. (*R. c.*) I am here, Gisippus

Gis. Medon will attend you
To your chamber. I would speak with you alone—
I'll follow you.

Soph. (*L.*) My lord shall be obeyed.

[Exit with Medon, L.

Gis. (*c.*) Kind friends, your pardon for this interruption,
Which should not mar the festival—One hour,
While you attend a measure in the house,
I would bespeak your patience. Then I come to ye!

[Music plays while Chremes and the rest go out, leaving
Gisippus alone upon the Stage, L.

Gis. Corinth? The mystery of Fulvius—and
Sophronia's old affection? You great Gods,
I see my fate!—The sacrifice you ask
Is great and bitter.—You, who lay upon me
This heavy test, lift up my soul to meet
And wrestle with its potency: The hour
Is come at length, when the young votary, Virtue,
Must prove his worship real—when the spirit
Shall soar above all natural affections,
A wonder and a tale for days unborn,
Or sink, degraded, into self. My love?
My friend? How suddenly the word unmans me!

My heart is weak,—and I but pant and struggle
At the greatness I would master. Yet it shall be so.

[*Comes down.*]

Sophronia shall be tried—and should she falter,
It must be done, although my strings of life
Crack in the doing. Oh! for one brief moment,
Lie still and cold, ye whispering ministers
That stir my blood with selfish doubts and wishes;
Dig memory, sense, and feeling from my brain
And heart, and make it steel to all but that
Which makes yielding painful!

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Athens.*

*Enter FULVIUS and CHREMES, followed by LYCIAS and
SERVANTS, L.*

Ful. (c.) Friends let our train expect me on the hill,
Beside the villa of Gisippus. *Exeunt Lycias &c., R.*

Chre. Nay!

Why should you droop thus, Fulvius?

Fulv. (R.) I would
We had left Athens yesterday. I grieve
To think upon the wrong I did Gisippus,
And would return and see him once again,
To take a friendlier leave.

Chre. You should say, rather,
To see Sophronia once again, and make
Your parting yet more painful.

Fulv. No, I have wronged
My friend! The friend that would have died, ere injured
Me, or cast one moment's shadow o'er my heart.
He shall yet think better of me. *[Crosses, L.]*

Chre. Well, I seek not
To cross your wishes. But I pray you, tell me—
That gloomy-looking knave ye sent before
Just now: is he your slave?

Fulv. My freedman, Lycias.

Chre. It is impossible that there can be.
An uglier man !

Fulv. Or a truer.

Chre. Pish for his truth !

I would not keep such a face about my household
For all the truth in Greece. I have conceived
A strange antipathy against him. What
A dark and scowling glance the sulky slave
Shoots from beneath his shaggy brows !

Fulv. Beware !

Keep such thoughts in your breast, and live in peace :
He's a Phœnecian ; faithful—but revengeful.

Chre. Psha ! he shall know my mind a dozen times
In the hour. I'll whip him from his cut-throat looks.
He talks too little for an honest man ;
I'll teach him more civilized obedience,
Than that he showed you now when you spoke to him :
' Lycias, go bid our trains expect me.'—' Ugh !' Ha ! ha !
ha !

[*Exit, R.*

Fulv. I'll see her : once again will see Sophronia !
Why should I doubt my resolution ?—Yet,
If she should smile—and heaven is in that smile—
May she not win me back
To the delusions of my wooing hours,
And blind my vision to the onward path
That honor points to ? No, no, it must not
Grieve Gisippus to think upon our friendship.
He shall yet deem nobly of me.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*The House of Sophronia.*

Enter MEDON and SOPHRONIA, R. 3d. E.

Med. (L.) Away—tell me no more.

Soph. (c.) I have heavy reasons.

Med. They should be such, indeed, to o'erweigh that
You now have urged. Delay the bridal ! Bid
Our friends disperse, and keep their mirth unwasted
For another morn ? Fie ! fie ! Have you a name
To care for ? What a scandal will it bring
Upon our fame ! A man, brave, learned, honored,
Worthy the noble lineage he sprung from,
Worthy as fair a fate as thou couldst give him,
Were it made doubly prosperous. What think you,

Made you thus absolute? I'll know the cause
From which this fancy springs, or hear no more.

Soph. (L.) Then you shall hear no more, for while I live
The cause shall sleep within my lips, though none
But the ear of solitude should hear it spoken.

Med. (R.) Sophronia, I know well 'tis some device
To break this contract.

Soph. No, my brother.

Med. But

My heart is set upon it. His noble birth,
His eloquence, his influence in the city,
Are wanting to support our growing name.
My plans, hopes, all, are based on this alliance.

Soph. But to defer—

Med. Defer! Why did you promise?
Why did you mock us then, with your consent?
What shall be your next humor? We'll attend it.

Soph. Why should you be so quick to speak unkindness?
It was to please you, Medon, I consented;
I did not then look for a life of happiness,
But now I feel content shall scarce be mine.
Yet, as I hope for that, I swear to thee
I do but seek to meet the pledge I've given,
And with a firmer fortitude redeem it.

Enter GISIPPUS, R. 3d E.

I have no other hope. Oh! brother, if
Indeed you would be deemed such, grant me this,
And—ha! he is here—

Gis. I am sorry that I startle you,
Medon; what is there in your gift, Sophronia,
Should sue thus humbly for, and find you cold?

Med. I would not have it known—and if she holds
My love at aught, she will be silent on it. [*Exit, R. 3d E.*

Gis. (R. c.) Forget this peevish bickering of your brother,
And hear me speak.

Soph. At least Gisippus, you
Can have no cause to chide!

Gis. Why, there, Sophronia!
How like a conscious one you spring to meet
The shadow of an accusation.

Said not I came to chide you ; but indeed
You've judged aright, and you shall hear my charge !
The promise you have pledged me, you redeem
In words ; your looks are cold ; they freeze my heart
And tell me it is cheated with a mask
Of constrained seeming.

Soph. Whither does this lead ?

Gis. Your converse, friendship, fortune,
You say are mine. But I would yet be lord
Of more than these ! without it, they are valueless.
'Tis an ideal good, excelling substance—
'Tis trust, 'tis confidence, Sophronia.

Soph. Nay, there, at least, I'm free.

Gis. Indeed, you are,
And therefore 'tis I value it and seek it.
Give me your hand. (*Takes her hand.*) " You've had
proof of my love,
" Now try me further." Lay your heart before me,
Naked as it appears to your own thoughts,
With all its aspirations. You may find
That I can act as worthy and as free
A part, as if I ne'er had stooped so low,
To win the love that hath at last deceived me
For though my heart can witness I do prize
That love beyond the life-blood that flows through it
I would not weigh it 'gainst your happiness,
The throbbing of one pulse—now believe and trust me.

Soph. You are too noble !

Gis. No !—no !—

Do not think that, Sophronia ;
Nor let your generous fear to wound a heart
Too sensitive, affect your confidence.
The rigid schools in which my youth was formed,
Have taught my soul the virtue that consists
In mastering all its selfish impulses !
And could I bring content into your bosom,
And bid that care that pines your delicate cheek,
And pales its hue of bloom, (*fit paradise*
For the revelry of smiles !) resign his throne there
My heart without a pang, could lose ye ! (*Aside.*) How
It burns, while I belie it !

Soph. I have heard you

With wonder, that forbids my gratitude.
 How have you humbled me ! Oh, Gisippus !
 I will deceive you yet—for you shall find,
 Although I cannot practice yet I know
 What greatness is, and can respect it truly ;
 I would requite your generosity,
 And what I can, I will. Do not distrust me
 From any seeming ! I have plight my promise,
 And it shall be fulfilled.

Gis. My fears were just, then ?

Soph. Let them be banished now ! My noble monitor,
 When I shall make advantage of your goodness,
 Virtue forswear me ! You have waked my heart
 To duty and to honor they shall find
 An earnest votary in it.

Gis. Duty and honor !

Ye have spoken it worthily, Sophronia.
 Yet these are cold words—Oh ! how beautifully
 That fiery carriage shows upon ye ! How
 Ye shine and sparkle in your hourly changes !
 Oh, woman, what an empty boaster man is,
 When he would strive against your empire ! How,
 When he would soar at lonely excellence,
 Ye cling upon him with your potent weakness ;
 And when he is content to creep beside ye
 In the dull circle of material happiness,
 Ye fire him to a longing after greatness.
 He hath the strength of the huge ocean-wave ;
 But you—you are the planet by whose influence
 It mounts or falls. Have you spoke this too hastily ?
 Or do you feel that firmness in your nature,
 Which you have quelled in mine ?

Soph. The guests attend us ;
 If you will longer hesitate, I'll doubt
 The welcome my assent meets.

Gis. (*Kisses her.*) Beautiful miracle !
 Oh ! you shall find how dearly I esteem it.
 Farewell ! I will but see all placed in readiness
 Without, and then attend you. Oh, you have sent
 Joy like a strong light, through my darkened spirit ;
 Farewell ! the rite shall be prepared. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Soph. (L.) The sacrifice—

The double sacrifice ! We have been made.
The victims of our own caprice.

Enter NORBAN, R.

Nor. Sophronia,
Fulvius would speak with you.

Soph. Ha ! Peace ! Where is he ?
Not for the world ! Away.

Enter FULVIUS, R.

Fulv. The wings of peace
Shelter your heart, Sophronia, though they leave
Those that have loved you comfortless !

Soph. Your coming
Is most ill-timed. I would not for thy life
Gisippus saw ye here. Norban !

Nor. I am here, Sophronia.

Soph. Remain on this side, and be sure you warn me
When Gisippus returns !

Nor. I will obey you.

Soph. Why have you come ?

Fulv. " You are so dear to me,
" So coiled and wound about my heart, that I
" Am glad to find my presence is unwelcome to you."
I come to take my leave, forever !

Soph. How ?
Do you leave us, then, indeed ?

Fulv. I am for Rome.
The path of wordly fame and honor lies
Smiling before me. All the dignities
That young ambition covets may be mine,
And fair success invites me like a bride.
How joyously my spirit once had leaped
To meet her smile, and merit it ! But now,
Its earliest impulse hath been chilled and wasted—
Its earliest hope o'erthrown.

Enter GISIPPUS quickly, R. U. E., behind Norban, unseen by him.

Gis. Fulvius !

[*Starts back.*

Soph. Do not speak thus, Fulvius.
This is not manly in you.

Fulv. Oh, my love !

(For I must call you such, though I have lost you,)

You have bereft me of all nobleness,

[Norban turning accidentally, discovers Gisippus and starts. Gisippus grasps his arm, points to his dagger, and motions him off. Norban departs.]

And made me what you should condemn.

Gis. (Aside.) A watch set, too!

This is the bride now,—this—“Oh, my prudent woman—

“Angel and devil in one hour!” My friend, too!

Peace! peace!

Soph. Nay, look not thus dejected, Fulvius

Think it is our fate which masters us,

And strive against it firmly,

Fulv. Alas! sweetest,

You counsel me in vain. Do not despise me,

That I am wanting in that stern command

Of natural feeling, and that scorn of circumstance,

That shields the breast of Gisippus.

Gis. (L. U. E.) Well put,

Wy friend!—This is the friend—the bridegroom’s friend!

Ha! torture!

Fulv. Do not envy me the luxury

Of yielding to the pressure of my fortune.

“The heart is not mechanical—nor owns

“The empire of the will.

“It is the universal law of nature,

“That where the hand of suffering presses hard,

“Complaint should follow.” There is a relief

In the abandonment of utter sorrow,

That only sufferers know!

Soph. Weak sufferers, Fulvius;

The unreasoning slaves of impulse and excitement.

Would you depress your nature, to the level

Of mindless—nay, even of inanimate things?

The victim at the stake will howl and whine;

The plant, unwatered, droops; but man should meet

The malice of his fate with firmer carriage.

“Alas! look on the life of the happiest here;

“What is it but a war of human pride,

“With human suffering? the mind, the soul

“In arms against the heart! their ally, reason,

“Forcing the aching wretch to suffer greatly,

“And own influence of fate.” What still

Unmanned at parting? Pray you, Fulvius,
Resolve me this.

Fulv. What is't you ask?

Soph. Suppose—

(I do but dream now while I speak of this,)
But say that it were possible our loves
Might yet be favored!

Fulv. Ha!

Soph. Beware, young Roman!
I speak this as a dreamer. But suppose
Gisippus, who you know is worthy,
And loves you as a friend—

Fulv. Alas, I've proved that—
But ill requited him.

Soph. I pray you hear me.
Suppose your friend should give me back the promise
That I have plighted—(Oh, most unwillingly!)
And leave me free to make my own election,
Wrong or dishonor set apart.

Fulv. I hear ye.

Soph. How would my freedom move ye?

Fulv. (*Rapturously.*) As my life
Restored beneath the lifted axe.

Soph. We should rejoice, then?

Fulv. We should pale the front,
The Afric front of night, with revel lights,
And tire her echoes with our laughter!

Soph. Ay!

And Gisippus would laugh, too.

Fulv. Ha!—

[*Droops.*

Soph. He'd be
The loudest reveller amongst us. Ay,
We should be famed in story, too. The best,
The truest friends—self-sacrificers!—Oh!
Our monuments should be the memories
Of every virtuous breast,—while Gisippus
Might find his own dark tomb, and die forgotten.

Fulv. What mean you?

Soph. Cast aside that dull respect
Of fair opinion and the world's esteem,
Which is the death of many a happiness.—
You are for Rome? Our fate is in our hands—
The world may call it perjury in me,

“ In you, foul treachery—but we can live
 “ Without the world’s approval, (can we not?)
 “ And laugh at self-reproach, too?”

Fulv. Sweetest warner,
 Mine honor is not dead, though it hath slept—
 What would you do?

Soph. I’d wake that worthiness
 Within you which I know you own. Oh! Fulvius,
 You now may see how dearly I have loved you,
 Since I had rather lose you—(Ay, my first
 Old idolized affection!)—than behold you
 Second to any in your own esteem.

Fulv. In yours and virtue’s, never!—Do not fear it—
 I came to take my last farewell, Sophronia.
 Come; I can throw my helm upon my brow,
 And shake my crest upon the battle-field,
 And bare my bright steel with a grasp as firm
 As his whose arm is nerved by glory’s zeal,
 Not by the madness of a broken heart.
 An honorable cause—a fiery onset—
 A peal of war—a hush!—one thought on thee!—
 And there’s an end of Fulvius and his love!

“ *Gis.* (*Coming forward a little.*) That speech was like
 “ ye, Roman!”

Soph. Oh, now you are
 The gallant soul you have been; and shall be
 The cherished memory of my heart. “ Oh! Fulvius
 “ It is a sullen fortune that subdues us.
 “ But we have trifled with her early smiles,
 “ And now must strive against her hate.” Farewell!
 Forget me, and be happy.

Fulv. It must be
 My solace to remember you, Sophronia,
 But only as a rightful sacrifice
 To honor and to friendship. Dear Sophronia,
 Let me be careful of his peace, to whom
 The Gods have given you now. He knows not yet
 Of our affection. Let him never know it.
 Time, absence, and the change of circumstance,
 May wean me from your memory—never droop
 Your head to hear it, and you may yet be
 To Gisippus—all—but away with that—

Farewell, at once, forever !

[*They are separating, when Gisippus advances quickly.*

Gis. (c.) Stay, Sophronia !

Soph. (R.) Ha ! we are lost !

Gis. "Lost ? How ? Why ? wherefore, lady ?"

You, Fulvius, too ! Look on me calmly, Roman.

You've known me long—beheld me in all changes,

And read my spirit in its nakedness.

In what part of my life have I betrayed

A mean or selfish nature ?—Ay ! that gesture

Would tell me—never !—Wherefore am I, then,

So worthless of your confidence, I must

Turn eaves-dropper to gain it ? Not a word !—

You were eloquent but now. Ha ! ha ! You'll say

You had an inspiration then—

Fulv. (R.) Gisippus—

Gis. Now, can it anger you, that I have played

A mirthful humor on ye both ? I've known

Long since of this, and did but seek to punish ye

For your distrust.—Oh, I have laughed at ye—

To see your fears, and must again—[*Aside.*] O Gods,

My brain is scorched !—

(*Puts his hand to his forehead and pauses.*

Fulv. What mean you, Gisippus ?

Gis. You say right, I was wrong to trifle with you,

But now the jest is ended—I shall laugh,

No more—oh, never—never !

I pray you, pause one moment—

Fulv. My kind friend !

Gis. (*Rising slowly, and assuming a gradual firmness.*)

Come this way, Fulvius ! Sweet Sophronia !

(I must no longer call thee *my* Sophronia !)

Give me your hand too. As you gave this hand

To me, even while your heart opposed the deed,

I give it now to one who loves you dearly,

[*Joins their hands*

And will not find that heart against him. There,

You are one. And may the Gods who look upon

Those plighted hands, shower down upon your heads

Their choicest blessings. May you live and grow

In happiness ; and I will ask no other,

Than to look on and see it ; and to thank

My fate that I was made the instrument
To bring it to your bosoms.

Fulv. Oh, my heart's physician !

Was this indeed designed, or do you mock us ?

Gis. This way a secret passage will conduct you
To the Temple porch. Medon I know has set
His soul upon my marriage ; but let me meet
That consequence—the lightest. Haste—haste !—Your
bride waits ;

Nay, fly ! Stay not to question nor to speak ;
The interruption may give space for thought,
And thought may bring—madness ! Away ! the rite
Attends you. Medon is not there—nor any
Who may prevent you. With my sword and life
I will defend this passage.

[*Fulvius uses an action of remonstrance, but yields to the
impetuosity of Gis., and leads Soph. out, L. D. F.*

Gone ! Alone !

How my head whirls, and my limbs shake and totter,
As If I had done a crime. I have—I've lied
Against my heart. What think ye now, wise world ?
How shows this action in your eyes ? My sight
Is thick and misty—and my ears are filled
With sounds of hooting and of scorn—
What should I fear ?" I will meet scorn with scorn ?
It is a glorious deed that I have done.
I will maintain it 'gainst the wide world's slight,
And the upbraiding of my own racked heart !
Oh ! there I'm conquered !

[*Sinks into a seat, L. U. E., in a desponding attitude,
takes wreath from head and looks at it.*

HYMN.—[*Without.*]

When thy rite, as now,
By youthful tongues is spoken—
And youthful hearts record the vow
That never may be broken—
Loves like these, 'tis thine to bless ;
Their's is perfect happiness !
Loves like these, &c.

Chorus.

[*The Curtain slowly falls during the Chorus.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place near the house of Sophronia.**Enter MEDON and FRIENDS, L.*

Med. Married to Fulvius? A free maid of Athens
Bartered unto a stranger!—All my schemes,
Each plan for our advancement, crushed and scattered—
But we can reach him. There is none amongst you
But is a Medon, friends?

All. Not one.

Med. Then all
Bear on their brows a portion of this slight
Gisippus throws upon our house. An age
Will not restore us the ascendant! What
May he deserve, who sunk our house in Athens?

1st Friend. A worse shame than he gave.

2d Friend. We'll send our slaves
To scoff him in the streets.

Med. I have a deeper penance for him :
Meet me an hour hence by the Areopagus, [All cross, R.
You shall know more.

1st Friend. We will not fail. [*Exeunt all but Medon, R.*

Med. Away, then !
He's ruined, and I am not sorry for it.
Ho ! Pheax !

Enter PHEAX, R.

Pheax. Do not stay me—I must find
Gisippus, and prevent his ruin—

Med. How—

Pheax. I fear to wait the telling—

Med. You may safely—
He will come this way shortly.

Pheax. There's a clamour
Among his creditors, with whom, indeed,
(For a philosopher) he is well provided,
And pledged, I know, beyond his means. They say
He gave away, with your Sophronia's contract,
The only hope of compensation left them ;
But now I met old Davus, the rich usurer,
Taxing his withered limbs to seek his pleader.

One shrivelled arm close pinioned to his side,
 The hand fast clenched upon a musty parchment,
 Which, next his skin, looked fair ; the other wandering,
 With bony fingers stretched, in the act to grasp,
 (Fit emblems of the miser's double craft,
Getting and keeping)—his small weasel eyes
 Glanced every way at once—his countenance
 Looked like a mask made out of an old drum-head,
 In which the bones at every motion rattled
 From mere starvation. Flesh is a garment, sir,
 Far too expensive for his use. Oh ! how,
 As he went hobbling by me, I did curse
 The law that has forbid the art of beating !

Enter GISIPPUS, R. S. E.

I never had so much ado to make
 My right foot keep the peace.

Med. (Aside.) I am glad to hear this—
 “Go you to Rome with Fulvius?”

Pheax. “Ay, to-morrow—”
 Oh, Gisippus, I've sought you. You are like
 To speed ill, if you tarry here.

Gis. (Cresses, L.) Trouble me not—I know it.

Pheax. (R.) There are three of them
 Have ta'en possession of your villa. Nay ;
 'Tis said the sale of that will not half quit
 The charges you have drawn upon your state,
 And they assail your person—Davus has
 Already sued for that.

Med. (L.) So Gisippus—

Gis. (C.) So, Medon—

Med. This is all you merit now
 From me, I am sure. You soon shall find that I
 Esteem the wrong you have done me, at its value !—
 Your jeering shall not serve. How will you excuse
 Your thankless slight ?

Gis. (L.) Good Medon, I have nothing,
 Nothing to offer in excuse ; my foul
 And heinous crime must e'en lie on my head ;
 And so—good day.

Med. I've something for your ear first.

Gis. You look like one who would not be at peace
 With the world, nor with himself. If it be so,

You could not find a wretch in Greece more apt
To meet you at midway, than he who stands
Before you now.

Med. I am very sure of that ;
But you mistake my resolution quite :
You shall have deeper cause, soon, for this bravery :
There's Davus, in whose danger you are placed,
He will be crying for his sesterces :
Look not to me for aid.

Gis. To thee ? away !
Vain and presumptuous man ! I hold thee not
So high in my esteem to be thy debtor,
If thou should'st sue for it.

Med. You shall hear from me. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Pheax. (R.) This is his nature.

Gis. (c.) Oh ! I blame him not.
We that do study things in their first cause,
Are not so quickly moved by the effect :
'Twas his fate that denied him so much heart
To comprehend
An act of free, disinterested friendship,
Of friendship and of love, deep love, Sophronia !
Gods !—there are men upon this earth, who seem
So mixed and moulded with this earth—so like
Mere, dull, material engines—that for all
The purposes for which man looks to man,
It were as well a piece of curious mechanism
Walked in humanity's name, and wore its semblance.

“ *Enter* THOON, R.

“ Oh ! you are come ?”

Pheax. I much fear Medon's malice
May work some evil 'gainst you : I will follow him,
And bring you news, should any danger threaten. [*Exit.*]

“ *Gis.* Well, what says Davus ?

“ *Thoon.* He says you have deceived him villainously,
“ And he will give no time.

“ *Gis.* Did you not tell him
“ That which I bade you, as touching Fulvius ?

“ *Thoon.* I did, and so much mercy found I in him,
“ He gave you one whole hour to try that chance.

“ *Gis.* Chance ? Pish !—Ah, heaven ! they are here !”
I thank you, Pheax—Davus and minions ! [*Seeing them, R.*]

Enter DAVUS and OFFICERS, R.

Davus. Yonder's your prisoner.

Gis. Where's the time you promised?

Davus. I am changed,
And will not thrust you—Fulvius is for Rome.

Gis. I tell you now again, as I have said,
You shall not be defeated of your own.
Before night close I will satisfy you,
But leave the means to me.

Davus. I will not take
The promise of a sybil, if the certainty
Rest in my hands. Advance!

Gis. Then, by the Gods, [Drawing.]
My freedom shall be dearer than my life,
Or his who dares assail it.

Davus. Heed him not—
You've numbers, and authority to aid you.

Gis. They shall be needed.

Enter FULVIUS and NORBAN, L

Fulv. Hold! hold! Gisippus—

[Gisippus crosses quickly to Davus.]

Gis. (*Apart to Davus earnestly.*)

By the honor of my name—by all I've lost,
And all I hope to gain—I swear to you,
You shall be satisfied before to-night;
But leave me now—and free till then.—Hush! speak not—
My hope—life—hangs upon it!—Let me pray you,—
I will deserve this kindness.—At my villa—
Thou knowest the spot—You'll find me grateful, Davus.

[Davus, &c., go out, R. Gisippus remains looking after them.]

Fulv. (L. c.) What men are these? What meant this
brawl, Gisippus?

Gis. (R. c.) Insolent knaves!—I was about to amerce
them for it,

Had you not crossed me. Words bred from a trifle,
And now forgot. Fulvius, I give you joy.

Fulv. Thanks for the cause.

Gis. I have something, Fulvius,
If you are not o'er pressed for time, to give
Your private ear.

Fulv. Go to your lady, boy,—
I will attend her quickly. [*Exit Norban, R.*

Gis. (Aside.) How shall I tell? Will it not appear
As I took my ground upon my claim and sought
The very time it could be least resisted?

Fulv. What, musing, Gisippus?
“What would you stay me for?”

“*Gis. (Aside.)* And yet—to think
“For such a—nothing—which, without regard
“To that which cannot be repaid, he owes me,
“And far above,
“My very life should now be put in question,
“Or more—my freedom here—

“*Fulv.*” What syllogism [*Advancing to him.*
Do you hunt down now, Gisippus? Pray you, jump
To your conclusion, and dismiss me quickly.

Gis. I am glad to see your ancient spirit live again.
(*Aside.*) I do him wrong to hesitate—

Fulv. Gisippus—
Thus do we stand. My time is limited
By her, to whom, as yet, I owe it all;
You can allow for this?

Gis. Indeed! so absolute?
Well, I will not obstruct your pleasures, Fulvius—
You had better leave at once. [*Crosses, L.*

Fulv. Psha!—now you are angry.

Gis. Come—I will tell thee that which troubles me,
And in a few words. When your Sophronia—

Re-enter NORBAN, R.

Nor. A message from the Quæstor.

Gis. So soon cut short!

Enter a CENTURION, R., who gives a scroll to Fulvius.

Fulv. Come to prevent my wishes?—(*Reads.*) Ha! my
friend—

Now give me joy, indeed. I'm greeted here
With an appointment from the Emperor,
In the Eastern wars—If fortune hold her humor,
I shall be rich in every happiness
That friendship, love, and honor can bestow—
As the mad promise of the wildest hope
That ever killed Content.

Gis. Your joy is mine—

Ful. I have a faith in that.

Gis. Now, Fulvius, hear me—

Ful. (*To Centurion.*) If memory err not widely, 'tis
four years

Since, in those very regions, Anthony

Unwove the web Ventidius had spun

With Roman toil, and dyed with Roman blood.

You served him in those wars?

[*Centurion bows.*

Come to my house,

[*Crosses, R.*

You are my guest until we leave together ;

We will retrieve the shame of that discomfiture,

And call young glories from Armenian fields

To grace the statues of our children's children.

[*Exit with Norban and Centurion, R.*

Gis. Why, welcome, then, imprisonment and ruin ?

Light-hearted youth ; and yet it is but lightness.

“ 'Tis true, a gift not freely given, is none,

“ And gratitude itself is compensation ;

“ Then what care I, if his remain unpaid ?”

Re-enter FULVIUS, R.

Ay, memory, have ye woke ?

Fulv. I had forgot—

Friend ! Gisippus !—

Gis. I thank thee, Fulvius—

I thought you should not leave me. Did you know

How deep a fear thy coming hath dispersed,

You'd say I had a cause—

Fulv. What fear ?

Gis. No matter—

'Tis gone—you are returned—“ and I am satisfied”—

I will suspect no more.

Fulv. Did you, then, doubt me ?

I had forgot—you told me 'twas a matter

Of serious import that you wished to speak on.

Gis. And so it is. But at some other time

I can detail it more at ease—you're now

Too happy to attend me. Will you promise

To come this even to my villa, near

The suburbs, and I'll give you all.

Fulv. Most willingly.

Gis. You bridegrooms have short memories. Will you strive

To keep it on your's, Fulvius?

Fulv. Good Gisippus,

I will not swear ; but I will say, indeed,
The friendship I profess lies not wholly
Upon my lip, as that request would say ;
'Twill be no toil to keep it on my memory.

Gis. Enough. Let ruin shake her wintry wings
Over my sunny fortunes—blight and darken them !
Let blistering tongues be busy with my name,
And that—and all the comforts I have known
Pass from me, to return no more. Thou, Fulvius,
Shall have no part in the dread consummation,
And I can bear it calmly.

Fulv. Yet I hope
You ne'er may *need* that consciousness

Gis. I thank thee,
And it is my hope, too. Farewell, my friend ;
But fail not of your word, if you would have
That hope made true. Hope is not kin to fate,
And there's a discord when they meet and jar,
The heart's ease dies to witness. Fare ye well !

(Exit Fulvius, R.)

I am a truster—and, I fear, a fond one,
And yet could doubt.—What, Pheax ?

Enter PHEAX rapidly, R. S. E.

Pheax. Oh, Gisippus !

Gis. What is the matter ? Give your wonder words.

Pheax. You are my friend. Oh, I have a tale for you ;
Gisippus, if you take my counsel,
You'll not remain in Athens.

Gis. Not remain
In Athens ?

Pheax. No—'tis known—

Gis. What's known ?

Pheax. That you
Have given Sophronia to the Roman

Gis. Oh !
They know it ? I am glad of it. They know
That I have given her to her ancient love,
And my first friend. What do their wisdoms say ?

Upon this novel guilt? If it be crime
 To give my heart, life, soul, away—
 For thou to me wer't all, Sophronia—if it be a crime
 To tear up my own comfort by the roots,
 To make a garland for another's head,
 Then I have sinned most deeply, and my reason
 Shall venerate their censure.

Pheax. Oh, Gisippus!

You jest, upon a mine—You are in peril!
 All Athens is incensed against you and
 Your Roman friend: they practise on your safety
 Even this moment they are met
 Before the Areopagus.

Gis. I pray you, Pheax,
 What statute in our code makes giving penal?
 Cold, miserable slaves!

Pheax. Nay, 'tis not so;
 The charge is deep and foul.

Gis. What is it?

Pheax. I dare not say it.

Gis. Come, come, out with it! Quick!
 There is more daring in your silence.

Pheax. Thus, then,
 They have spoken loudly of your wants, my friend,
 And Fulvius' wealth. You start? Ay, that's the charge!
 They trump it to the state that you have had
 Mean views in this. But it has struck you deep—
 You do not speak? You do not answer me?

Gis. I cannot speak my thought! I'm wonder! rage-
 And wonder, all! (Pauses.)

The furies tear their hearts—lash them with worse
 Than the fell stings they've cast on mine! Gods! what!
 Make venal that I gave my peace to purchase;
 And to my friend!—Give me the slanderer's name,
 That I may tear the lying tongue from out
 His jaws, and "trample on the—I am choked;
 "I cannot find a voice to curse them.

"Pheax. Friend!

"Gis. Gold! trash!

"What! truck and barter name and happiness?

"Who could have dream'd this? Oh! this stabs home!

"Though that the devil of gain had mastered so

"Men's hearts—they felt and owned no warmer impulse.

"None but a devil could have foreseen a slander

"So tainting and so foul. Pah ! it is vile !"

Pheax. Let it not move you thus

Gis. Let it not move me !

I tell thee, were this calumny but breathed

In the silence of the night to a deaf ear—

Could I but know that it was born in thought,

Though never uttered—'twould move me more than ruin,

Than loss of wealth, and every temporal good.

But told through Athens ! registered in her courts !

Oh, Jove, destroy my consciousness at once,

And that way give me rest.

Phæx. But Fulvius—

Gis. Ay, well thought on. Fulvius !

You'll meet him ere this even. Whatever fails,

Bid him remember his appointment with me.

These troubles rush in floods upon me now,

And I must ask another hand to stem them.

Pheax. Where do you meet, then ?

Gis. At my villa.

Pheax. There !

You are deceived, my friend.

Gis. He has promised.

Pheax. Trust me,

He cannot do it.

Gis. I tell thee, he hath promised.

Pheax. He has deceived you, then.

Gis. How ! On my need !

Deceive me ?—Fare you well ! Believe me,

You are deep in error, sir.

(*Exeunt severally, Gis. L., Pheax, R.*)

SCENE II.—*Before the Villa of Gisippus.—Evening.*

Enter FULVIUS and ATTENDANTS, R.

Fulv. Your lady is before ?

Atten. She waits your coming.

Fulv. (L.) Stay ! is not this the villa of Gisippus ?—I cannot stop now.

Come—follow—I will send a packet to him,

To tell him of this sudden chance. The train

Is gone before ?

2d Atten. It is, my lord.

Fulv. Away, then !

(*Exeunt, L., Fulvius writing.*)

“Enter GISIPPUS.

“Gis. I'll have thee only—let them take all else,
“My natal bower, home of my infancy,
“My hope's first nurse thou wert, and thou shalt be
“The tomb of its decline. Hark ! hush ! a stir?

(Goes towards the villa.

“All's still as death ! Davus has not been here
“With his minions. Fulvius, too, not yet arrived !
“He's not impatient in it—and yet, weighing
“His feelings now, by those which once were mine,
“His stay should not make me so. Soft you ! Chremes !
“Appointed, too, for travel ! (Enters the house.”

Enter PHEAX, CREMES, LYCIAS, and three Slaves with
luggage, R.

Chre. Go, overtake thy comrades.

Here, did he say ? *(To Pheax.*

Pheax. (R.) Who, my friend ! Medon ? Yes ?
 He bade me tarry here but for one hour,
 He would attend you.

Chre. I cannot stay his snail-paced movements ; Fulvius,
 I see, is hurrying on—we must overtake him !
 Haste, fellows ! You wait Gisippus here.

Pheax. Ay, and could wish it were with more of com
 fort.

Chre. Medon and I escort the bride to Rome.

Lycias !

Lyc. (L.) Well !

Chre. (C.) Now,

What think you of this honeymoon travelling ?
 How will it meet the approval of your lady ?

Lyc. I busy not myself about my betters,
 But to obey them.

Chre. You are right.

Lyc. I wanted not
 Your word for that.

Chre. I have a strange foreboding
 That you and I will quarrel one day.

Lyc. Like enough.

Chre. Thou art the most ill-favored knave !

Lyc. I am glad
 You think so.

Chre. Why?

Lyc. I shall think better of
My looks from this day forward

Chre. Do I lie, then?

Lyc. Few Greeks make much of that.

Chre. Go, join the train ;
But that thou art an useful slave, and I
Have weightier matters now upon my hands,
I'd beat respect into thee !

Lyc. Hate and hypocrisy
May come that way—Respect's a sturdier fellow.
But that *you* are my master's friend, you should not
Repeat that threat, Greek ! [Exit *Lycias*, l.]

Chre. Did you ever see such an ill-conditioned slave?
But fare ye well :—Dull life for you in Athens,
Whilst we are revelling in Rome. Tell Medon
I could not tarry. I must needs see Fulvius,—
He's yet in sight. Farewell. [Exit *Chremes*, l.]

Pheax. Farewell, good Chremes.
Too light of heart e'en for a passing thought,
That bears gloom with-it. Gisippus not arrived !
Oh, my friend !

Enter GISIPPUS from the house, R. S. E.
You are true to your appointment.

Gis. (*Advancing, R. c.*) Is it a fault?

Pheax. (l.) Now, I'll be sworn you have not yet forgiven me
For doubting Fulvius.

Gis. And did you doubt him?

Pheax. No. You say truly : him I do not doubt ;
His will, I am sure, is true—It is the circumstance
Prevents him from fulfilling his engagement.

Gis. Prevents him?

Pheax. Why, you surely do not now
Expect him?

Gis. Pheax, I beseech you leave me,
Your jesting is ill-timed.

[*Crosses*, l.]

Pheax. You are too petulant,
My friend. Have you not heard that Fulvius
Has been commanded for Armenia?

Gis. All hath been told me. Now, I pray you, go !
I know he has had letters of such import.

And that he will obey them and depart
To-morrow even.

Pheax. This even, my friend.

Gis. To-morrow even—

Pheax. (R.) This even—

This night—this very hour—he hath arranged

All. There has been a second messenger,

To bid him to the camp this very hour.

Chremes goes to Rome, with Medon and Sophronia ;

Nor is it like they will again behold

Your friend, 'till the campaign be ended.

Gis. (L.) Pheax ! my friend !

Pheax. Nay—

I seek but to prepare you for the truth !

I will not answer thee

In words ; but look you yonder !

[*Pointing off, L.*

'Tis his train—

You know he bade them wait on yonder hill.

Gis. I see it !—but—but—“ O, ye mighty Gods,
Can there be truth in this ? ” He is not with them !

He has sent his train before, and tarries yet,

To—Ho ! they disappear along the hills,

“ And if he lied in speaking of the time,

“ Why may not all be false that he has uttered ? ”

The Gods do know I fear the consequence

No tithe, so much as finding my heart fooled

In its free confidence. You still look doubtingly :

Do you think he will deceive me ? Do you think

He will not come ? Have I given up my love, my all,

To worthless hands ? Do you think—Oh, peace ! I will

As soon cower on my knee, and dread the toppling

Of far Hymettus on my villa here,

As a fall in Fulvius' friendship, or the word

He once hath plight. I stand upon his honor,

And 'tis proud ground. Oh, I can laugh at doubting.

[*A distant shout is heard.*

What are those sounds ?

Pheax. (R.) Do you not know your cause

Is now in question ? I came to tell the news,

Which I am grieved to utter—but 'tis true,

That it goes hardly forward.

Gis. Let it go

Even as it will. I care not now : I'm heedless

Of all the external properties of life.
I have braced up my heart to meet the worst
That fate can cast upon my fortunes ; all
That men call evil, I can meet and suffer :
While one—one only fear is spared me.—

Enter CHREMES, with a scroll, L.

Chre. Fulvius sends—

Gis. (*Eagerly.*) Ha ! sayest thou ! Well ! Oh, un-
believer, look,
And let thy spirit blush for grace !—(*To Pheax.*) What
says he ?

Where didst thou leave him ? How ? When will he come ?
Speak ! speak !—

Chre. He cannot come, Gisippus. [*Gisippus starts.*

Pheax. (*R.*) He is with his train—

Chre. (*L.*) He is far before it, Pheax. He has taken
horse

With the Centurion.

“*Pheax.* (*To Gis.*) Look not on’t thus ghastly !
“What is the consequence that makes you dread
“His absence thus ?”

Chre. He bade me say, this letter
Would give you his reason.

Gis. (*After a pause, taking the letter.*) Merciful Jove !
Is’t so ?

I was mistaken in thee, Fulvius. “Honesty
“Hath oft before been made the dupe of seeming.”
Look ! as I tear this scroll—
By the just Gods !

I thought there was but one true heart on earth,
And was deceived !—“It is as black and false
“As hell could make it.”—As I tear this scroll,
Piece after piece, and crush it in the dust,
So I abjure the wretch who mocked me with it,
For ever !—What !—Oh, I am dealt with,
Most justly—oh, most meetly—“Mighty heaven !
“I cannot see well yet”—Forgot !—Forsaken !

Pheax. (*L.*) I’ll write to him—

Gis. I’ll cleave thee to the earth,
If thou wilt say that word again !—No, no ;
The gratitude that must be roused from slumber

Is never worth the waking—Let it sleep ! [Shouts, R.
Again ! hark !—

Pheax. Be at peace, I see the citizens
Are coming forth. Remain : I'll soon return,
And tell thee of the issue. [*Exit Pheax, R.*

Gis. Now I would
That there were fierce wars in Greece ! Oh, Gods !
The comfort of a lawful suicide !
The joy of hunting after death, when life,
Grown hopeless, goads us to the chase ! the rapture
Of meeting him bare-breasted on the field,
Amid the roar of fight that shuts out thought,
And rushing to his blood-red arms, without
The fear of the high heaven's displeasure.

Re-enter PHEAX, R.

Pheax. Friend !

Gis. The judgment ? hath it passed ? Stay ! stay !
I read it in thine eyes. It is a doom
Too terrible. But—Well ! the sentence ?

Pheax. You've been decreed the slave of your chief
creditor,

Davus.

Gis. Not that ! A sword and buckler, Gods !
And an unfettered hand ! Then, fate, I dare thee
To prove my heart is softer than a man's
Should be. Cast me free upon the world,
With all my injuries upon my head,
I still will move your wonder—and mine own ;
But slavery ! Oh, Gods ! no, no ! [*Crosses, R.*

Pheax. There is
A way to shun it.

Gis. Oh !

Pheax. Fly !

Gis. Oh, cold ingratn !
That he should leave me thus ! 'Tis well—

Pheax. They come !

Gis. You do not—cannot feel how much he owes me !
But you are right, I am free yet !

[*Rushing out, L., is stopped by Medon, with two or three
friends meeting him, L. S. E.*

Med. Not so.

Gis. Ha ! hence ! Thou causeless hater ! Art thou
come
To look upon the proud man's ruin ? Hence !
I have no part with thee.
Thou art to me a thing material,
Mindless and heartless—a mere physical hindrance ;
As such I put thee from my path, unmoved
And so forget thee.

*Enter DAVUS, accompanied by a SICILIAN MERCHANT, and three
Officers.—Gisippus is seized.*

Med. (L.) Ha ! How this scorn
Becomes the slave of Davus !

Davus. (To *Gis.*) Not *my* slave !
Oh, not my slave, indeed. I have sold ye, Gisippus,
To this worthy man. He sails for Sicily
To-night, and you must with him.

Gis. (c.) Sicily ?— [Pausing.
Ha !—Rome—I am content.

Davus. You would be proud
To know how dearly I have sold ye, Gisippus.

(Shows a parchment to Gisippus, which he hands to
Chremes.

Gis. Give this to—ha ! ha ! my young friend !—and
bid him
Bind it up with his laurels—Fare ye well !

[Gives his hand listlessly to *Pheax.*

Chre. All will yet be well, Gisippus.

Gis. Ay, like enough ;
Fare ye well.—Rome ?—(Aside.) It may be done.—Come
on ;

I am ready to attend you, sirs—the dust
Is on my head ; I'll be a patient bondsman.

[*Exeunt Medon and Chremes, L., Gisippus and the
rest, R.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Ante-Room in the Palace of Fulvius, at Rome. Chorus and shouting heard without.*

HYMN.

Welcome home! welcome home!
Guardians of the weal of Rome.
Over land and over sea,
The eagle's wings spread gallantly.
Guardians of the weal of Rome,
Welcome home! welcome home!

[*During the Chorus, which is heard nearer and more distinctly, Soldiers cross from L. to R. S. E., with spoils and trophies, then enter the Servants.*

1st Ser. It is our lord.

They're now before the palace.

2d Ser. Haste, man, the show'll be past.

Are we too late?

[*To Macro, entering.*

Macro. No questions now: I've letters for Sophronia—
Lead me to her.

[*To Servant.*

You'll be in time for Fulvius;

He's now passing.—Lead on, sir.

[*Exeunt Macro and Servants, L. S. E.*

Enter MEDON and CHREMES, with NORBAN, L.

Med. Go, boy—wake up your lady.

Nor. She is ill, sir.

Med. She must not be ill, sir;

Ill on the morn of her lord's triumph!—Go—

He will be terribly angry if he come

And find her ill. Bid her get well again,

And speedily, if she would keep his favor.

Nor. I'll tell her so, sir.

[*Exit, R. S. E.*

Mid. (R.) Do so, sir. I know

The cause of this: some new neglect from Fulvius.

Chre. (L.) Why do you let him treat your sister so?

Med. Why do I let him treat myself still worse?

These swift successes have completely changed him;

He's prouder than the emperor, and looks

On his old friends as they were born his bondsmen;

All but you, Chremes. You are still his friend.

His bosom counsellor; for poor Sophronia

She is the first wife that was ever jealous
Of her husband's reputation.

Chre. We must let him
Tire of his high-flown wishes quietly.
Some check of fate may humble him, and turn
His heart into its old affections yet.

Enter SOPHRONIA attended by four Ladies, R.

Med. Good day, Sophronia—

Chre. (*Crosses to her.*) Madam, I have news for you
You will be glad to hear.

Soph. These letters and the din of shouting crowds
Have made them stale, good Chremes ;
But tell your news.

Chre. Your lord now enters Rome,
The Senate have decreed him an ovation
For his late conquests in Armenia.

Soph. How does he, sir ?

Chre. Still discontented.
He says, had th' Emperor been half so prosperous,
He had had a triumph, and fifteen days' thanksgiving !
But *he* must rest content with an ovation—
A poor ovation.

Soph. (*R.*) Nothing would content him—
The honors he aspires to, when he gains them,
Look mean and worthless in his eyes ; but this
Becomes not me to say.

Med. (*L.*) What, do you mourn
At this ?

Chre. (*c.*) He is made Prætor, too.

Soph. I would
I were once more in Athens—never knew
What love—nor what neglect was.

Med. Ay—I know
Who would have made a kinder husband.
You are sorry for your scorn of Gisippus.

Chre. Hush !

Soph. Have you heard of *him* since, Chremes ?

Chre. No, madam.

Soph. Poor Gisippus !—Nor told my lord his fate ?

Chre. Madam, I thought that would have been a vain
cruelty

Till I had found Gisippus, and given Fulvius
The power of yet redeeming past neglects.

Soph. Perhaps you were right.

Chre. Oh ! I am sure I was.

Soph. When may I look for Fulvius ! If he thinks
My welcome worth the having, he is sure of it.
I shall be glad to see him.

Chre. I pray you, seem so, madam,
He will be disappointed, else,
He was impatient, so he bade me say,

[*Distant shouts of 'Io.'*

Until the Senate's will dismissed him home,
To hear his sweetest welcome from your lips.

[*Shouts without, L., of 'Io the Prætor.'*

They come !

Med. 'Tis he, Sophronia !

[*Shouts.*

Officers. (*Entering, L.*) The Prætor !

Enter FULVIUS, attended, as from a triumph, L.

Fulv. Oh ! young Athenian,
I am glad to see thee ! From the general this—
This greeting from the Prætor—and a long kiss
From the Roman boy, who wound himself into
The heart of a proud lady some while since
By a temple porch at Corinth.

Soph. My dear lord !

Fulv. These weighty honors which my country throws
Upon my hands, wean me from quiet fast.
I would they let me stay in humbleness
With thee, and found some more ambitious mark
For favor. Ay, you smile, but it is true.

Soph. I would it were, Fulvius.

Fulv. It is, believe me. Come, where are your sports ?
I must have naught but smiles and happy faces
For these few days at least, the Senate gives me ;
But ever holiday looks from thee, Sophronia,
Come, let us see your revels. [*Shouts of 'Io.'—Exeunt all*
but Chremes and Lycias, R.

Chre. (R.) I saw thee grinning at the porch but now,
As I passed in : what meant ye ?

Lyc. (L.) Do not ask me :

I am at your command—give me your orders,
And let me go at once.

Chre. (*Crosses L.*) Then make all ready ;
Bid the dancers shake their legs and put their toes in
order,

And the musicians puff themselves into wind-gods,
Men of immortal lungs. Let the cook look to it :
If he so far forget his office as
The matter of a snipe's wing burnt, he dies !
We'll have him served up in one of his own dishes,
And save a goose by it.—Lastly, for thyself,
When you have done this, get into some corner,
And be not seen until the feasting's ended—
That face would mar all merriment.

Lyc. (*R.*) I hear you.

Chre. And no more silent jeers or sneering, if
You love unbroken bones.

Lyc. Pish ! pish !

Chre. (*c.*) Speak out, dog !
What say you ?

Lyc. I hate talking.

Chre. You hate everything,
I do believe.

Lyc. A great many.

Chre. Empty fool !

Where learned ye this affected sullenness !
You are ever growling—Do you never bite ?

Lyc. I have no cause.

Chre. Fool, knave ! Are these no cause ?

Lyc. None. Do your words pinch, maim, or wound
me ? Say,

I call you idiot—brainless boy—puffed beggar—
Do these words leave their marks upon ye ? Ha !

[*Chremes strikes him,*

You have done it now !—

[*Seizes Chremes, and draws a dagger*

Enter FULVIUS and MEDON, R. S. E.

Fulv. Ho ! Lycias ! how is this !
A dagger drawn in your lord's house ?—Vile slave,
Do you dare indulge your ruffian humors here ?
What ! Chremes, too ?

Lyc. He struck me without cause.

Chre. Why, faith—I did so,

Fulv. I am weary of

Your causeless jarring, and must end them quickly.

For you, sir, here's a quittance for your services—

I have done with you— [Gives money—*Lycias crosses*, L.

Chre. Nay, Fulvius—'tis too much.

Fulv. It shall be as I say—Away!

Lyc. (*To Chremes.*) Remember,

You struck me without a cause.

Fulv. What does he mutter?

Chre. I care not.

Lyc. You may care ere long.

[*Exit*, L.

Fulv. (*c.*) This letter

Dispatch to Baix, to the Emperor.

[*Medon crosses and exit*, L

I have a herd of clients yet to see.

Chremes, attend me, we'll soon dismiss them,

And then I have a charge of grave import

For thee, ere I proceed unto the Capitol. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Near the Capitol, before a poor Inn.—Distant Music heard at intervals.*

Enter MUTIUS, from Inn, c.

Mutius. This way, sir—this way. I have now at last
Told you my mind; I pray you understand
The course that I would have you take.

GISIPPUS enters from the house, L. D. F., in a mean garb; his countenance pale and wasted, his hair hanging neglected on his shoulders, and his whole appearance completely changed. He leans against the doorway.

Gis. (*L. c.*) I pray you, do not send me forth to-night;
I am a stranger in Rome, and evening falls already,
I will but draw my toga o'er my head,
And lie against your fire.

Mutius. It must not be.

Gis. Are you so hard? Well, Roman, I'll not press it.
But pray you, say what festal sounds are these
That ring through the wide city? Whose is yon mansion?
It is a splendid one.

Mutius. Splendid, indeed!

What else should be the abode of Titus Fulvius?

Gis. (*Coming forward quickly.*) Of Titus Fulvius?

Mutius. Titus Fulvius. Are you

So long in Rome, and know not Titus Fulvius ?
If you would feast your eyes with the sight of a great
man,
Stand close ; he will come this way presently ;
You'll not mind fasting for three days after.

[*Exit into house, L.*]

Gis. Know Fulvius ?

I had known less of man, and more of peace,
Had I ne'er known him. Oh, weak, failing pride !
Do you desert me now I need ye most ?
"Will you, who have upborne my soul against
"The tyranny of passion, leave me now,
"To humble in my fall ?" Oh, for a spot
Of green, Greek turf ! a little—to hide
My woes, my memory, and my doubts together !
Where must I wander now ? The dews of eve
Fall on me, and I have no home of shelter
To shroud me till the morn-break.

I will seek one—

But—what do I behold ? The gate is opened,
And—hush ! my sense be steady for one moment—
That's Chremes—and—by all my miseries,
'Tis he himself ! Where shall I hide me ? Heavens !

[*Knocks at the door.*]

What ! ho—within ! They came upon me this way—
Well ? wherefore should I shun him ? Let him blush :
The shame's not mine—I grew to this for him.
Ha ! should I stay ? I'll try
If he will know me yet. But I'll not speak—
No, no, I'll merely look into his eyes,
And—

Enter FULVIUS and NORBAN, with Lictors, Citizens pressing on him. Gisippus stands on the opposite side of the stage, gazing intently on Fulvius, his cloak drawn close around his neck so as to conceal part of his features.

1st Cit. My lord—my noble lord—

2d Cit. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Fulv. (L.) Good citizens, I cannot now attend.

If you will meet betimes at the capitol,
I will to-morrow hear your grievances ;
And if their remedy lie in my power,

Rest assured you shall not feel them long.

Citizens. To-morrow ! to-morrow !

Enter CHREMES, with scroll, L.

1st Cit. Then we will meet there, Fulvius.

Fulv. As you please.

It shall be as I say, believe me, friends.

Omnes. Long live the Prætor !

Citizens. Do you hear that ? "Friends !" Long live our noble Prætor !

[*Shout,—Exeunt Citizens, R. and L.—Fulvius looks at Gisippus, who lowers his toga a little as he meets his eye.—Fulvius turns carelessly away.*]

Gis. (R.) The eye can be as vocal as the tongue,
And his hath told me I am known.

Fulv. (L.) You to your mistress go—bid her expect me
Yet earlier than she looked for. *Exit Norban, L. S. E.*

Chre. (L.) Fulvius,
I spoke with Varro on that matter now ;
He could do nothing.

Fulv. Nothing ! Did he give you
His reasons ?

Chre. They were of such a kind, he said,
As could be only trusted to yourself ;
This letter will disclose them.

Gis. Silent yet ?
I would I were beneath the deepest wave
Of dark Tyrrhene, to hope or doubt no more.
"There is a fate that chains me to this ground,
"A spell about my feet and on my strength,
"And I must wait the sentence of his eye."

[*Fulvius talks apart with Chremes.*]

Chre. Then as you bid me, Fulvius, I will act,
Though still, I fear, in vain.

Fulv. Have I not said ?
Away ! if you should fail, I will myself
Attempt him. Will you take a guard along ?
You pass the burying-ground of Afer, and
The night is falling.

Chre. Not I. I wear my guard upon me. [*Exit L.*]

[*Fulvius motions the Lictors forward. They approach Gisippus, who stands full in the way of Fulvius.*]

Fulv. On, lictors ! (*Reading a letter.*) Varro refuse my first request !

1st Lic. Stand back !

Way for the Prætor !

Gis. I would speak with the Prætor.

1st Lic. Thou speak with him ?

A Greek dog bar the Prætor's way in Rome ?

Fulv. What words are these ? Who's he disputes our way ?

Ho ! smite him to earth, if he will not

Give room.—Back, slave, and know your place !

On, lictors !

[*A Lictor strikes Gis. aside—they all pass off, R.*]

Gis. Bright Jove !

Art thou the stranger's keeper ? Let me press

My head—and crush the thought to rest for ever.

[*He presses his forehead with his hands and remains motionless.*]

Re-enter CHREMES, L.

Chre. One thing I had forgot. What ! gone already !
Ho ! Fulvius !

Gis. (*c.—starting.*) Curse him, heavens ! who'er thou art,

Let dumbness seize thee ever for that word !

I had just then begun to tell my soul

That it was false, that I had never heard

The name ; and I was dropping quietly

Into a dull, a thick, oblivious madness.

That busy, meddling tongue has waked my heart

To memory, sense and agony again.

[*Crosses, L.*]

Chre. (*R.*) What means this !

Gis. Oh ! I see and know thee now.

You are Chremes, the Athenian ? Worthy mates !

He is gone that way—Titus Fulvius,

Did you not call him ? You are fitted friends—

Two heartless, thankless, mean self-seekers—villains !

[*Crosses to R.*]

Chre. Madman !

Gis. (*Clasping his hands.*) Oh ! would to heaven it were so with me.

Chre. Who art thou ? what—

Gis. I am Gisippus.

Chre. Heavens !

Gis. You knew me well.

Chre. (*After a pause.*) Though you had been my brother, Gisippus,

The wondrous, fearful change that has come o'er thee,
Had been enough to baffle memory.

Even when instinctive nature helped its efforts.

"My friend ! my countryman !" Could you suppose me
That traitor to old Greece, and pleasant Athens,
To meet her exiled son, and the companion
Of my school-days, and pass him knowingly
In a strange land ? I pray you, be convinced
That you have wronged me. "I have sought you long,
"And now rejoice to find ye. By this hand,
"This hand that I am glad to grasp—I do."

Gis. I must believe you, sir—

"And yet, though I should grieve to think you scorned me,
"I should not wonder, In this dark, false world,
"Nothing shall ever now surprise me more."
Pray, come not near me, sir ; you are a soldier,
And wear the arms of honor. "I have, too,
"A sword, but long forgot the use of it."

I am an abject thing—a beaten wretch— [Crosses, L.
"Furies and hell ! Oh, peace ! peace ! Sleep and death !"

Chre. (R.) What is it moves you thus ?

Gis. (*Going, c.*) "Oh, cursed memory !"

You see me where I stand before you, Chremes—
It was not so when you have known me better.
You can remember what I was ; you know
How sweet, how fair a light of promise, fortune
Shed on my days of youth. You know how warmly
My confident soul opened itself to Fulvius ;
You know, too, somewhat more than at this time
My tongue can freely utter. Would you think
How all that has been answered ?

Chre. (R.) With a truer

And deeper gratitude than you believe.

Gis. This is that gratitude :—indeed, a deep one,

"Too deep for me to find its virtue." Hear !

When I left Athens.

Despised and hated by my fellow-citizens,

Yet naught repenting that which I had done,
I toiled for freedom, gained it, and set forth
To Rome. You start! Was that a meanness? No!
True, he had wronged me; and my pride was stung by it.
Alas! you know not, sir, how very quietly
And silently that same tall fabric, pride,
Is sapped and scattered by adversity,
Even while we deem it still unmoved, unshaken:
He was my friend once—and my life now, having
No aim nor object, I said within myself—
That I would look once more upon the happiness
I had raised from the wreck of mine own hopes,
And so to death or solitude. Look here, sir:
Here—here I met him; here he bade his slave
Strike me from out his path!—his own high hand
Scorned the low office—here his ruffian smote me!
And here I stand to tell it!

Chre. Yet—

Gis. No hasty judgment!

"Believe me I'm not sunk so low to bear that;

"But a strange numbness crept upon my senses,

"And left me cold and powerless."

Chre. You

Are over-apt (and tis most natural in you,)

To fancy what you feared was real.—Trust me,

You are deceived to think that Fulvius knew you;

"His fortunes have, indeed, altered him strangely,

"But yet he is not what you deem him.

Gis. This

"Is kindly meant in you—I thank you for it;

"But I have eyes and ears, and a heart, Chremes,

"To see, and hear, and feel what passes round me,

"Even as it doth pass." Fulvius knew me well!

[*Going, L.*

"I thank you, though, that you should seek to give me

"The bliss of thinking otherwise."

Chre. Gisippus,

You do not go yet!

Gis. Wherefore should I stay?

Chre. Come with me to his palace.

Gis. To his palace?

What? Be indeed a beggar? The Tiber to my bed, first!

Chre. Hear me, Gisippus !

Gis. You are the only man that knows of this ;
How if you should betray me now, and publish
My shame unto the world ? “ You are like to do it.
“ I have known liars with as clear a brow
“ As that. And if you should by the just Gods,
“ I would not rest, sleep, wink, till I had torn.
“ Your heart out and destroyed”—but you’ll not do it.
You know me better. If you’d have me honor you,
You will not speak of this to your general.
Farewell ! I’ll meet ye soon again !

[*Going, L.*

Chre. My friend !

Gis. No friend ! I charge ye, call me brother Greek,
But friend ! No, no, friendship and I have found
Each other out, shook hands, and parted quietly.

[*Exit Gisippus, L.*

Chre. He’s gone ! poor Gisippus ! how worn, who
changed !
Here is a humbler for the pride of Fulvius !
But may not some device be yet invented
To reconcile the friends once more ? I’ll think on’t.
As I proceed, ’tis worth the plotting.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—*A Burying Ground. Night.*

GISIPPUS discovered seated on a tomb, L.

Gis. This is death’s court ;
Here does he hold his reign of stirless fear,
Silence his throne—his robe of majesty
The hue of gathering darkness. “ Here his minister,
“ The night-bird screams, and the hoarse raven iterates
“ His warning from the left.” Diseases flit
Like spectres through the gloom, clothed in damp mist
And tainted night-air—yet the grim slayer
Will send no kindly shaft to me. [*Goes to R.*
Will the dead
Afford me what the living have denied—
Rest for my weary limbs, and shelter ? Here
At least I shall find quiet, if not ease,
And host who do not gaudge their entertaining,
Evan though the guest be misery. Colder hearts
Than those which rest within this sepulchre,

I've left all in the health of lusty life,
 Informing bosoms harder than its marble.
 Then I will be your guest, ye silent dead,
 Would I could say, your fellow slumberer !

[*He enters the tomb. Lycias comes from behind tomb looks off, R., then again conceals himself. Chremes wrapped in his mantle, passes over the stage, dogged by Lucias. A clashing of swords is heard without L. U. E.*

Chre. (*Within.*) What ho ! help ! murder ! villain !

Lyc. (*Within.*) Do you feel me now ?

Chre. (*Within.*) Too deeply !

Lyc. (*Within.*) There's a quittance for ye.

[*GISIPPUS re-enters from the tomb, draws and rushes off, Chremes staggers in, wounded, L. U. E. He falls near the tomb.*

Chre. Ah ! villian ! He has cut me to the veins,
 Revengeful villian ! Oh !

Re-enter GISIPPUS, L. U. E., his sword drawn.

Gis. The ruffian has escaped. What luckless wretch
 Has thus been made his victim ? You great Gods !
 Chremes !

Chre. Whoe'er thou art, I pray you give
 These scrolls to—to—

[*Dies.*

Gis. This is thy justice, Death !
 I, who would greet thee with a lover's welcome,
 And kiss thy shaft, have wooed its point in vain ;
 This wretch, whose hope was green, thou seekest uncalled
 Relentless destinies ! Am I become
 Such an abomination in your sight,
 To love me is perdition ? Where—oh, where
 Is my offence ? But there may yet be hope.—
 Breathless and cold ! My last friend, fare ye well !

[*Voices within, L. U. E. " This way ! this way ! "*
 They come. Is it not now within my reach ?
 I have it ! It shall be so !

[*He stains his hands and sword with the blood of Chremes, and leans forward, kneeling over the body.*

1st Cit. (*Without, L. U. E.*) This way the sounds pro-
 ceeded. Did you send
 To warn the Prætor's guard ?

2d *Cit.* Yonder they are.

Omens. (*Without.*) This way ! this way !

Enter CITIZENS, MEDON and GUARDS, some with torches, from

L. U. E.

Med. (L. c.) 'Tis as I feared. Chremes ! unhappy countryman !

Who has done this ?

1st *Cit.* (L.) Do you not mark that man,
With bloody hands, who kneels beside the body ?
He is the murderer.

Med. Speak ! if thou art he,
Confess—it will be useless to deny it.
Confess—

Gis. Why, what confession do you need ?
I am here before you, in my hand a sword
Unsheathed, his blood upon that sword—yet warm
From the divided breast. What would ye more ?
Can words declare more ?

Med. Guards, away with him !

Omens. Away with him !

Med. Away with him to the Prætor ! Yet one word ;
What moved ye to this act ?

Gis. I had my reasons.

Med. Take him away.

Gis. Now I have made it sure.

Med. What dost thou say ?

Gis. I say that I rejoice
In that which I have done. Do as you list !

Med & Omens. Away with him ! [*Exeunt* L U E.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Fulvius.*

Enter FULVIUS and SOPHRONIA.

Fulv. (L. c.) Ay, I have heard enough. Why should
I tax
Your brother with this base and coward act,

That am myself more base in my neglect
Than he in his revenge. Poor Gisippus !
Banished from Athens, sold to slavery !
And now a wanderer without home or name !
Perhaps the tool of some low task-master,
Or the cold inmate of a nameless grave.

Soph. (R. c.) Yet, Fulvius—

Fulv. Ha ! how say you ?

Soph. Do not turn

Thus sullenly away, nor yet look on me
With that regard of cold reproach. I knew.
No more than thou of this unhappy chance,
And mourn it full as deeply.

Fulv. They were all
Your friends who did this.

Soph. And is that my crime ?

Fulv. I would give all again that I have gained—
My present joy—the memory of my past,
And all my hope of future happiness,
To stand beneath the roof that shelters him,
And know my gratitude not wholly fruitless.
Oh ! I am torn up with vain regrets !

[*Crosses, R.*

Soph. For my sake.
Speak not of this to Medon. What is past.
His ruin could not better. If you love me,
You will not—

Fulv. If I love ye ! Do you make
A doubt of that now—If I loved you not,
I had been now at peace with my own heart,
“ I had not brought a stain upon my soul
“ That no repentant sorrowing can whiten.”
Had I not loved thee better than fair virtue,
I might be now an honorable friend ;
“ And those quick rushing memories that crowd
“ Upon my heart in thick and painful throbbings,
“ Might shadow it with that calm, peaceful influence
“ Of Gratitude discharged, and friendship cherished,
“ Which makes remembrance sweeter than enjoyment.”
I’ve loved ye but too well !

Enter NORBAN and two Servants, L.

Nor. My lord—the murderer

Of Chremes bade me give these scrolls unto you :
The dying man had placed them in his hands.

Fulv. Have you spoke with him, then ?

Nor. By your command,

I went into his dungeon at the sunrise,
I found him waking then. His wasted form
Lengthened out in the dust—one shrivelled hand
Beneath his head, the other with lank fingers
Parting the matted hair upon his brow,
To take the greeting of the early light
Upon its sickly swarth—his eyes were fixed
On nothing visible ; a dead, dull light
Was in them, the cold lowering of despair,
His whitened lips were parted, and his teeth
Set fast, in fear or agony. I spoke—
My words dropped harmless on his ear. I sought
By kindness to attract his note, and placed
Before him food and wine—he pushed them from him,
Then looked into my face, shrunk back—and hid
His own within the foldings of his garment. [*Crosses, R.*

Fulv. (*Turning over the scrolls*) Ay, here is Varro's
answer. He had come

A few hours sooner, I had saved a friend by't.
And here—ha !

Nor. (R. c.) Madam, mark my lord !

Soph. What, Fulvius !

Fulv. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Joy ! triumph ! rapture ! He's in Rome—Away !
Fly ! seek him—all ! The man who finds him first

Soph. Whom ?

Fulv. (c) Gisippus !

My old friend is in Rome. Oh, ye kind Gods,
My heart is gushing towards ye !

Medon. (*Without, L.*) Fulvius !

What, Fulvius !

Enter MEDON, rapidly, L., a sword drawn and bloody in his hand.

He is innocent ?

Fulv. Who ?

Med. The Greek.

Fulv. How say ye? Are your waking senses liars?
What weapon's that?

Med. The sword of the innocent man,
Whom even now they lead to execution.
It came thus stained in his defence of Chremes,
Not in his murder—Lycias, your freedman,
He has confessed the deed.

Fulv. (*Taking the sword as he crosses, L.*) Ha! Gods!

Med. Away!

Will you see a second murder? They are slaying him!
It is an hour since he was taken forth.

Fulv. (*Giving him a ring.*) Fly, Medon, with my warrant, and release him.

Haste! haste! [*Exit, Medon and the two Attendants, L.*
'Tis strange! Some poor, life-weary wretch,
Who hoped unwisely in his youth—and droops
To find his dreams *but* dreams.

Nor. I fear, my lord,
They will be too late.

Fulv. I would not have it so
For more—[*Looks on the sword, examines it closely, and rapidly recognizes it, and remains fixed in horror.*

Soph. My lord! You terrify me, Fulvius!
Speak—Speak!

Enter MACRO, L.

Macro. The murderer of Chremes—

Fulv. (*Turning and raising his sword.*) Liar!
Ho! smite him dumb, some one! My hand is powerless.
My limbs are cold add numb!

Soph. My lord! my love!

Macro. His last request.

Fulv. 'Tis in thine eye and lip!
Thou comest to tell me I'm a murderer,
The murderer of my friend—and if thou dost,
The word shall choke thy life. (*Seizes him.*) Croak out thy
news!

Raven! if they must tell of death—or peace!
Give't not in words.—Look me a hope! He lives?
He does! he does! You've looked me into strength again!
Gisippus! Gisippus! Gisippus!

[*Rushes out, L.—Sophronia, &c., follow.*

SCENE II.—*The Place of Execution.*

GISIPPUS *standing in chains*.—DECIVS, GUARDS, &c.

Dec. (R.) Remove his chains. [*Lictor takes off chains.*]

Gis. (C.) Let it be ever thus—

The generous still be poor—the niggard thrive—
 Fortune shall pave the ingrate's path with gold,
 Death dog the innocent still—and surely those
 Who now uplift their streaming eyes, and murmur
 Against oppressive fate, will own its justice.
 Invisible ruler! should man meet thy trials
 With silent and lethargic sufferance,
 Or lift his hands and ask heaven for a reason?
 Our hearts must speak—the sting, the whip is on them;
 We rush in madness forth to tear away
 The veil that blinds us to the cause. In vain!
 The hand of that Eternal Providence
 Still holds it there, unmoved, impenetrable!
 We can but pause, and turn away again
 To mourn—to wonder—and endure.

Dec. (*Advances, R.*) My duty
 Compels me to disturb ye, prisoner.

Gis. I am glad you do so, for my thoughts were grow-
 ing

Somewhat unfriendly to me.—World, farewell;
 And thou whose image never left this heart,
 Sweet vision of my memory, fare thee well!
 Pray you, walk this way. *Comes down, c.—To Decius.*
 This Fulvius, your young Prætor, by whose sentence
 My life stands forfeit, has the reputation
 Of a good man amongst ye?

Dec. Better breathes not.

Gis. A just man, and a grateful. One who thinks
 Upon his friends, sometimes; a liberal man,
 “Whose wealth is not for his own use;” a kind man,
 To his clients and his household?

Dec. He is all this.

Gis. A gallant soldier, too?

Dec. I've witnessed that
 In many a desperate fight.

Gis. In short, there lives not

A man of fairer fame in Rome ?

Dec. Nor out of it.

Gis. Good. Look on *me*, now, look upon my face :
I am a villain, am I not ?—nay, speak !

Dec. You are found a murderer.

Gis. A coward murderer :

A secret, sudden stabber. 'Tis not possible
That you can find a blacker, fouler character,
Than this of mine ?

Dec. The Gods must judge your guilt ;
But it is such as man should shudder at.

Gis. This is a wise world, too, friend, is it not ?
Men have eyes, ears, and (sometimes) judgment.
Have they not ?

Dec. They are not all fools.

Gis. Ha ! ha ! [*Turns up, L., but stops short.*

Dec. You laugh !

Gis. (*Walks on to scaffold.*) A thought
Not worth your notice, sir. You have those scrolls
I bade you give the Prætor ? Was't not you ?

Dec. I think they are now within the Prætor's hands
His page it was to whom ye gave them.

Gis. Ha !

Lead me on quickly, then. Did I not say
He should not see them till my death was past ?
Not while a quivering pulse beat in my frame,
That could awake one hope of restoration ?
What ! shall he say I quailed and sought his mercy ?
A wavering suicide ?—and drag me back
To life and shame ? Fool ! Idiot ! But haste on,
I will not be prevented. [*Going to platform.*

Fulvius. (*Within, R.*) Give way !

Way ! way !—hold ! hold !

Gis. Shall I be cheated ? [*Goes on platform.*
Your duty, officers ?

Dec. Peace ! 'tis the Prætor.

Gis. Let me not be disturbed in my last moments—
The law of Rome is merciful in that.

[*Fulvius rushes in, R., and remains on one side of the stage, greatly agitated, his toga elevated in one hand so as to shut out all the other characters from his view.*

Fulv. (c.) I dare not look ! All silent ! This is terrible !

I dare not ask ! The hue of death is round me.
In mercy, speak ! Is't over ? Am I late ?

Gis. (*Advancing, c.*) I would ye were.

Fulv. (*Clasping his hands.*) I thank ye, Gods, my soul
Is bloodless yet ! I am no murderer !

Friend ! Gisippus !

Gis. Oh, no, you are in error, sir

Fulv. By all the Gods— [*Approaching him.*

Gis. Hold back ! or I will spurn ye !
By all the Gods, proud Roman, it is false !
I'll not be mocked again.

Fulv. Is this a mockery ?

Look, Romans, on this man—Oh, Gisippus ?
Look on him—Oh, that pale, that wasted face ! [*Kneels.*
To him I owe all that you know me master of !
Life, public honor, and domestic happiness !
Here in this thronged area Fulvius kneels
Before his benefactor—in that attitude
Prouder than when he took his place among
The judges of your capitol.

Gis. A Prætor

Kneels at my feet !—Look ! look upon him, Romans !
“Hear this, ye purpled ones, and hide your heads !”
Behold, how mean the gilded ingrate shows
Beside the honest poverty he scorned—
Start from the earth, man, and be more yourself,
Arch the sharp brow, curl the hard lip, and look
The heartless thing ye are ! Court not opinion,
By this mean mockery.

Dec. (*Advancing to Fulv.*) Rise, my lord !

[*Fulvius rises dejectedly, and motions with his hand—all
but Gis. and Ful, turn their backs to audience, up
Stage.*

Fulv. (*R. c.*) Gisippus,

Are you content yet ? I have knelt to you ;
Not in the meanness of a crouching spirit,
But dragged down by the deadening self-reproach
That wintered it within my soul. But now
I've borne an insult in the sight of Rome,
Which is unto the honorable mind,
What death is to the coward. Now I stand
Erect, and challenge ye to name the sin
Which this endurance may not satisfy.

Gis. (*Pausing in surprise.*) You speak this well—sir—
faith, 'tis very well,
Certain, I am wrong. You have done naught you have
done ;

Nor is this air I breathe—air—nor this soil
Firm earth on which we stand. Nor is my heart
A throbbing fire within me now—no—no,
Nor this hot head an *Ætna*—Ha ! Farewell !
Nothing of this is so. I am very wrong. [*Going out, R.*

Fulv. Yet hold—

Gis. (*Bursting into fury.*) What, haughty ingrate !
Feel I not

The fasces of your satellites yet on me ?
Hold back ! cross—touch me, stay me, speak again,
And by the eternal light that saw my shame,
I'll gripe that lying throat until I choke
The blackening perjury within ! Oh, sin !
Oh, shame ! oh, world ! I'm now a weak, poor wretch—
Smote down to very manhood. "Judgment lost,
"I've flung the reins loose to my human spirit,
"And that's a wild one ! Rouse it, and ye pluck
"The beard of the lion. Gisippus, that was
"The lord of his most fiery impulses,
"Is now a child to trial." High philosophy,
With its fine influences, has fled his nature ;
And all the mastery of mind is lost.

Fulv. Yet, would you hear—

Gis. Could I chain up my heart,
That bounds unbridled now—and force my sense
To drink your words, it were in vain.
My heart has grown incapable of all gentleness,
And hard to every natural affection :
Ye may as well go talk the warm, red blood
Out of that column. Begone—ye vex me !

" [*Going out, R.*

Fulv. You shall not go ! Curse me,—but speak not
" thus !

" Will nothing

" Move ye to hear me ?

Gis. " Nothing. Could you conjure

" The memory of my wrongs away, and leave me

" No other cause for being what I am,

"Than that I am so, nothing yet could change me.

"Psha!" Death! Why do I dally thus?—Away!

See me no more!

Away! Farewell! No more? [*Turning and bursting away, he looks off the Stage, R., starts, and remains motionless.*]

Fulv. Ha! Sophronia comes! It stirs him.

Gis. My dreams have been of this! My sleep has been Fear haunted, till this vision came to quiet it, And then my soul knew peace! Oh, ye have been My memory's nightly visitant.

Fulv. (*Elevating his hand to Sophronia within.*)

"Hush! softly!"

"*Gis*" Beautiful phantom of my faded hope!

How many thousand, thousand scenes of joy,

Not rudely dragged from rest,

But quietly awakened into light

By the soft magic of that wizard glance.

Rise on my soul, as from the dead!

Fulv. (R.) Sophronia!

Enter SOPHRONIA, R.

Soph. I am here to seek ye. They have told me, Fulvius—

Ha! Gisippus! [*Reaching him her hand.*]

Gis. Hush! peace, sweet woman! All

Is softening o'er my wounded heart again.

Sophronia, I am glad you do not scorn me;

There is a reconciling influence

About ye, in your eyes, air, speech, a stilling spell,

The wronged heart cannot strive against.

Fulv. Gisippus,

Would you prove that?

Gis. (*With his eyes still fixed on Sophronia.*) 'Tis not impossible, Fulvius.

Soph. (*Drawing him to Fulvius.*) Then for my sake, Gisippus—hear Fulvius.

Gis. All for thee!*

Fulv. Not for pardon, but for truth

And justice's sake, I urge thy hearing now:

* According to the original text, the piece terminates here; but as the play is usually acted in this country, the lines following are introduced.

For innocence investigating seeks,
 As broad and searching as the winds of Heaven ;
 While conscious guilt its safety finds in dark
 Concealment and in flight.—Now hear and judge :
 Commanded by the Emperor to join
 The army instantly, I quitted you
 And Athens !—Chremes (hapless youth !) a scroll
 Did bear, informing you of this intent,
 And praying you to follow straight, and share
 My fortune and my love.

Gis. That scroll—that scroll !
 I well remember now I did receive,
 But ne'er perused ; for, blind with rage and grief,
 And wounded pride, I tore—Oh, fatal haste !
 Thy friendship's proof, and scattered to the winds
 The love I sought.

Fulv. To others oft I wrote,
 But ne'er received reply ; unknowing, then,
 Your hapless fate, I deemed you had forgot
 Your friend, and ceased to write you more.

Gis. Alas !

Fulv. My country's wars on foreign shores have claimed
 My sword and presence ever since ! But now
 Returned,—within this very hour, the dreadful tale
 So long concealed from me—

Soph. Was told !—and now—Gisippus—

Gis. Sophronia !—

Soph. You hear ?—and you forgive ?—

Gis. All ! all ! for thee !

[*Gisippus joins the hands of Fulvius and Sophronia,
 who kneel—Gisippus raises his hands above their heads
 as in the act of blessing them, and the Curtain falls
 to slow music of Hymn as played in first and second
 Acts.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE
 CURTAIN.

GISIPPUS.

SOPHRONIA.

FULVIUS.

R.]

THE END.

[L

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

		<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Bouery, N. Y.</i>
<i>The Timarch of Massilia</i> . . .		Mr. Neville,	Mr. Glenn.
<i>Polydor, a Merchant,</i>	} <i>Citizens of</i>	Mr. J. W. Ray,	Mr. Griffiths.
<i>Myron, an Armorer,</i>		Mr. Cooper,	Mr. Stevens.
<i>Neocles,</i>		Mr. Abbott,	Mr. Collins.
<i>Amyntas,</i>		Mr. S. Jones,	Mr. Browne.
<i>Elphenor,</i>		Mr. G. Watson,	Mr. Gouldson.
<i>Lykon, a Fisherman,</i>			Mr. Bowes.
<i>Ingomar, leader of a band of Alemanni,</i>		Mr. Anderson,	Mr. Eddy.
<i>Alastor,</i>	} <i>Alemanni,</i>	Mr. C. Clarke,	Mr. Hamilton.
<i>Trinobantes,</i>		Mr. Ennis,	Mr. Reed.
<i>Ambivar,</i>		Mr. H. Mellon	Mr. Leffingwell.
<i>Novio,</i>		Mr. Beckett,	Mr. Moore.
<i>Samo,</i>		Mr. Manley,	Mr. C. Browne.
<i>Herald,</i>			Mr. Lowe.
<i>Actea, Myron's Wife</i>		Mrs. Weston.	Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Parthenia, her daughter</i>		Miss Vandonhoff,	Mrs. A. Parker.
<i>Theano, a Neighbor</i>		Mrs. Barrett,	Mrs. Yeomans.
<i>Fisherman's Wife</i>			Mrs. Needham.

Citizens, Alemanni, Guards, Fishermen.

COSTUMES.

THE TIMARCH OF MASSILIA.—A long blue shirt, trimmed with brown; puce toga, trimmed with scarlet; fleshings and sandals; Phrygian cap.

POLYDOR.—Long russet-colored shirt, scarlet and brown border; gray toga, trimmed with black and scarlet; fleshings and sandals.

MYRON.—Grey shirt with black border; fleshings and sandals.

NEOCLES.—Blue shirt, black Grecian border; fleshings and sandals.

AMYNTAS.—Gray shirt, black Grecian border; fleshings and sandals.

ELPHENOR.—Brown shirt, black Grecian border. fleshings and sandals.

LYKON.—Brown and amber striped shirt; fleshings and sandals.

INGOMAR.—Leather breast-plate, with copper bosses; brown loose shirt; wolf's skin, hung to back; helmet; shield; spear; fleshings and sandals. *Second dress:* Plain marone shirt.

ALASTOR, TRINOBANTES, AMBIVAR, NOVIO, SAMO,	}	Similar dresses to those of Ingomar, of various colors.
---	---	---

PARTHENIA.—White Merino dress, with Grecian trimming; amber Grecian drapery and trimming. *Second dress:* White drapery.

ACTEA.—Brown dress and drapery.

THEANO.—Gray dress and boddice; plain head-dress.

HERALD.—Amber shirt breast-plate and scarlet robo.

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INGOMAR

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Massilia, the Market-place, in front of an Archway which crosses the back of the stage.—In the foreground, on the right, Myron's and another house; a spinning-wheel and basket in front of Myron's house.—Opposite to it the house of Polydor.*

Enter ACTEA, from the House, R.

Act. The sun is nearly set--the city gates
Will quickly close, yet Myron comes not home:
Parthenia, too--wild girl! freed from her task,
Flies like a bird unfettered from her cage.
Parthenia! daughter! child!

Enter PARTHENIA, R. U. E.

Well, mother dear!

Act. Ah! truant, see, here lies thy work undone,
And evening near.

Par. I've spun enough to-day;
And yonder are our neighbors gathering olives--
I'll help them.

[*Going.*

Act. No! thou shalt remain with me;
And listen, wild one;--thou hast long enough
Wasted the hours in trifling children's play,--
'Tis time to end it;--so now sit thee down,
And, if thou canst, be serious for once.

Par. Yes, mother dear--I hear.

[*She seats herself listlessly at the wheel.*

Act. Betthink thee, child,

This Polydor is rich—a man in years,
 'Tis true, but rich—a widower, indeed,
 But much respected, and of quality;
 He asks thy hand—dost listen?

Par. (Starting.) Yes, oh yes.

Act. Ah, so thou always say'st; yet I may speak.
 Talk by the hour, while all thy busy thoughts
 Wander thro' fields and woods, as thou thyself,
 Chasing the butterflies; but now 'tis time,
 Though with spring blood, to think of coming autumn,—
 'Tis time to think of marriage; yet already
 Thou hast rejected Medon.

Par. (Coming forward.) Oh! he was old,
 Grey-headed, gouty, coarse—

Act. Evander then.

Par. Evander! Yes, he had a fox's cunning,
 With a hyæna's heart, and monkey's form.

Act. Mad, foolish girl! go, trample down thy fortune,
 Until repentance comes too late! Thou think'st
 Thyself unequalled, doubtless; lovely, rich.

Par. Young am I, mother; joyous, happy, too.

[*Embracing her.*]

And you, you love me! what can I wish more?
 Yes, you do love me!

Act. Love thee—ah! and well
 Dost thou deserve our love!
 Why do I fold thee thus within my arms?
 We love thee, but thou lovest us not.

Par. Not love thee, mother?

Act. No! or as our will
 So would thine own be—thou wouldst let us choose
 Thy husband,

Par. No, dear mother, no—not him.

Act. What dost thou hope for, then? Perhaps thou think'st
 The man in the moon would be thy fitting spouse:
 What waitest thou for, I say?

Par. I'll tell thee, mother.—I was but a child,
 And yet I marked it well; you sang to me
 Of Hero and Leander, and their love;
 And when I asked thee, wond'ring, what love was,
 Then, with uplifted hands and laughing eyes,

Thou told'st me how, into the lonely heart
 Love sudden comes unsought, then grows and grows,
 Feeble at first, like dawn before the sun,
 Till, bursting every bond, it breaks at last
 Upon the startled soul with hope and joy,
 While every bounding pulse cries 'that is he
 Who carries in his breast my heart, my soul :
 With him, oh may I live, and with him die !'
 So, when old Medon and Evander came
 To woo, I laid my hand upon my heart,
 And listened, listened, but no ! all was still,
 All silent ; no response, no voice ; and so
 I'm waiting, mother, till my heart shall speak !

Act. [Aside.] Good gods ! 'tis thus we let our old
 Tongues prattle.

While young ears listen. [*Aloud.*] So, thou foolish child,
 'Tis that thou waitest for—thy heart must speak !
 I prattled nonsense, a child's tale, a dream !
 I tell thee, there's no second will come to thee
 Like Polydor, so rich, so honorable.

Par. Honorable !
 Beats down my needy father in his wares,
 Higgles and bargains

Act. That thou understandest not.
 He is a careful and a saving merchant :
 Think, think, my child—say yes—for my sake, do ;
 Say yes, my child.

Par. Hold, mother—I will wander never more
 Through woods and fields ; like other girls, will spin,—
 Will work, will read thy wishes in thine eyes ;
 But him, that Polydor, I cannot, will not—
 No, never—never !

Act. Never ?

Par. Thou art angry !

Act. Away ! have I not cause enough for anger ?
 Thy parents now grow old, and long for rest ;
 Thy father, a poor armorer, in the fields,
 Labors and toils all day ;
 Then must he hammer at the forge by night ;
 And when the tillage rests, that cannot he,
 But sets out, heavily laden, as now, with arms,

To offer them for sale in neighboring villages.

Par. Poor father !

Act. Poor, poor, indeed ! Then I remain at home,
'Tis true—yet go I forth in thought, and carry
With him the burden of the goods : with him I pant
Up the rough mountain's slippery path, and feel
The pelting storms which soak his weary limbs,
And think, that even now, in the dark valley
The wild Allobrogi or fierce Allemanni
Attack him, rob him, murder him, perhaps !

Par. Oh, mother, mother !

Act. So must I weep, and weep. But thou—
Thou whom he loves, for whom he e'en would die—
For whom he risks his blood, his limbs, his life—
Thou, thou might'st spare him from all weariness,
Might'st dry my tears, make happy our old age,
Be so thyself. But no ! thou canst, yet wilt not.
Go, go, thou selfish and ungrateful child.

[*Exit into house, r.*

Par. [*After a pause.*] Ungrateful ! no, ye gods, that am
I not.

Ungrateful to my father !—No ! and yet
For me does the rough storm beat on his head ;
For me he staggers 'neath his heavy loads,
And totters, panting up the mountain sides.
Yes, yes,—I'll show my mother she is wrong ;
It shall not be. But yet, what would I do ?
Unite myself to age, to avarice ?
That is to die ! to die—'twere better far !
But yet it must be so—farewell, sweet dreams ! [*Pauses.*
And once the future lay so bright before me :
There shone the scarce-formed hope, the mystic joy—
[*Suddenly.*

Let all be fancy—love be but a dream ;—
All is a fable that adorns our life,
And but the passing day alone is real !
Well, be it so. Parthenia wakes to duty !
And now, sweet visions of my youth, farewell.
My father now, shall labor hard no more—
Shall rest. Ah ! who comes here ? 'tis Polydor !
I'll fly—yet no ! I will remain : if my happiness

Must be put up for sale, then let the price
Be well secured for which I barter it.
What looks he? pride, ill-temper, avarice—
And I his wife! It makes my heart grow cold.

[She approaches her spinning-wheel, at which she sits to work.]

Enter POLYDOR, L.

Pol. [Soliloquising.] This will not do, the slave impoverishes me;

There is no doing without a wife—it must be.

Par. [Aside.] Does he not look as tho' he had the weight
Of the world upon his thoughts? and yet, I wager
He only thinks on pigs and geese.

Pol. Nothing replaces Kallinike to me:
She was a true heart—she could work, could save!
But then the armorer's daughter—could she?
Ah, she is there herself! she's young, she's pretty,
So—yes—no—well, so be it.

[Approaching and addressing Parthenia.]

Good day, fair maid. Good day!

Par. Say, rather, evening, when the sun is sinking.

Pol. Can it be evening while thy bright eyes shine?

Par. Away, sir, with fine words—we will speak plainly.
They tell me you propose to marry me.

Pol. Ah! that is plain—that's coming to the point;
Alas! her fond impatience cannot wait.
Yes, yes, such is my thought.

Par. My mother told me so,—and yet I wonder
Thy choice should fall on me; how soon, it seems,
You have forgotten Killinike!

Pol. Forgotten? No, indeed; a man like me
Forgets not gold, nor goods, nor the worth of goods;
And that was she to me; yet weighty reasons
Press on me a new choice, my children—

Par. Ay, poor orphans!

Pol. Poor they are not: they are troublesome,
Gluttonous pigs, wild, rude, unruly boys.
Shall I, at great expense, hire a schoolmaster
From Samos or Miletus? Gentleness
Best rules rough strength, and thou indeed art gentle.

Par. Gentle! oh yes, as gentle as a lamb
Led to the sacrifice.

Pol. Besides, I am often far from home—my business
Now calls me to the market, now to the harbor;
And shall a slave meanwhile keep house for me,
And farm, and warehouse? guard my well-filled coffers?
'That only can a wife, only a true wife.
And then, too, I grow old, am often sick;
And who would tend me then? make ready for me
The warm room, and prepare my drink and physic?
Ah! only a fond wife.

Par. Oh, my poor heart!

Pol. 'Tis thou shalt be that wife, and thou shalt make me
Strong, young again; thy love, my pretty rosebud——

Par. Away—and listen now to me:
Thou know'st my father tills the fields by day,
And at the anvil works by night, and then
Upon his shoulders carries to a distance
His wares for sale; that he is now in years,
And wants repose:—say then, when I am thine—
Say, wilt thou think of my poor father?

Pol. Ay, certainly I will—how could I otherwise?
Yes, yes, I will—I will think of thy father.

Par. And do; what wilt thou do for him?

Pol. Oh, he shall be advanced, for he will be
My father-in-law, the father-in-law of Polydor,
Of the rich Polydor; and from the gods
My lineage springs:
Think what an honor; from the gods, my child.

Par. But honor gives not food—what wilt thou do?

Pol. Well, in the first place, buy, as hitherto,
His wares at a good price.

Par. At a good price!—That is, good for thyself.
Well, and what more?

Pol. What more! Why, then again, then will I—
Observe me now, and bear in mind, girl—know
I will take thee without dowry—yes, entirely
Without a dowry; true as thou'rt alive,
I'll take thee --ay, without a drachma!

Par. But what do for my father?

Pol. Is not that

To do? and plenty too, I think.

Par. No more?

Pol. No more! almost too much.

Par. By all the gods, yes, it is quite too much;
And so, good evening. [*Going.*]

Pol. No, stay—thou shalt not go without an answer.

Par. An answer thou shalt have, and mark it well—
Procure your children, sir, a schoolmaster

At any price, and whence you please; a slave
To guard your house, attend to bolts and bars;
Shouldst thou fall sick, there, at the corner yonder,
Go, bid the huckster sell thee wholesome herbs;
Mix for thyself thy medicine and thy drink.
But know, for me there grows no bitterer herb
On earth than sight of thee! Now, mark it well—
This is my answer—thou poor, heartless miser.
So fare thee well, descendant of the gods!

[*Exit into house.*]

Pol. [*Standing looking after her for a time.*] What's
that? did I hear right? she turns me out?

Me, the rich Polydor! The armorer's child
Scorns me, the rich descendant of the gods,
As though I were her father's fellow-workman;
Disdains me! mocks me! There's no bitterer herb
On earth than sight of me! Yes, and it shall
Be bitter to thee, and to others too.
I'll have revenge! What shall I do? I'll take
No more swords of him, I'll buy up the rights
Of all his creditors, summon him to justice;
I will; I'll drive him from his house and home,
Ay, from the city—him and his saucy child.
That will I! Yes; I'll force out his last drachma.
Oh, I will not rest until I've had revenge!

[*While violently agitated he walks up and down.*]

Enter LYKON, L.

Lyk. The road straight on, he said. Ay, here's the market;
Near here must be the house. I'll take my chance.

[*He goes to the next house to Myron's, and knocks.*
Hillo! come forth, open—I bring bad news:
Shut as you will your ears, misfortune knocks

So loud that you must hear it in the end.

Pol [*Apart.*] Ah! what does the man want?

Theano. [*Opening the door.*] Who calls so loud?

Lyk. Come out and you will hear.

Enter THEANO, from the doorway, R.

The. What do you want, man? speak!

Lyk. You are Myron's wife.

The. The armorer's? I? no, my husband's dead!

Lyk. Then, thank the gods—better death than slavery

The. Ah! who? what? Myron, dost thou say?

Lyk. Is taken prisoner, seized by the Alemanni.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Taken prisoner! seized! Ah! that's good news, indeed.

The. Myron, a prisoner?

Lyk. Yes, I beheld it with these eyes.

The. Ye gods! Myron!

Enter NEOCLES, ELPHENOR, AMYNTAS, and Citizens through archway.

Here come his friends.

Neo. Ah! what alarm is this?

The. Elphenor, Adrastus, here! This man brings news;
Myron is prisoner—seized by the Alemanni.

Neo. How! speakest thou true?

Elp. How did it happen? tell me.

Lyk. It was beside the coast; I was preparing
Within the woods a yard to fit my boat,
When came a man along heavily laden:
I stood concealed by a thick bush, and saw him
Lay himself down to rest upon the moss,
When suddenly from out the thicket rings,
Like a wolf's howl, the shout of the Alemanni.

Enter ACTEA, coming down the steps from her house, without observing those present.

Act. There! she has carelessly left the spinning-wheel.
[*Seeing her neighbors.*] Ah! what is this!

Lyk. With that they rushed upon him,
Seized on his goods, and, with rough acts and words,

Demanded who he was; and when he said
 He was an armorer of Masilia,
 They shouted with delight. 'he must with them;'
 And with loud cries they drove him, bound along

Act. An armorer! bound! and driven along? Ah, tell me
 Who was the armorer! speak! who was the man?

Lyk. [After a pause; to the others, with his eyes cast
 down.] Say, is that Myron's wife?

Act. Myron's! ye gods.
 Then Myron was it? speak! why stand ye dumb?
 No, no, it was not Myron! tell me—quick!

Lyk. [After a pause] He is taken by the Alemanni.

Act. [Scrieks.] Woe is me!

Neo. She swoons!

Elp. She falls to the ground!

The. [Supporting her.] Help! help! carry her in;
 I will console her. [They carry her into the house.]

Amy. Are these barbarians from the mountains?

Lyk. Yes;

The Alemanni, who some three weeks since,
 As well you know, regardless of the treaty,
 Broke from their native fastness in the mountains,
 Destroyed the land, seized upon travelers,
 And drove the cattle from the fields; and these
 Are they who now have taken wretched Myron.

Par. [Rushing from the house.] Where is the man who
 brings this fearful news?
 Art thou he? speak! my father—is it true?
 Sawest it thyself?

Lyk. Scarcely ten paces from me
 Were the old man and the exulting robbers.

Par. And thou escapest, while he—

Lyk. Within the thicket
 I stood alone and ventured not to stir
 Until the band moved off; and then I fled;
 But the old man, perceiving me, called after—
 'Hear me! I am Myron of Massilia,
 The armorer; for the sake of all the gods,
 Go, tell them there, that they may ransom me.'
 Then one of the wild men called, 'If they will,
 They must pay thirty ounces of bright silver:

That is his price.' Amidst their shouts I fled,
And they with haste bore him towards the Cevennea.

Par. And he a prisoner! No—back, foolish tears!
Clear be mine eyes, and thou, my soul, be steel!
They carried him, thou say'st, to the Cevennes?
And they demand a ransom! House and fields
Are mortgaged—what is to be done? Yet friends
Remain. [*Addressing them severally.*]
Adrastus, you will help us? You,
Amyntas, —you grew up with him; think how
You shared with him the games of childhood,
The cares of age; you'll rescue him—you can.
Oh! speak, kind friends; say yes—lend us the ransom.

Amy. I? thirty ounces? would I had so much
for my own children.

Neo. The sea carries all my wealth,
And who may count on wind and waves?

Pol. Ah ha,

Par. [*To Adrastus.*] Take pity, that the gods may pity you;
[*To Neocles.*] That thy ship may return in safety back,
The yoke of bondage and the weight of poverty
Never oppress thy children—rescue him.
Oh, let my mother's grief, my tears, prevail!

Neo. I cannot help you.

Par. Amyntas—you.

Amy. I cannot.

Par. Oh! friendship, what a fable! my poor father!

Herald. [*Without*] Room, citizens, for the Timarch!

Par. Ah! the Timarch?

He is saved! Massilia will protect her children!

Enter Herald, with a white wand, preceding the Timarch, L

Her. Room, I say, for the Timarch.

Par. [*Sinking at the feet of the Timarch.*] Rescue! help!

Tim. Speak, maiden: wherefore dost thou ask our help?

Par. Save him! Myron the armorer—my father—
In the mountains—the Alemanni drag him hither;
Oh! rescue him from slavery.

Tim. A citizen

In danger! what wouldst thou have us do?

Par. Let the trumpets sound—the citizens seize their swords ;

And let Massilia's power demand her son !
Rescue their captive prey from the wild robbers,
And give him, free again to his free home.

Tim. That cannot be, for by an ancient law,
Made in the time Massilia, then scarce founded,
Was struggling for its unsecured existence,
In battle with the inhabitants of the coast,
It was decreed, the care of individuals
Should never compromise the entire state,
But that each man must look to his own safety.
Massilia but protects her citizens
So far as reach the shadow of her walls :
And that has Myron overstepped ; nor can we
To favor him—

Par. 'To favor ! [*Springing up.*] No—not favor—
'Tis right ! Is not Massilia firmly now
Established ? reaches not her powerful arm
Far, far beyond the shadow of her walls ?
Her free-born son is wronged, and the state with him.
He is imprisoned ; Timarch, set him free !

Tim. I cannot ; were a single stone displaced
In the fabric of justice, the whole house would fall
At once : see to it yourself, I cannot help you.

[*He prepares to depart.*]

Par. [*Sinking at his feet*] Have pity.

Tim. With the gods alone dwells pity ;
On earth dwells justice : and for private right
I cannot do a public wrong. Make way !

Her. Room, room, I say, for the Timarch !

[*Exeunt Timarch, preceded by Herald, &c.*]

Par. (*Calling after them*) Pity—mercy !
Alas ! no ear listens to my complaint ;
All leave me, all forsake me ! O ye gods !

(*She conceals her face in both hands, kneeling.*)

Pol. (*Aside, rubbing his hands*) 'I cannot help you.'
Oh ! I could hug you, you gold worshippers,
For what you said. 'I cannot help you—no.'
Right ! all are gone—all ! And now comes my turn,—
She shall remember it. Ah ha !

I . (*Rising her head and looking around.*) I will, I must find help; I will to Polydor, Will sacrifice myself to save my father.

Pol. Well, Polydor is not far off; what wouldst thou?

Par. Here in the dust behold me at thy feet.

Pol. Ah! see now, in the dust and at my feet Art ill that thou dost seek so rank a weed?

Par. Forget, forgive,—restore my father to me, I'll be thy wife, will bind myself thy slave.

Pol. Indeed!

Par. Will faithfully take care of house, of home, And goods for thee: will comfort thine old age, And watch over thy children.

Pol. See, now see! And wilt thou do all this? all—really all?

Par. All this, and more; pay but this ransom for him, Restore my father.

Pol. Ah! and thirty ounces, I think you ask? No, no, that is too much: I am a man who follow good advice, So will I yours;—hire tutors for my children, Protect my house with bolts and bars, and then, If I am ill, will buy me medicine, There, at the corner, from the huckster—so I think you said. The advice was good, and now I'll give you mine; rescue thy father Thyself; go, seek him yonder in the mountains; Plead with thy flippant eloquence to move The barbarians there, and try if any one Of them will value it at thirty ounces, And pay thy father's ransom. Ha! ha! ha! Thou hast spurned Polydor, see if they'll outbid him:— And so, good-bye. my thorny rose, good-bye! Now I'm revenged. Aha!

[*Exit L.*

Par. (*After a pause*) What thought is this that overcomes despair, And fills my swelling heart with inspiration? Oh! fool, that only came to goad my sorrow; It is the gods command thee thus to speak! Away, away! the night comes quickly on. Parthenia, up! thy labor now begins— Away! Ah, my poor mother,—Theano, Theano!

Enter THEANO, from house.

My mother? speak.

The. She has wept herself to sleep

Par. The gods be thanked! Theano, I bequeath
My mother to thy care; I go to the mountains.

The. Now? it grows dark.

Par. All here is clear and bright. Farewell!

The. What meanest thou? not alone?

Par. The gods
Are with me; so, farewell!

The. Parthenia, hear me.

Par. Away, away! [*Rushes off as curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*In the Cevennes. A wood, densely arched with trees—where the bushes are less thick is seen a mass of wild rock. In the back-ground, L., a half extinguished fire, several Alemanni, clothed in skins, sleeping in a circle round it; near it, shields, helmets, spears, cups, and pitchers, scattered about—in the back ground some tents of skin.*

In the fore-ground, R., lie AMBIVAR, NOVIO, and TRINOBANTES, about a mass of rock, throwing dice. INGOMAR is seen asleep under a tree, against the trunk of which lean his sword and shield.

Amb. One throw more, the stake is mine.

Trin. Down—that's what I call luck.

Nov. Now it is my turn.

Amb. What is it worth?

Nov. I have at home a black colt, two years old,
Fleet as the winds; will that do?

Amb. Done! I stake two fat rams against him.

[*While they are gambling.*]

Enter ALEMANNI, L., driving on MYRON, with a load of wood on his shoulder.

Alem. Now, slave, throw down thy wood, and hew it for our evening fire; here's the axe—be quick. [*Exit L.*]

Myr. It seems like a dream; Oh! wretched Myron!

Miserable that you are! I—I the slave

Of these barbarians! I, but yesterday

Massilia's citizen, a happy husband,

Fond father, and free man—and now to day—

Nov. Drink, slave, drink!

Amb. [*Throwing.*] 'Tis done; the colt is mine.

Trin. Ten!

Nov. Thunder and lightning!

Myr. [*Aside.*] Alas! not all my goods would be enough To ransom me from slavery! And I am old:

If I were young, I would take courage then,

And try to escape. Oh! is there no hope for me!

Nov. [*To Myron, shaking his fist.*] Slave, didst hear?

mead, mead! I'll tear thy deaf ears from thy skull;

mead, slave, mead!

Myr. [*Hastily seizing a pitcher.*] Here is mead!

Amb. Now, again. What is it, Trinobantes?

Trin. My armlet here.

Amb. My belt against it; do you say done?

Trin. Done!

Myr. [*Returns with pitchers.*] Will they not pay

My ransom? Oh! ye gods, mock not my trust,

But bring me home again!

And let me die in my dear daughter's arms?

Ing. [*Speaking in his sleep.*] After them! quick, quick!

Slay them!

[*Waking up.*]

So—why! I have been dreaming!—I was wounded—

The battle was decided—the day was ours!

Then, how they fled! what booty we obtained!

How many prisoners! and yet it was a dream.

Well—I'll to sleep again.

Trin. Lost! now I've had enough for to-day.

Amb. Once more!

Samo. 'Tis dinner-time.

Amb. Well—come on—'twas mine.

Nov. [*Likewise rising*] No mine, I say!

Amb. Thou liest!

Nov. [*Seizing him by the throat.*] Dog, dost thou play false?

Amb. [*Swinging his axe over his head.*] Dog! dogs bite!
[*He is about to strike Novio down, but the blow is arrested by the latter and they struggle for the axe.*]

Ing. [*Springing up.*] What now?

Nov. (*Struggling.*) Murderous villain!

Ing. (*Separating them.*) Leave hold.

Nov. Who dares?

Ing. I! Dare you dispute me? Your leader?

Peace, I command you.

Nov. Away!

Amb. (*Flourishing his axe.*) His blood or thine!

Ing. (*Seizing it.*) Back, back—I say.

But one step more, I'll send you to the shades.

[*Driving them away*] Now, go at once;

Climb, Novio, yonder rock; look for Alastor

Take thine axe, and hew us wood—begone!

Amb. (*Muttering.*) Good—the time will come!

Ing. You, Ambivar, prepare our supper: Samo,
Bring in the cattle. Away, all of you.

[*They go off at different sides.*]

Defiance to me—their chief—son of their chief?

Lightnings of heaven! (*To Myron.*) Ah, slave, come here
bring drink.

[*Myron hands him a goblet, from which he drinks.*]

How it refreshes me!

[*Throws himself on a rock*]

Now, slave, kill time for me.

Myr. I?

Ing. What is your name?

Myr. Mine? Myron, sir!

Ing. (*Mocking him.*) Mine—Myron, sir?

Ha! ha! so chirps the linnet's brood in the nest!

And then he looks as sour as though he had swallowed

A sloe-bush! speak—who art thou?

Myr. Alas! alas!

[*Weeps*]

Ing. By all the gods, what dost thou whine for thus,
Thou silly fool? What ails thee? Thou hast here
Both food and drink in plenty; and at night

Thou reatest on soft moss. Once ~~at our~~ home,
We'll make a smithy for thee; there ~~thou~~ shalt work
And hammer as before, and live as ~~merely~~——

Myr. And callest thou the loss of liberty nothing?

Ing. What liberty? Poor fool, you ~~make~~ me laugh.
Liberty! and dost thou miss liberty?
That thou didst not possess, man, when we took thee:
Old age already held thee in its yoke;
Youth only is strong, and strength alone is free.

Myr. My freedom's lost!

Ing. Fool! what knowest thou of freedom?
With us is freedom. She lives in the open air;
In woods she dwells; upon the rocks she breathes;
Now here, now there; not caring for to-day—
No, nor providing for to-morrow!
Freedom is hunting, feeding, fighting, danger:
That, that is freedom—that it is which makes
The veins to swell, the breast to heave and glow.
Ay, that is freedom,—that is pleasure—life!
But you, in your dark walls, a den, a prison,
You have life only to be sad.

Myr. I was born in them, sir:—
'Tis there dwell harmony, law, and order;
There a true wife, there, a dear daughter; all
The best things I possess on earth are there.
Oh, my poor wife! my daughter!

Ing. Old fool! What? tears again, tears about ~~women~~?
Why, thou art thyself a woman. What are they?
Vain, foolish playthings, only born to bear,
And serve; to eat and drink;
To squat among the cattle, feed the children;
To oil their hair, and look at themselves in brooks.
Women! were I a god,
And had the world to make, I'd make no women!
And thou crying for women!—out of my sight,
Old baby! [Laughing.]

Myr. Sir, thou art angry; yet wert thou,
Like me, a wretched slave——

Ing. I? I a slave. When Ingomar shall fall,
Unconquered will he mount among the gods!

(*A horn is heard.*) Hush! silence! yonder is Alastor's
 horn : [*Myron retires up stage.*
 They're here!

Enter NOVIO, L.

Ing. (*To Novio.*) Is it they? Speak!

Novio. Yes. Yonder come they through the valley :
 Alaster, hastening before the rest,
 Climbs nimbly up the cliff. Look, he is here!

Enter ALASTOR *hastily, from back of stage.* *Alemanni enter*
from different parts, and gather round him.

Ing. How now, Alastor, what hast brought? what news?
 what booty?

Alas. None, I come with empty hands.

Ing. Dost thou speak true? The citizens of Avenna
 Send every year their fat herds to the pasture
 Upon the mountains. Met you none of these?

Alas. No, not a single hoof.

Ing. Bad news, indeed.
 So thou bringest?

Alas. Nothing! (*Some laugh, some grumble.*) Yet stay—
 one thing I've brought,

A fanciful pretty thing of a girl.

Nov. What! a woman? Aha, that's good?
 What do we want with women?

Ing. A girl?

Alas. She gave herself up to us. We lay in wait
 In the thicket yonder, watching for the cattle,
 When steps rustled in the distance, voices were heard,
 And she came hastily bounding along,
 Heedless of the stony path or burning sun.
 Then rushed we out; the boy who was her guide
 Fled; but she stood there still, and keeping off
 Our out-stretched weapons with her naked hand,
 Cried, 'Hold—I seek ye—are ye Alemanni?'

Ing. Ah, a brave girl!

Nov. And you?

Alas. We laughed. Thou seekest us said we;
 Now thou hast found us, thou art become our booty;
 But she, freeing herself angrily from our grasp,

Cried, 'No, no, not your booty—I am come
To treat for ransom for your slave; and so
Give me safe escort to your chief.'

Myr. (*Apart, advancing.*) A ransom for your slave!

Ing. If so, she speaks the truth—she has free escort.

Alas. So, at that word, we liberated her,
To guide her on her way to Ingomar.
She followed us with rapid steps, and if
We turned, she drew herself up thus, and waved
Her hand like this. Ha! ha! You would have thought
She was the chief, and we but her attendants.

Trin. Ah! she has a heart in her body!

Ing. For what slave's ransom come she?

Alas. For Myron's of Massilia.

Ing. For him! the crying baby—the old woman!

Myr. Freed, ransomed, and by her!

(*To Alastor.*) Oh, tell me—say, has she not glossy hair,
Her eyes bright, and her limbs like the young fawn's,
Her voice sweet as the nightingale's? so sweet!
Oh say, sir, is it not my child?

Alas. See for yourself, she is here!

Enter PARTHENIA, L. U. E., surrounded by several Alemanni

Myr. (*Rushing to meet her.*)

Parthenia, my child! my dear, dear child!

'Tis thou! thine eyes beam on me. Oh ye gods,
Let me not go mad!

Par. (*Embracing him*) My dear father!

Ing. (*Laughing*) There, there—he cries again! Ye
gods of thunder,

The fellow's like a rain cloud!

Alas. A truce to tears and whimpering. Woman,
Thou seekest Ingomar—this is he.

Ing. They say thou'rt come to treat for this man's ransom.
What is thy offer?

Par. Jewels of more value
Than all the gold of earth; a faithful wife's
Prayers to her latest breath—a daughter's tears—
A rescued household's deathless gratitude—
The blessing of the gods whose liberal hands
Recompense deeds of mercy, thousand fold.

Look—kneeling at your feet, a fainting child
 Implores a gray-haired father's liberty.
 He is infirm, old, valueless to you;
 But, oh, how precious to his widowed home!
 Give him, then up—oh, give him to me.

Ing. Give him!

Amb. Is that the ransom?

Alas. For nothing! has she deceived us?

Ing. Silence!

Woman, thy father is booty to our tribe;
 Were he but mine, I'd give him to thee freely,
 If only to be rid of his tears and sighs.
 But if thou hast deceived us, and dost dare——

Par. (*Suddenly rising.*) Enough—
 There need no threats. I but misunderstood you,
 Thinking you had human hearts—I'll mend of that,
 And speak now to your interests.

You ask gold for his ransom—he has none;
 But he has strength and skill that yet may earn it,
 With opportunity afforded him.

Here there is none—he cannot pay a drachma.
 Keep him, and slavery, knowing his free heart,
 In a few weeks shall leave you but his bones.

But set him free, my mother and myself
 Will labor with him; we will live on crusts,
 And all the surplus of our daily toil
 Be yours, till the full ransom be accomplished.

Ing. That's not without some sense; but where is our
 surety,

The compact should be kept?

Par. It shall not fail

For lack of that—I'll leave with you a pledge
 Dearer to him than liberty or life.

Ing. Hast brought it with thee?

Par. Ay.

Ing. Show it.

Par. Myself.

Myr. Child—thou art mad!

Ing. Thyself?

Par. If you but knew

How precious to him is his child you'd not

Despise the hostage.

Myr. No—this shall not be !

Ing. We did not ask your counsel ;
It's a strange fancy, and yet—psha ! no, no,
Burthen us with a woman !

Par. No—no burthen ;
I'll be a help to you ; these willing hands
Shall do more work than twenty pining slaves ;
You do not guess my usefulness ; I spin,
Can weave your garments, and prepare your meals
Am skilled in music, and can tell brave tales,
And sing sweet songs to lull you to repose.
I am strong, too—healthy both in mind and body ;
And, when my heart's at ease, my natural temper
Is always joyous, happy, gay. Oh, fear not ?

Ing. Troth ! there's some use in that ; thy father can
Only cry.

Par. Say yes—say yes, and set him free !

Myr. (*Distractedly.*) No, she is mad—

Ing. Silence ! Comrades, what think you ? speak !

[*He retires with Trinobantes Myron and Parthenia
are left alone in the front.*]

Myr. Unhappy girl what wouldst thou do ?

Par. My father,
Thou shalt be free.

Myr. Would not our friends,—the Timarch—

Par. All, all were deaf ; and so alone I came
To break thy chains.

Myr. Oh, that I had never lived
To hear these words ! Better to see thee fall
In the bear's den than here to be with these
Whom nature but made human out of scorn.
And thou, my child ! [Taking her to his bosom.
No, no !

Par. Father, it must be so ; my mother grieves—
Oh, dry her tears. I am yet young and strong ;
I could bear easily what would kill thee—
Father, be free, and let me stay !

Myr. Here, where death threatens thee ? ay, worse than
death,
Violence, insult !—never ! sooner this dagger—

Par. (*Snatching it from him.*)

Give it to me, and fear not. I will live
Worthy of thee or die!

Ing. (*Parleying with his troop in back ground.*)
I will it so—the girl shall stay.

Trin. Let us keep both.

Ing. No, that would be dishonest; she has come
Trusting, and shall not be deceived.

[*Advancing to Parthenia.*

Woman, your wish is granted; we take thee
As hostage for the other, and he is free.

Par. Be thanked, ye gods!

Myr. No, no! I am your slave,
And will remain—let her return.

Ing. Who cares what you desire? Away with thee!

Myr. My child! [Clinging to her.

Par. Go, go my father.

Trin. (*Seizing Myron.*) Quick—away, away!

Par. No, seize him not so roughly—see, he goes—
Willingly goes—away—delay no longer—
Go, go.

Myr. Villains, I will return, for the destruction of you all!

Amb. Strike him dead!

Par. Oh, save him!

Ing. No, send him forth in safety—
'Tis my command.

Tec. Away with him!

Myr. (*Forced along by Alemanni.*) Parthenia, my child,
Farewell! (*Exit L., dragged off by the Alemanni.*

Par. Farewell!

He is gone, and I shall never see him more!

[*She clasps her hands before her face, and stands sobbing in the foreground.*

Ing. [*Who has been standing on a rock looking at the proceedings of his followers.*

No violence! Ho! how he runs! and now

He stops and cries again! Poor fearful fool!

It must be strange to fear: now, by my troth,

I should like to feel, for once, what 'tis to fear!

But the girl; (*Leaning forward.*) Ha! do I see right?
you weep!

[*To Parthenia.*

Is that the happy temper that you boast?

Par. Oh, I shall never see him more.

Ing. What! have we

For a silly old man, got now a foolish
And timid weeping girl? I have had enough
Of tears.

Par. Enough, indeed, since you but mock them!
I will not—no, I'll weep no more.

[She quickly dries her eyes, and retires to the back ground.]

Ing. That's good; come, that looks well;
She is a brave girl! she rules herself, and if
She keep her word, we have made a good exchange—
'I'll weep no more.' Aha! I like the girl.
And if—Ho! whither goest thou?

[To Parthenia who is going off with two goblets.]

Par. Where should I go? to yonder brook, to cleanse
the cups.

Ing. No! stay and talk with me.

Par. I have duties to perform.

[Going.]

Ing. Stay—I command you, slave!

Par. I am no slave! your hostage, but no slave.

I go to cleanse the cups.

[Exit L.]

Ing. Ho! here's a self-willed thing—here is a spirit!

[Mimicking her.]

'I will not, I am no slave! I have duties to perform!

'Take me for hostage!' and she flung back her head

As though she brought with her a ton of gold!

'I'll weep no more,'—Aha! an impudent thing.

She pleases me! I love to be opposed;

I love my horse when he rears, my dogs when they snarl,

The mountain torrent, and the sea, when it flings

Its foam up to the stars; such things as these

Fill me with life and joy. Tame indolence

Is living death! the battle of the strong

Alone is life!

[During this speech Parthenia has returned with the cups and a bundle of field flowers. She seats herself on a piece of rock in front.]

Ing. Ah! she is here again. (He approaches her, and leans over her on the rock.) What art thou making there?

Par. I? garlands.

Ing. Garlands?

Musing.] It seems to me as I before had seen her
In a dream! How! Ah, my brother!—he who died
A child—yes, that is it. My little Folko—
She has his dark brown hair, his sparkling eye:
Even the voice seems known again to me:
I'll not to sleep—I'll talk to her.

[*Returns to her*

These you call garlands,
And wherefore do you weave them?

Par. For these cups.

Ing. How?

Par. Is it not with you a custom? With us
At home, we love to intertwine with flowers,
Our cups and goblets.

Ing. What use is such a plaything?

Par. Use? They are beautiful; that is their use.
The sight of them makes glad the eye; their scent
Refreshes, cheers. There

[*Fastens the half-finished garland round a cup, and
presents it to him.*] Is not that, now, beautiful?

Ing. Ay—by the bright sun! That dark green mixed up
With the gay flowers! Thou must teach our women
To weave such garlands.

Par. That is soon done: thy wife
Herself shall soon weave wreaths as well as I.

Ing. (*Laughing heartily.*) My wife! my wife! a woman
Dost thou say?

I thank the gods, not I. This is my wife—

[*Pointing to his accoutrements.*

My spear, my shield, my sword; let him who will
Waste cattle, slaves, or gold, to buy a woman;
Not I—not I!

Par. To buy a woman?—how?

Ing. What is the matter? why dost look so strangely?

Par. How! did I hear aright? bargain for brides
As you would slaves—buy them like cattle?

Ing. Well, I think a woman fit only for a slave.
We follow our own customs, as you yours.
How do you in your city there?

Par. Consult our hearts.

Massilia's free-born daughters are not sold,
But bound by choice with bands as light and sweet
As these I hold. Love only buys us there.

Ing. Marry for love—what! do you love your husbands!

Par. Why marry else?

Ing. Marry for love; that's strange!

I cannot comprehend. I love my horse,
My dogs, my brave companions—but no woman!
What dost thou mean by love—what is it, girl?

Par. What is it? 'Tis of all things the most sweet—
The heaven of life—or, so my mother says,
I never felt it.

Ing. Never?

Par. No, indeed. [*Looking at garland.*
Now look how beautiful! Here would I weave
Red flowers if I had them.

Ing. Yonder there,
In that thick wood they grow

Par. How sayest thou?

(*Looking off.*) Oh, what a lovely red! Go, pluck me some.

Ing. (*Starting at the suggestion.*) I go for thee? the
master serve the slave!

[*Gazing on her with increasing interest.*

And yet, why not? I'll go—the poor child's tired.

Par. Dost thou hesitate?

Ing. No, thou shalt have the flowers,
As fresh and dewy as the bush affords. [*He goes off, R.*

Par. (*Holding out the wreath.*)

I never yet succeeded half so well.

It will be charming! Charming? and for whom?

Here among savages! no mother here

Looks smiling on it—I am alone, forsaken!

But no, I'll weep no more! No, none shall say I fear.

*Re-enter INGOMAR, with a bunch of flowers, and slowly
advancing towards Parthenia*

Ing. (*Aside.*) The little Folko, when in his play he wanted
Flowers or fruit, would so cry 'Bring them to me;
Quick! I will have them—these I will have or none;
Till somehow he compelled me to obey him,
And she, with the same spirit, the same fire—

Yes, there is much of the bright child in her.

Well, she shall be a little brother to me!

There are the flowers. [*He hands her the flowers.*]

Par. Thanks, thanks. Oh, thou hast broken them
Too short off in the stem.

[*She throws some of them on the ground.*]

Ing. Shall I go and get thee more?

Par. No, these will do.

Ing. Tell me now about your home—I will sit here,
Near thee.

Par. Not there: thou art crushing all the flowers.

Ing. (*Seating himself at her feet.*)

Well, well; I will sit here, then. And now tell me,
What is your name!

Par. Parthenia.

Ing. Parthenia!

A pretty name! and now, Parthenia, tell me
How that which you call love grows in the soul;
And what love is: 'tis strange, but in that word
There's something seems like yonder ocean—fathomless.

Par. How shall I say? Love comes, my mother says,
Like flowers in the night—reach me those violets——
It is a flame a single look will kindle,
But not an ocean quench.

Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought,
Love is a star from heaven, that points the way
And leads us to its home—a little spot
In earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest—
A grain of gold in the dull sand of life—
A foretaste of Elysium; but when,
Weary of this world's woes, the immortal gods
Flew to the skies, with all their richest gifts,
Love stayed behind, self-exiled for man's sake!

Ing. I never yet heard aught so beautiful!
But still I comprehend it not.

Par. Nor I:

For I have never felt it; yet I know
A song my mother sang, an ancient song,
That plainly speaks of love, at least to me.
How goes it? stay—

[*Slowly, as trying to recollect.*]

'What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone,—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

'And whence comes love? like morning's light,
It comes without thy call;
And how dies love?—A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all!'

And when—and when——

[*Hesitating, as unable to continue.*]

Ing. Go on.

Par. I know no more.

Ing. (*Impatiently.*) Try—Try.

Par. I cannot now; but at some other time

I may remember.

Ing. (*Somewhat authoritatively*) Now, go on, I say.

Par. (*Springing up in alarm.*) Not now, I want more
roses for my wreath!

Yonder they grow, I will fetch them for myself.

Take care of all my flowers and the wreath!

[*Throws the flowers into Ingomar's lap and runs off.*]

Ing. (*After a pause, without changing his position, speaking to himself in deep abstraction.*)

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

[*The curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*As before.*

Enter ALASTOR, AMBIVAR, TRINOBANTES, SAMO, and others
Alemanni, R. and L.

Trin. Well. Alastor, and what says he?

Alas. Oh, the old reply—still, still to-morrow.

Amb. Thunder and lightning! thus to linger here! If we

join them not soon, those at home will begin the war against the Allobrogi without us, and deny us all share of the spoil. Why not choose another chief? Ingomar has become a woman: he leaves the chase and our company, to loll on the grass with this Greek girl, hearing her tales and songs. I say, choose another chief—I'll lead you.

Alas. No,—no chief but Ingomar. Let us but get this girl away, and he will be himself again.

Samo. But she is his.

Trin. Not so:—she is ours as much; but what shall we do with her?

Amb. Sell her for a slave to the merchants from Carthage. Now on the far off sea a ship of theirs appears. Let us look out and hail them; then seize the girl, and sell her to them. They will give us arms and armlets for her.

Alas. Silence—he is here; one trial more! away with you.
[*Exeunt all but Alastor, L.*]

Enter INGOMAR, slowly, R. U. E.

Ing. Home, home! Ay, to their home, but not to mine,
For here appears my home! It seems to me
As here I was born, as here my eyes first saw
The light, my heart first felt, my soul first thought.
Here, here.

Alas. Now, Ingomar, once more we ask of thee, when wilt thou break the camp up, and return? Thou hearest me not.

Ing. Oh, ah! Alastor—yes! thou camest to tell me the fish are all exhausted from the brook; the wild beasts scared from the forests; and there is scarcely food left sufficient for the cattle.

Alas. It is so. Nor is that all: the time approaches when our people at home, to avenge the old insult, have resolved upon an inroad on the Allobrogi; and shall we miss it?

Ing. Miss it! I?—Ingomar? Thunder and lightning shall sooner fail the storm than I the strife! the war! Where are the others?

Alas. Encamped yonder upon the moss, waiting your orders.

Ing. Give them mead so long as the stock lasts, and let them drink.

Alas. What, do we not break up?

Ing. I will consider of it till to-morrow.

Alas Again to morrow ?

Ing. Yes, to-morrow, I said. Go !

Alas. Changed thou seemest to me in word and nature,
and scarcely now I know thee. Well, then, to-morrow.

[*Exit L.*

Ing. (*Solus.*) Scarce know me ! true—I scarcely know myself.

What ails me ?—am I ill then ? Yes, that is it.

I am bewildered in a feverish dream ;

And my thoughts ramble to I know not where.

[*Throws himself on a fragment of rock—after a pause.*

I struck a roe once with my arrow, while

Close by my victim's side, who soaked the turf

Around her with her blood, her young one stood,

Ignorant of its danger ; as I drew near

To take up the dead mother on my shoulder,

The fawn sprang to me, and even took its food

Out of my hand, looking up in my face,

With its dark, innocent eyes. 'Tis strange, I ever

Think of those eyes when I behold that girl's,

Now sparkling in their pride, now bright in confidence,

As carelessly she lets her soul appear—

Her childlike soul.

[*Springing up.*

What ? She—and she again, and always she

By all the gods, has Ingomar nothing better

To think of than a woman and her looks :

Than a slave's eyes ?

[*Clashing of arms and shouts heard without.*

Hark ! how amid their revelry

They raise the battle-cry. The clang of arms,

And war, and victory for me !—Away

With idle dreams ! why, what to me are women ?

Yet she—ah ! she is not like those at home.

Clad in their shaggy skins, sunburned, their bodies

Loaded with clumsy ornaments, happy in bondage,

With base caresses humbly seeking favor

Of their coarse lords. But she——

[*Shouts and cries again heard.*

That cry again !

In vain ! in vain ! no echo answers you,

Among the pulses of my heart. I—oh, I am sick !
What ails me ? Yes, I am ill—sick.

[*Throws himself again on the rock.*

Enter PARTHENIA, *with a little basket on her arm.*
She advances without observing Ingomar.

Par. My tender father, my poor mother, now
Think on their child : they fancy me, perhaps,
Tormented, ill-used, dead. But how much better
Has it fared with me than I could have dared
To hope ! These men are wild, indeed, and rough,
But yet not cruel. And for Ingomar.
He is kind and gentle ; yet, at times, how fierce
He looks ! as if he'd kill me. (*Looking around.*) Ah ! he
is here.

Ing. (*Rising.*) Thou ! from whence comest thou ?

Par. I have been picking berries
In yonder wood ; see, here is a basket full.
Wilt thou——

Ing. No ! no !

Par. ' No, no ! ' No, thank you, I think
Were quite as easily said as ' no ! '—no, thank you—
Dost hear ? Why dost thou gaze upon me thus ?

Ing. Away ! leave me—I would be alone.

Parthenia turns to depart.

No, stay !

Stay with me, Parthenia.

Oh, that thou wert a man !

Par. A man !

Ing. Oh, then would all be right, and happy ? Ay
Thou shouldst be my companion in the chase,
My brother in arms ; and I would be to thee
Like to thy shadow,—I would watch over thee
Whilst thou wert sleeping—would refresh thee
When thou wert weary. As the sea reflects
The heavens, or as the brook the bright blue flowers
That blow upon its banks, so would my soul
Mirror each thought of thine ! thy smiles were mine ;
Thy griefs, too, mine. Oh ! we would share together
All things in life.

[*Slowly to himself.*

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

Par. Why, that is the old song my mother taught me.

Ing. That is the song that burns in my brain—

The lightning that illuminates the clouds !

Didst thou not tell me once, love was a fire

That a look kindles, and that dreams do foster ?

Yes, it is true ; it maddens here ; and high,

High as the heaven, rises its flame.

Par. What, love ?

Ing. Love, thou didst tell me, did thy mother say,

Love was a star to lead us on to heaven.

Come, then, oh come ! its rays glitter before us,

And bright and clear, they light us on our way.

Par. How his eyes sparkle, his cheeks glow ! ye gods

Ing. Let the gods rest in the bosom of the clouds ;

Let them take with them still whatever the world

Possessed of good—love, only love, thou saidst,

They have forgotten,—loving let us be then.

And happy. [*Laying hold of her by the hands.*]

Par. Away !

Ing. (*Passionately.*) Thus, thus I seize thee—Parthenia
thou art mine.

Par. (*Starting back in alarm.*) Ho ! stand off—away !

Another step, and I lie dead before thee.

[*Drawing her dagger and pointing it to her breast.*]

Ing. Hold, hold ! Why do I pause ? what terror strikes me ?

Am I not Ingomar, and is not she

My slave ?

How angrily her eyes gleam on me ;

I never feared, yet her eyes make me fear !

Par. Oh ! most unhappy ! lost !

Ing. I have frightened thee.

I was too rash. I know, rude is my nature,

And rough my manners ; yet my love——

Par. Thy love !

This is not love ! The love whose mystic dream

Has filled my heart and thought, is not a thing

Of insult, injury, as you now show to me.

It is a feeling all unselfish, gentle ;

One which exalts, ennobles. If a fire,

It is to warm, to cheer, and comfort, not
To blast and scorch. Away, away! profane not
The sacred name. This may be violence,
Passion, but never love!

[*About to go.*]

Ing. (Imperiously) Remain, I say!
Knowest who I am? the chief among my people!
The reputation of my deeds resounds
Throughout these mountains, and I am thy master.
Girl, who art thou?

Par. Who am I? I am Parthenia—
An armorer's child indeed, but yet a Greek—
Massilia's free-born daughter, nourished
On a pure mother's breast, cradled in the arms
Of beauty and refinement, reared from childhood
In the holy service of our righteous gods!
While thou—thou art the rude forest's outlaw son,
A savage—a barbarian—desolater
Of the fair land—a cattle-stealer. Know,
That we at home flog thieves, and hang up robbers!

Ing. Darest thou—

Par. And now thou knowest who I am,
And who thou art!

Ing. — Scorn and derision! scorn
To me! Now then, by all the gods, I'll teach thee
How we treat slaves!

Par. You tame them with the whip,
With hunger, pain, and thirst. But your slaves love not,
They only hate, despise, as I do thee!

Ing. Be silent, or—

Par. No! for I scorn, deride thee.

Ing. Thy life!

Par. Take it!

Ing. (Rushing at her with his sword drawn and suddenly stopping.) No, no, I cannot; rage
Inflames my blood—my brain will burst.
Oh, I could tear the world, myself, in pieces.

[*Throws himself violently on the ground.*]

Par. (After a pause.) How is this? his sword lies at
my feet, which now
Gleamed threatening at my heart! and he struck down
And almost senseless! Was I too harsh with him?

Whence came the sudden rage that filled my breast—

This pride, this arrogance? Do I see aright?

He weeps! Why weepest thou, Ingomar?

Ing. (Springing up.) I weep? 'Tis false—I do not
weep Despise me! me—

The pride and boast of all my race, the terror

Of mine enemies! by the bright sun!

]After a pause, looking sternly on her.

Depart!

Go, I can do without thee; I can—I can.

Depart—thou art free! dost hear? free as myself;

Go to thy home—away, do not delay!

Thy breath infests me with a feverish heat!

Thy sight is poison!—Go, go, go! *[He rushes out.*

Par. How? free!

Did he say free? and shall again my mother,

My father, open to me their arms? And yet

Can I leave him in anger? him who made

The yoke of slavery so light to me?

Who now has given me freedom, though in rage?

No, no, I'll wait—he will return, and then

A kind word from my lips perhaps will calm

And soften him. Then with a lightened heart

Shall I return

[She seats herself on a rock, while from behind

Enter SAMO, NOVIO, and AMBIVAR.

Samo. Ah! she is alone; the boat approaches the shore;
now seize her.

[Novio and Ambivar advance and take hold of her.

Par. Ah! ruffians, what would you?

Nov. Away with her to the beach

Par. Villains, unhand me.

Amb. Silence, worm!

Par. Ingomar! help! save me, Ingomar!

[They drag her off.

Ing. (Without.) Who calls there? was it not her voice?

Enter INGOMAR, R.

Ing. Ambivar? A sword—a sword.

[*Seizes the sword which he had before let fall on the ground.*]

Ah! here villains—hold, hold.

[*Rushes after them. After a pause Parthenia rushes on and falls on the bank.*]

Par. Saved! saved!

Enter INGOMAR, *hurriedly, L.*

Ing. (*Going up to Parthenia, and taking her hand.*)

It is I—I—how white thou art!

Thou tremblest: art thou hurt? Parthenia,

It is my arm supports thee. Did they dare

With their rough hands to seize my lovely flower?

Why dost thou tremble? Oh! they shall repent it:

They shall, like worms, crawl in the dust before thee

Par. Hark, steps—they come.

Ing. Fear not, for I am with thee.

No power on earth shall harm thee.

Par. Look—they come.

Ing. Let them! like the eagle when its nest is seized,

With god-like strength I feel my arm is braced;

And if Heaven's lightning strike me not, I bid

Defiance to all power man can bring.

Enter the Alemanni, ALASTOR, NOVIO, and SAMO, L. U. E.
armed with spears, swords, and clubs.

Ing. Stand off, and speak! What brings you?

Alas. Thou hast wounded Ambivar to the death.

Ing. That did I when he dared to seize upon

This maid, my property.

Alas. She is not thine.

Samo. Give up the woman.

Ing. Sooner my life.

Nov. Seize her.

Ing. Come on,

Par. (*Throwing herself into his arms.*)

They are too many—they will kill thee!

Ing. Away, woman! come on.

Alas. [*Interposing between Ingomar and the Alemanni.*]

Hold—hear me, friends; and hear me, Ingomar.

We chose thee for our leader, and we promised thee

The fifth part of the booty. But thou givest
Thyself to indolent rest, and proudly dost
Appropriate this slave. Thus thou hast broken
The law of right and peace.

Ing. I broke them not. 'Twas he, that other, did.
Who, seizing her, robbed you, as well as me,
And well-deserved his fate. But I am weary
Of holding your proud race in check. Then go:
Choose your own path. I separate myself
From you. But she is mine. The fifth part of the spoil,
My share by right, I give you as her ransom.
Is it agreed? If not, then let the sword——

Trin. The fifth of the spoil! said he so, indeed!

Samo Shall we agree?

A'ss. The fifth part of the booty, didst thou say?

Ing. I did.

Alas. Then be it so. The slave is thine.
But still, if thou wilt lead our steps towards home,
We will obey thee as truly as before.

Ing. No. I am weary—I will seek new lands,
New customs. Go you hence—I will remain.

Alas. Consider the inroad on the Allobrogi.

Ing. I have considered all enough. Farewell.

Exeunt Allemanni, &c.

They are gone. And now, Parthenia, thou art safe—
Thou art free. How pale thou art, and trembling still.
Here, sit thee down and rest.

Par. Oh, Ingomar,
Be thanked, be blessed!

Ing. Thanked—and for what?

Par. I know
Thou only didst that which thy generous heart
Compelled thee to; and yet have I, deserted
By my own people, in the desert found
From thee protection.

[She kisses his hand and bursts into tears.]

And now—now——farewell!

Ing. Farewell? what sayest thou?
Wilt thou not go with me?

Par. Thou hast restored my freedom: I would seek
My home.

Ing. I give thee freedom? I? thou dreamest.

Par. What? wilt thou break thy word?

Ing. My word! did I give my word?

Par. Thou didst.

Ing. Go, go, then—go.

Par. (*Going.*) Bless thee?

Ing. Stay, stay, Parthenia. Oh! it seems
That day shall shine no more upon the earth,
The sun's bright beams be quenched in endless night.
Parthenia, wilt thou go? Oh, wilt thou leave me?

Par. My parents wait their child.

Ing. They do; go, go, then!

Yet think of the dark wood, the dizzy cliff,
The dreadful chasms and the roaring floods,
The wolf and bear—and thou to go alone.

Par. I came alone, and can return so, too.

Ing. Thou wilt be lost. Alastor, Novio,
They shall conduct thee. Ho, there!

Par. They! oh, no.

Rather the wolves and bear than those wild ruffians.

Ing. Ah, true, indeed. That were to trust the lamb
To the wolf's keeping. I, I will myself
Conduct thee.

Par. Thou?

Ing. Why dost thou look so fearful?

Thou thinkest me no safer than the rest.

But now I am not what I was. Till now

Never did I know fear, scarce tears—not even when

A child. But thou hast taught me both to-day.

Doubt me no more—believe me, trust me, then;

I call the gods to witness—

Par. Nay, swear not;

Thine eyes speak truer, holier, than oaths:

And if they lie, then all is false indeed;

Conduct me, be my guide—I trust thee.

Ing. Ah!

Thou dost consent? Oh! I will seek thee out

The forest's coolest shade, the softest turf,

Guard thee from every stone, from every brier;

My arm shall thus support—no, not support—

But carry thee.

Par. Dost think I am a child,

That thou wouldst carry me? I do not want

Even thine arm—I care not for fatigue—
Thou shalt not carry me: but——

Ing. What?

Par. The basket.

Ing. The basket?

Par. Yes, the basket with the berries.

Wilt thou not do it?

[Taking up the basket from the ground, and handing it to him]

Ing. Yes. I will—I will.

Par. And I will take thy spear, thy shield, and sword.

[Taking them from the tree against which Ingomar had placed them]

Ing. No, no, that cannot be.

Par. It shall be so,—

It is my humor. From my childhood up,
You know, I have been accustomed to bright arms;
I seem to inherit it in my blood,
From my dear father. And now, why delay we?
Thou hast the basket, I the arms—we'll go.
Dost hear? Why standest thou silent—motionless?

Ing. All seems a dream to me. Come, then, this way—
Down by the rock.

Par. Forward! the guide before.
I will close follow thee—my friend, protector:
On, on.

[Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—*In the background appears Massilia and a view of the sea. In the front, to the left, a rocky eminence overgrown with bushes, from which a narrow path leads down to the stage*

Enter MYRON, ADRASTUS, and ELPHENOR, L.

Myr. Shame, I say, shame! The wolf will help the wolf yet yonder town, that boasts its civilization, justice, and law
aces, without stirring a hand, her citizens become a prey to

slavery, and is deaf to her children's cry for help. Shame, I say—shame !

Adr. Full well thou knowest 'tis an old law, first made when the infant colony struggled for existence with the wild natives of the land, that no further than the shadow of her walls reached, would the state protect her citizens ; and thee they seized in the mountains.

Myr. Oh, wise decree ! Oh, father-like protection ! First they refuse a child her parent's ransom ; and when she, following her heart's pious bent, submits her own head to the yoke for mine, then they deny me aid, in men or money, to rescue my poor child from worse than death.—Again I cry shame—shame !

Elp. We are not strangers to your grief, but suffer with you ; and when thy child asked us for help, we paused, only to find a path of deliverance, while she——

Myr. Ah, she ! a woman in heart, a man in courage ! Oh, my poor child—my child !

Adr. Thou knowest Lykon, the fisherman, who brought the news of thy capture, has summoned us for counsel, help, and hope ; and if the men of the coast join with our friends within Massilia, thy child may yet be rescued. See, here comes Lykon ; and with him those who look like friends.

Enter LYKON, surrounded and followed by Women and Fishermen.

Lyk. Where is Myron ? which is he ? which is the brave girl's father ?

Myr. Here, here. And wilt you help us ? will you save my child ?

Fish. Ay, ay, we'll do our best.

Lyk. Though ourselves natives of the soil, we hate the Alemanni, and respect the Greeks. Besides, it would disgrace Massilia, and Greece itself, should such a pious daughter and brave maid be lost. All that we can we'll give.

Women. Yes, yes—our ornaments, our prayers.

Myr. Bless you ! the gods repay you ! But we must not lose a day, as the wild people will soon return further into the mountains, and my child will be dragged to slavery or death.

Lyk. We will disperse through the villages, and rouse the young—ay, and the old—to the rescue. You, Adrastus, to

the right—I to the left. Meanwhile you, Myron, and Elphenor, seek the house of the old Rhesus; he is rich, and has promised aid. Await my coming there. And now, my friends, away, away. [*Exeunt fishermen, women, &c.*]

Myr. My child, my child! shall I again behold thee? did not age stiffen my limbs, I would myself——

Elp. Come, come, let us to the house of the wealthy Rhesus.
] *Exeunt, L.*

PARTHENIA and INGOMAR appear on the cliff, L.

Ing. Here, here, Parthenia, this way—by this path.

Par. No, yonder is the way—down there.

Ing. Hold, hold! that is to danger—see you not?
This way—give me thy hand.

[*They descend the path on to the stage.*]

When wilt thou trust me?

Hast thou forgotten yesterday, the moor

Where, following thine own will, the ground gave way

Beneath thy feet, and if I had not then

From off my arm thrown my broad shield, whose face

Upheld thy failing steps—

Par. I should have sunk!

Ing. And I with thee.

Par. I think thou wouldst! Yes, yes,
I was preserved from death, and by thine arms;
Thy shield lies in the morass—and last night, too,
Under the bank, whose turf and moss afforded
But scanty firing, thou didst break thy spear,
And with its fragments make a cheerful blaze,
To warm and comfort me. Oh, thou true guide!

Ing. Then come—this way.

Par. It seems as if that path——

Ing. Again! Why, look, the wood is ended here,
And the mountain grows more level.

Par. Ah! thou art right—the forest spreads behind us;
It seems to me I ought to know this place.
Was it not here that, when I left my home
To seek my father, on my knees I prayed
The gods for courage, strength, and victory?

Ing. Ah! say not so. Far, far from here, I'd have
Thy home.

Par. Yes, here it was.

[She turns to the background and recognizes Massilia]
 Ah! and behold, there rolls the sea;
 And yonder, shining in the purple light,
 Appears Artemis' temple. Oh, Massilia!
 My home, my home! again I throw myself *[Kneeling.]*
 Upon the earth, with thanks, with gratitude.
 Immortal gods, who have watched my lonely path,
 The work of love is done, and safely back
 You bring me home again. Oh, thanks and praise!

Ing. (Aside.) Would that I lay beside my shield in the morass.

Par. [Rising and coming forward, accompanied by Ingomar.]

My father, mother, I shall see them again;
 Weeping with joy shall sink into their arms,
 And kiss the falling tears from their pale cheeks.
 Oh! be saluted by me, my native city!
 See how the evening light plays on each column,
 Each wall, and tower, like the smile of a god.
 Look, Ingomar, is it not glorious?
 What ails thee? why art thou now grown sulky
 Like a vexed child, when joy lends my soul wings?
 Didst thou endure with me the burning sun,
 The frost of night, and the rough path, and now
 Wilt not rejoice—now that our toil is over?

Ing. I—I rejoice?
 In the dark forest, the bleak wilderness,
 Alone with thee, the heavens above, around us
 Loneliness and deep silence, there—yes, there
 Where fear and danger pressed thee to my aid
 Did I rejoice; I was thy world. But here,
 Where these accursed walls cast their cold shades,
 To tear our souls asunder—here——

Par. Ah me!
 Yes, I remember—here we part. And yet
 Not here—come with me to the city.

Ing. I?
 Yonder, with polished Greeks, caged in dark walls?
 I, the barbarian, the free man? No, yonder
 Thy pathway lies—this to my mountain home.
 Oh would that I had never seen thee, girl!

Enough---farewell!

[*Going*]

Par. No, stay; thou shalt not go
Without one gift, that in some distant time
May call again my image to thy memory.
'Take this.

[*Offers him a dagger.*]

Ing. Thy dagger! is it to remind me
How once my violence armed thine own hand with it
Against thyself?

Par. No: to remind thee how
Two days and nights, alone, through moor, and wood,
And briery thicket, thou didst still protect me,
Guard me, and guide without my needing once
To touch its hilt. Of this let it remind thee.
And so, (*hesitating.*) farewell!

Ing. No, no! I cannot, will not—
Oh, do not leave me; be my own, Parthenia;
Oh, be my wife! I am chief among my people;
Plenty dwells in my tent at home; fear not
That aught of our rough manners shall offend thee;
Follow thy native customs there as freely
As I. Thou shalt be mistress of thyself,
Of all, our queen! Oh, come then—I will build
A home for thee in the shadow of the trees.
Before us, a rich meadow with its herds,
Beside, a stream, around all green and still.
While the soft evening air breathes through the open door,
And melts our hearts to love and happiness:
Say yes—say yes—and come where joy and bliss
Shall ever reign

Par. Ah me!

Ing. Why dost thou droop thine eyes? why art thou
silent?

Thou canst not doubt me—thou thyself didst tell me,
True love was gentle, meek, unselfish, tender.
By yonder heaven, such will I be to thee.
Oh, I will hold thee with as tender bonds
As thine own hands the wreath thou weavest; will see
Each wish told in thine eyes. ere thou hast thought it;
Whatever lives in earth, in sea, in air,
Shall minister to thy desires. Rich shalt thou be,
Honored, and happy. Oh, then, doubt no more!
Be mine—be mine, and speak no more of parting;

Par. Hush—hush this syren song

Ing. Thou wilt not?

Par. Listen.

Ing. Oh, thou believest me not—thou hatest me.

Par. No—I respect—honor—

Ing. (*Gloomily.*) But canst not love.

Par. My parents—Think, can I desert their age?
Forget long years of love and care—resign
The worship of the gods—the quiet customs
Of my own home, to follow, among strangers,
My country's foe?

Ing. I know it—thou despisest me.

Par. No, by my life! I hold thee for most noble,
Most good! a bright and glorious star, but shadowed
By a light cloud—a cup of ruby wine,
With the wreath only wanting. Wert thou a Greek;
Were right, law, order, not unknown to thee;
Were violence not thy god, the sword thy judge;
Wert thou not a

Ing. Why pause? Yes, speak it.
Barbarian! that am I called—a cattle-stealer—
Yes, I remember well! 'twas thine own word;
A desolator—an assassin!

Par. Ingomar!

Ing. I see it all. There is a gulf indeed
Between us, and thou art ashamed of me.
Thou fearest the jeer of thy refined companions:
The polished Greeks would mock at the rough savage
Thou art right: I should but shame—disgrace thee.
Yes, thou art right; farewell.

Par. Oh, leave me not in anger.

Ing. In anger! Oh, Parthenia, couldst thou
But see this heart! I—I—No more—farewell!

[*Rushes out.*]

Par. Ingomar! stay, hear me! He heeds me not;
He flies up the steep cliff; he is gone, and I
Shall never see him more! Why, how is this?
What sudden change has come upon the world?
How green, how bright, was all before? and now
How dim and dark the twilight grows! How faded
The grass, how dry the leaves! It seems to me
As if the young spring were about to die.

[*Weeps.*]

What! tears? I must not weep; no, no I must not.
 Rouse thee, Parthenia, thou hast duties. Think,
 Thy home awaits thee—parents, friends, companions.
 Oh, Ingomar! whom shall I find there like to thee?
 Thou good, thou generous one! Lost—lost! [*Weeps.*]

INGOMAR *re-enters, and slowly approaches.*

Ing. Parthenia!

Par. Ah! come back again!

Ing. I am: I cannot, will not leave thee.

I will go with thee to the city; I—

I will become a Greek!

Par. How sayest thou?

Ing. Thou dost not despise me, Parthenia—no,
 Thou art not ashamed of me, but only of
 My nation, my rough ways; there's remedy
 For that—It can be mended. Though I am
 No Greek, yet I am a man, for 'tis the soul
 That makes the man and not his outward seeming;
 My shield and spear are left in the morass,
 So will I leave my nation, manners, all,
 To follow thee. In yonder town, for thee
 I will become a Greek. And now I've said it,
 I am strong and well again.

Par. Thoult follow me?

Ing. I know I've much to learn, but thou wilt teach me,
 And that will make all easy. When 'tis done,
 Thoult love me then! thou wilt—I feel it here—
 Ay, like a sunbeam in my heart it glows;
 It shouts like the loud triumph of a conqueror;
 Like the voice of the high gods, it penetrates
 My soul: thoult love me then! thoult love me then!

Par. (*Aside.*) If not, oh heaven! whom can I ever love?
 Thoult follow me to Massilia. But, unknown,
 Where wilt thou find a host to give thee shelter?

Ing. A host? The first that comes across my path
 I'll ask for salt and fire. What needs there more?
 And see, already two approach, who look [*Looking off, R.*]
 Like Greeks. Them will I—

Par. Ah! 'tis he—'tis he—my father! [*Rushes out.*]

Ing. Her father ! the gods smile upon me, then,
And lead him here as my appointed friend.

Re-enter PARTHENIA, with MYRON and ELPHENOR.

Myr. My darling child restored to me ! Oh, let me
Bless the brave man who—— [*Ingomar turns.*
Ah ! what do I see ?

Elphenor—help ! The Alemanni—fly !

Par. Fear not ; 'twas he himself, 'twas Ingomar,
Who gave thy child her freedom, and who now
Brings her in safety to thine arms again.

Myr. What sayest thou ?—he ? and he came alone ?

Par. He comes a friend, a suppliant to thee ;
And oh ! be kind to him, as he has been
To me. Hear him, my father ; [*Leads Ingomar to him.*
And now, Elphenor,
My mother—tell me of her.

Myr. (*Aside*) He is really come alone ! Then I suppose
All's safe. (*Hesitatingly to Ingomar.*) I thank thee—thou
art welcome—very !

I did not think to see you again so soon—
You are come about the ransom.

Ing. Bah !

Myr. Do not be angry ; I have not got it yet ;
But a few drachmas, but I'll give you those.

Ing. Old man, your ransom's paid : I bought it, with
Your child's release, at the cost of all I owned ;
I give you both.

Myr. (*Astonished*) You !

Ing. Now I ask your friendship, and come to live with you.

Myr. (*Staggering*) To live with me ! You ! one of the
Alemanni.

Ing. Well, I have been
Your enemy, I own it !—made you my prisoner,
True !—treated you as my slave, agreed !—but yet
I have done you service, too, and come in peace.
Let all be blotted out !—There is my hand—
Accept it, and you'll find me, perhaps, more true
As friend, than enemy. Do you fear to take it ?

Myr. Fear ? n-n-no. Greeks never fear ;—
But you are quite sure you have come alone ?
No : I don't fear you, but the citizens—

If they——

Ing. Tell them that Ingomar comes single
Into the midst of them, to ask a home.
If any bear him malice for past wrongs,
Let them stand forth. Say Ingomar is here,
To answer one and all.

Myr. Merciful powers, he'd challenge the whole city!

Ing. I have little thought for them. But thou, old man,
I'd have thee be my friend—ay, more—my father.
Give me thy hand as to thy son.

[*Myron reluctantly does so.*]

That's well.

Now take me to thy roof, and teach me thy customs;
Teach me among the Greeks a Greek to be.

Myr. (*Alarmedly*) I take thee to my home!

Ing. It shall be sacred
As the temple of a god.

Myr. Thou learn to be a Greek! and learn from me, too!
I—I—I know I'm bound to you for much,
For many thanks: but a poor man am I;
And shouldst thou be my guest, thou needs must share
Poverty with us, weariness and care,
Complying with our household customs.

Ing. Poverty!
I have given up my race and home. Then tell me,
Can I be poorer? Weariness and care!
Can these be where Parthenia dwells? Out, out,
Old man! you do but mock me: tell me, rather,
What must I do?

Myr. (*Laughing.*) Why, first strip off thy skin.

Ing. My skin! Oh, this? (*Looking at the skin thrown
over his shoulder.*) Ha! ha! Well, be it so.

Myr. And then thou must cut short thy hair and beard.

Ing. My hair and beard! That will I never! they
Are my proud race's mark of free descent,
Growing freely with the free.

[*Turning, and his eyes meeting those of Parthenia.*
And yet—well, well,
I will cut them off.

Myr. (*Aside.*) How wondrous tame he grows!
He that was wild as an unbroken horse.
Then I have fields up yonder, on the hills;

A vineyard also ; work must there be done, too,
With plough and harrow ; and thou——

Ing. What ! guide the plough and harrow !
Root up the earth like ants and moles ! Slaves only
Guide ploughs ; and wilt thou make of me a slave ?
By the loud thunder——

Myr. Be calm. calm. Remember, 'twas thyself
Did wish to be a Greek, and we are poor.
We all must work—not I alone : my wife ;
Parthenia. too——

Ing. Parthenia, didst thou say ?
Parthenia labor ?

Myr. Ay, why not ? She, too, must——

Ing. She ? Parthenia ? No, that shall she never !
I'll work for her at any toil you will,
The plough, the harrow, anything. What more ?

Myr. And then, too, thou must help me at my forge,
And learn how to make arms.

Ing. Ay, by my life,
That will I joyfully ! that must be glorious !
That's spending strength on strength ; the hammer thrashing
The shrieking steel, that writhes to every blow !
Ay, that is brave, that's noble ! By my life,
Making good swords must almost be as pleasant
As wielding them.

Myr. Stay—stay ! thou must not wield them :
We are a quiet people, and love peace
And therefore thou must give up thy sword.

Ing. My sword !

Myr. It is forbidden, under heavy penalties,
For strangers to go armed into Massilia.
I will take care of it for thee. Give it to me.

Ing. My father's sword ! that which has given me
Defense and victory ! Give me up my sword !
Thou art playing with my softness, to insult me.

Myr. (*Timidly.*) Parthenia.

Ing. Give thee this sword ? sooner my blood—my life !
My sword's myself—the sword and man are one.
Bid any come and take it, if he dare. [*Drawing it.*]

Par. (*Approaches, smiling.*) Ingomar, thou wilt give
thy sword to me.
Dost thou remember how I carried it

From the mountain? You will trust me with it now
[He lets her gently disengage it from his hand.]

Father, haste on, before. I long to embrace

My mother. Go, prepare her—we will follow thee.

Myr. Wonderful! Elphenor, go thank the fishermen,
 And tell them all. Give up his sword! oh, marvel!

[Exit, R.]

Par. *[Following Myron, but turning to Ingomar.]*
 Why dost thou linger. Ingomar?

Ing. *(Confused.)* Who's he?
 Who spoke of Ingomar? dost thou mean me?
 Am I, then, Ingomar? My senses whirl;
 Beneath my feet the solid earth seems falling.
 I am a child—a fool—I will not! Stay!
 Give me my sword again!

Par. *(Smiling and beckoning.)* Come, Ingomar!

[Exit R.]

Ing. *(After a struggle.)* Parthenia! *[Rushes out, R.]*

END OF ACT IV

ACT V.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I.*

Enter ELPHENOR, from Myron's house, L.

Elp. *(Calling)* Come, what delays thee, Myron? they wait for thee.

Myr. *(Appearing on the steps in the act of arranging his dress.)* I will be ready in an instant. I but take off my sooty, working coat, fit to appear before the council. Actea, quick—my girdle, and my cloak.

Enter ACTEA, followed by POLYDOR, L.

Act. *(Coming forward with Myron's girdle in her hand.)*
 What can they want with you at the council?

Pol. *(Aside, remaining in background.)* Want Myron at the council! I'll stay and listen; I may gain some profit out of it.

Myr. What do they want me for? No doubt, an order for a large supply of arms. They find that none can make so well as Myron, especially now Ingomar assists me.

Elp. Quick—see, another messenger.

Enter NEOCLES, L.

Neo. Myron, the Timarch is impatient; all is confusion at the council.

Myr. Confusion? What is it then?

Neo. The gates are closed, the guards are doubled

Act What is the matter?

Neo. How, have you not heard? We are surrounded by the Alemanni; the hills about the city swarm with them; and loudly at the council they call for Myron.

Act. Ye gods, 'tis as I feared, then; I said he was a spy, a traitor.

Pol. (*Chuckling.*) Aha! I taught her that!

Myr. A traitor saidst thou, who?

Act. 'Twas not for nothing that the flames cackled when he entered our house, and that the raven croaked; they warned us, yet in vain.

Neo. Whom do you mean? Who is a spy, a traitor?

Enter PARTHENIA, *from house.*

Act. Who? who but Ingomar?

Par. Who dares call Ingomar a spy?

Act. I, thy mother.

Myr. Hold your tongue, you are a fool.

Act. Polydor says it, too.

Myr. Polydor is another fool, then.

Pol. (*Behind.*) Is he, indeed? I'll make you treat him, though, with more respect ere long!

Myr. It is the weak alone are traitors, and Ingomar is a very Hercules; any one who saw him at the plough, the anvil, or the games, would need no more to swear him a true man. Why, my earnings are trebled since Ingomar worked with me. (*Taking the girdle from Actea, and completing his toilet by putting it on.*) There—now I am ready, be not alarmed. No doubt, the council summon me for my opinion. I know the Alemanni—I have been among them, and I fear them not—I've proved that. Come, come.

[*Exit, followed by Neocles, L.*

Act. The foe at our gates ! he summoned to the council. If they should, instead of asking his opinion, bring him for his folly to a reckoning, perhaps to punishment ?

Par. Fear not, mother : the fathers knew of Ingomar and gave permission to receive him.

Act. He has brought mischief on our house.

Par. Mother, he brought thy child in safety back there.

Act. Well, well : and so he did. But Polydor says truly——

Par. Mother, mother, why will you give your ear to that malicious wretch ?

Pol. (*Still behind.*) That's me !

Par. Why suffer him to turn your heart against the noblest——

Act. Bah ! I tell you, Polydor——

Par. I will not hear his name ! Why will he still pursue me ? why you still urge for him ? I tell you, mother, were beggary and death set for my choice, I would embrace them sooner than that detested man !

Pol. (*Still behind.*) You would ? you shall, then ! I'll bring down that proud spirit, though it should cost me half my means.

Act. But, child, he threatens us——

Par. He threatens ! the cold dastard—let him ! I spurn his threats as I do him.

Pol. I'll hear no more : I'll go at once and do it, cost me what it may !

Par. He dares to threaten !

Pol. (*Shaking his fist.*) Tremble ! [*Exit, L.*

Act. Hush ! if he should hear you. I'm sure I don't know why you hate him so. At least, he never drew his sword on you as Ingomar once did ; he never took your father for a slave, as Ingomar——O, how I hated him as soon as I set my eyes upon him. His very look, and that long hair, and his rough and wiry beard. Ugh ! he made my heart sick !

Par. Yet he now wears both short, and like a Greek

Act. The very children in the street called after him—
Faun and Satyr.

Par. But thou knowest he goes now, clad like others.

Act. Ay ! Greek may be his coat and mantle ; but his bearing, walk, and voice—the fixed disdain in his mien, and look, and speech, these all are the barbarian's still, and will remain so. Even his forest nature clings to him.

Par. Why should it not, when freedom, courage, and strength, like his own forests, animate his soul?

Act. The rough strength of a bear! Did not he yesterday at the games, throw his adversary right out of the circle; did he not fling the quoit so far, he nearly struck the Timarch.

Par. Did he not, too, destroy the wolf that had so long ravaged our fields? and in the harbor, when Lysippus' boat struggled with the storm, who sprang into the boiling waves and dragged him safe to shore, but Ingomar? and who but he relieves from the forge and the plough my gray haired father?

Act. Well, well, perhaps he does. He may have some good in him; but he pays no respect to me: and I say again he is a spy, a traitor, and so I'll tell him to his face. Where is he? (*Calls.*) Ingomar!

Par. Stay, mother, stay! what would you do? Respect, at least, the rights of a guest.

Act. [*Calling again.*] What, Ingomar, I say! Yes, thou shalt see how he will shrink and tremble, when I tell him that I know him,—Ingomar!

Par. Mother! how little dost thou know of that pure soul, that noble heart.

Enter INGOMAR, *from back of stage, dressed in the costume of a Greek peasant.*

Ing. Who called me?

Act. So thou art come at last. Thrice must I call?

Ing. I was preparing for the evening sports, and singing.

Act. Singing! Yes, for joy to meet our friends again.

Ing. What friends?

Act. Oh, you don't know, not you, that the Alemanni surround the city.

Ing. Indeed! They come this way, then, in their incursions on the Allobrogi?

Act. The Allobrogi! oh, how innocent! But be their road, sir, where it may, there are some people think, hint—ay, and maintain, their way and yours are one.

Ing. Their way and mine!

Act. Ay; who even say that you have introduced yourself here, only to open doors and gates to them.

Ing. [*Excited.*] I—who says that?

Act. I say so, to thy face—that thou art a spy, a traitor—that thou art—

Ing. [*Rushes up to her.*] Woman ! [*Then checks himself.*] But no, no, no, thou art Parthenia's mother—I will not answer thee. [*Abruptly walks into the house.*]

Act. Look, he derides my anger. He does not think it worth his trouble to justify himself to me ! he dares——

Par. [*Goes up to the house and calls.*] Ingomar !

Act. Why do you call him ? Shall he again affront me ?

Par. No, he shall answer.

Act. I will have no answer—you'll drive me mad, among you ! There is thy father—danger perhaps threatens his very life ; I'll follow him to the council ; thou mayest stay and ask for answers from this proud barbarian, and thou mayst trust him, too ; but, for me, I know him ! and me he never shall deceive. [*Exit, L.*]

Par. [*Walks restlessly up and down*] She is wrong.

Very wrong, and he bears all the blame.

Poor Ingomar !

[*Turns and sees Ingomar slowly descending the steps.*
—she beckons him.

Come here. Dost think

Thou hast treated with respect my mother, Myron's wife,
To turn thy back on her, and walk away
Without an answer ?

Ing. Didst thou not bid me, when thy mother might,
As age will do, find fault without a cause,
I should be silent then, and go away ?
She did find fault with me without a cause,
So I said nothing, and I went away.

Par. But couldst thou not look gentle and speak thus—
'No, thou art wrong,—I am no spy, no traitor.'
But thou instead, must fly into a rage,
And leave me to bear all the pain.

Ing. I am sorry.

Par. I cannot make you heed my words, and never——

Ing. Not heed thy words ! I think of nothing else,
Laboring or resting, at the plough, the anvil,
In very sleep, still I repeat your lessons,
But all in vain ! Oh, I shall never learn ;
And thou wilt never love me !

Par. Nay, thou hast
Learned much already, and——

Ing. Oh, my wild woods,
My mountain home! There the heart speaks its will,
And the free act is open as the thought.
'Tis thus I have grown up—I cannot change it.
What moves me,—love or hate, pleasure or pain,—
Breaks from my lips, shows in my looks, and sparkles
From out my eyes; I must be what I am,
I can be nothing else!

Par. Nor shalt thou be!
I would not have thee other than thou art—
Honest, and pure, and true.
Yet even the candor of a noble soul
Requires restriction. See, thou hast learned much;
Thou honorest law and order—thou hast left
The bloody service of thy mountain gods,
For the pure worship of my people. See,
Thou art a Greek already in thy heart;
Yet be more gentle, more—but that will come.
The sculptor, who, from out of the rough stone,
Would call the image of a god to life,
First learns to smooth the coarse unpolished shell
That shrouds it.

Ing. And then, after I've learned,
When I am more what thou desirest, Parthenia,
Wilt thou then —

Par. (*Laughing.*) Stop, thou hast not learned it yet,
And wilt not soon.

Ing. Ah, thus it ever is!
In place of paying the poor scholar's zeal,
Thou dost withdraw the goal still further from me.
Thou art altered, too—thou once didst seek, encourage me,
Didst tell me tales and sing me songs; but now
Thou art distant, cold. Well, well, I will not weary thee,
Content if I can gaze into thine eyes,
And——

Myr. (*Without.*) Parthenia—Parthenia!

Par. Hark! my father.

Enter MYRON, L., followed by ACTEA.

Myr. Parthenia! Ay--and Ingomar, where is he?

Ing. Here.

Act. Now; what is it? Will you never tell me?

Myr. Stop—give me air, let me breathe first,—what do you think?

Know! they are coming, they will be here directly.

Act. Who—the enemy?

Myr. His grace the Timarch!

Act. Ah! I said so—I said

That Ingomar would bring us no good luck.

Myr. Then you talked nonsense, as you always do.

He brings us glory, consideration, honor!

But here they are. Now, Ingomar, dear friend,

Be ready—I go to greet him.

Act. Consideration! honor! how my heart beats!

Like a forge hammer.

Enter the Timarch, accompanied by attendants: Myron receives him with low bows.

Tim. Enough, enough—Myron, where is thy guest, Thy pupil?

Myr. Here, illustrious sir—

Will you step into the house?

Tim. No, call him hither.

[Myron beckons Ingomar forward, and he advances toward the Timarch.]

So, friend, thy name is Ingomar.

Ing. Ay—as thou sayest.

Myr. *[Aside, to Ingomar.]* Say, 'your grace.' Dost thou understand—'your grace.'

Tim. I hear thou wouldst become a Greek,

Be naturalized—Massilia's citizen.

Ing. Such is my wish.

Tim. Massilia grants thy wish—

A house within her walls shall be assigned thee;

Added to which, three hydes of land, with the freedom

And the full privileges of a citizen.

Ing. To me—this, this to me!

Par. Ye gods!

Myr. Dost hear, wife?

Tim. Nay, more;—thou lovest this maid: thirty ounces of silver

Shall her dower be—she shall be thine, thy wife.

Ing. Parthenia!

Tim. So thou prove only that Massilia's welfare

Lies at thy heart, all these shall then be thine.
Say, in return what wilt thou do?

Ing. What do!

What will I not do? I will lift the world
From off its solid centre, drink the ocean,
Tear down the stars from heaven! I am but mad—
Yet all that is possible—ay, or impossible,
I'll do for bliss like this.

Tim. Thou hast heard the Alemanni now
Surround the city—they come against us to——

Ing. No, no, you err. Against the Allobrogi
This expedition moves, not against you—
Not you.

Tim. Be as it may, we hold them dangerous—
Massilia would extirpate them.

[*Draws Ingomar a little aside.*

Thou knowest them:

Thou shalt go to their camp, as though thou camest
To seek thy friends and hear the news of home;
So shalt thou well observe their mode of war,
The approaches of their camp, their watchword, and
The arrangement of their guard. Return in the evening,
And then by night conduct Massilia's soldiers,
And lead them on to conquest.

Ing. (*Furiously.*) Ah! [*Parthenia checks him.*

Tim. What sayest thou?

Ing. Ensnare,

Betray my countrymen!—deceive the men
Who trust me—murder them in their sleep—
The men who speak my tongue, who were my brothers?

Tim. Think of the reward—Parthenia, honor, riches.

Ing. Take all thy offers back! take even her,
For she is all to me! my heart, my soul,
My life! Yet take her, too: for, had I her,
And all the happiness the earth could give,
It were despair, shame, misery, and death,
To purchase her by baseness such as this.

Tim. Dost thou not wish to be a Greek?

Ing. I did,

For then I did not know that Greeks were traitors.
I said farewell to mine own kin and nation—
I gave up all to make my home with you,—

And had you called on me to fight for you
 On the open field of war, I would have stood
 Faithfully by you to the death ; but (*with contempt.*) Grecian
 Weapons are treachery, cunning, cowardice,—
 In these I am unpractised. Go, go, go!
 We do not understand each other—you are civilized,
 Refined, and I but a barbarian ! Go !

Tim. Restrain thy bold tongue—one hour for decision
 We give thee yet. Refuse, and thy false breath,
 No longer shall contaminate our city.
 Choose, then ! And thou, Myron, if afterward
 Thou dost befriend or shelter him, thy life
 Shall answer for it ! Back to the council.

[*Exeunt Timarch with suite.*]

Act. Now, who was right ? Where is the honor,
 The consideration, that this Ingomar
 Was to have brought ? He brings thy head in danger.

Myr. No, not, not my head ;
 I will have nothing more to do with him.
 Away, depart,—I shut my door against thee ;
 I am Massilia's true citizen.
 Go into the house, Parthenia.

Ing. Myron.

Myr. Go, go in, wife—in, girl.

[*Actea and Parthenia go into the house.*]

Ing. One word.

Myr. Not one ! You see the danger you have brought me.
 I owe thee thanks ; and, had I two heads, willingly
 Would I loose one for thee. But I have but one ;
 And therefore, go, go, go. (*In a loud voice.*) I am a true
 man,
 And a good citizen—and so, farewell !

[*Exit into house, shutting the door.*]

Ing. 'Tis past, then ! All is over, all is lost.
 Never will she be mine. Never again
 Shall I behold her face, or hear her voice.
 She is lost ! Why, then, delay ? Away, away ;
 And let them close their coward gates upon me.
 I'll die, or break a passage through their spears. [*Going.*]

*Enter PARTHENIA, who, during his last words comes out of the
 house, and approaches unperceived.*

Par. Ingomar! wilt thou go?

Ing. Dost doubt it?

Par. Whither?

Ing. Ask me not whither;

There are on earth only two paths for me,
One to heaven, where thou art—and where
Thou art not, all is there a barren desert—
That path is mine. Son of the wilderness,
I bend my steps again towards my mother;
She gave me truth for my inheritance,
And I will keep it, though my heart should burst.

Par. And thou wilt go?

Ing. Wouldst thou desire my stay,
To be dishonored? Yet thine image still
Shall never leave me—thou, Parthenia—
Farewell.

Par. Not yet—not yet.

Ing. Quick death is easy,—
He who dies slowly dies a thousand times.
(*Then abruptly.*) Farewell.

Par. Thy sword—thou hast forgot thy sword;
On entering here thou gavest it to my father.

Ing. I want it not. Hope took it from my hand;
And now—now——

Par. Yet 'tis here. Look, I return it,
Bright as when first thou gavest it up. [*He goes to take it.*
Not so:

But I will bear it for thee.

Ing. Thou, Parthenia!

Par. I carried with it once thy spear and shield,
Then why not thy sword?

Ing. Oh, then——But let that pass—let us part here.

Par. No, Ingomar; I will bear thy sword for thee.

Ing. Where? to the market?

Par. No, further—to the gate:
Still further—to the sea—beyond the sea—
Over the mountains—over valleys, floods—
To east and west. Wherever thy path leads,
Wherever thou dost bend thy wandering steps,
So long as my heart beats, as my pulse throbs,
So long I will go with thee!

Ing. Thou, Parthenia,
Wilt——

Par. Ay, will follow thee wherever thou goest.

[*Drops the sword and embraces him.*]

Thy way shall be my way—thy fate be mine.
Where thou dost build thy house, there, too, shall be
My home; the language that sounds on thy lips,
That will I speak; what pleases thee shall be
My joy; and what afflicts thee, that will I
Suffer, too, with thee. Thine am I, and nothing
Shall part us more!

Ing. Do I dream? Thou liest on
My breast,—thou lovest me!—thou, Massilia's child,
And I the stranger, the barbarian!

Par. Oh, speak that word no more; for what are we
Compared to thee, thou good, thou noble one!
How they stood shamed before thee! the proud Greeks:
Before thee! who camest here to learn our laws,
But who has taught to them that holy law
Of truth and honor, which the gods themselves
Impressed upon thy heart!
How great, how glorious thou stoodest before me,
When thou for duty gavest up more than life—
The hope of life! And, oh, how shamed I feel
That I presumed to teach thee! Pardon me!
Forgive me.

Ing. Parthenia mine! mine!

Par. Long have I been thine;
Ay, since the day when thou didst learn to weep and fear.
When from thy hand dropped the uplifted sword,
Which threatened at my life. Yes, since that day
I loved thee; and if in shame I tried to hide it from thee,
I only loved thee more. And did I once
With foolish tyranny lay on the trials,
And with a vain superiority presume
Upon thy noble nature? let me pay
The penalty of my pride, while thus in love
And humbleness, as wife, as servant, slave,
I sink down in the dust before thy feet.

[*She is about to kneel, when Ingomar checks her, and
takes her to his bosom.*]

Ing. Before my feet! my slave! No, as two stems

With one root let us be,—springing, twined upwards
Towards the vault of heaven; we will be—

‘Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.’

Enter MYRON and ACTEA, from house.

Myr. Ah! what do I see? Degenerate girl,
Into the house with thee!

Par. Not without Ingomar.

Myr. Have you not heard the penalty?
Begone! [To Ingomar.]

Ing. Not without her. She is mine, and mine for ever

Enter POLYDOR, with two Greeks, L.

Pol. Indeed—perhaps, then, you will pay these bonds?
Two hundred drachmas, or to speak more closely,
Two hundred and thirteen.

Ing. What means this man?
Good friend, I owe thee nought.

Pol. No, I confess
I have no claim on you—but Myron, there,
And he shall pay me every drachma, too.
Ah! ha!

Myr. Sir! I owe you nothing.

Pol. Two hundred and thirteen drachmas every one to me.

Myr. I am indeed in debt some such amount
To various citizens, but —

Pol. All to me!
Aha! I have bought up all your debts, and I am now
Your only creditor; and I'll be paid, too!
Pay me, this hour.

Myr. I cannot.

Pol. Then I seize you
Here for my slave—your wife, your daughter, too;
All for my slaves—aha! Now you may mock
And gibe at Polydor! You, and this woman,
I'll sell for rubbish, but this pretty pert one
I'll keep—— [Ingomar springs on him and seizes him.]

Ing. Dog! hound! down to her feet and ask for mercy!

Pol. Help—citizens!

Par. Hold, Ingomar! It is too true, it is the law.

Ing. Law ! to make you his slave !

Par. Alas ! such is his right—harm him not, then.

Ing. She bids me spare thee, or I had, ere this,
Crushed thee beneath my heel ; what dost thou want ?

Pol. Two hundred and thirteen drachmas—I'll not bat
one.

Ing. But, man, they have it not.

Pol. They have themselves.

I'll take themselves—I will not lose my money.

Act. Parthenia shall wed thee.

Pol. I'll not have her.

Aha ! I'll have my money or my slaves—
So, come.

Ing. Hold— stay ! thou art fixed to have this ?

Pol. Ay,

Either in gold or flesh,

Ing. Will nothing move thee ?

Pol. My money or my slaves.

Ing. Wait——

Pol. Not one moment.

Come, slaves !

Ing. Stay—you are fixed to have the worth
Of your two hundred drachmas ?

Pol. And thirteen !

I'll not abate a piece.

Ing. Well, I will promise thee

A slave worth more than all your money.

Pol. Where ?

Ing. Here !

Pol. Who ?

Ing. Myself.

Par. Oh, no, no—heed him not—he's mad !

Ing. Wert thou mad when thou didst give up thyself
A pledge for what thou lovedst ? Think on them.

[*Pointing to her parents.*

Come, hasten, take thy slave !

Pol. Take thee ! a firebrand into my house !

Ing. Beware ! lay but a finger

On her or what she loves, and thou shalt know

What 'tis to live with Ingomar, thy foe.

In vain Massilia's legions shall surround thee—

In the market, amidst thy traffic, in thy home,

Thy bed, in the dark midnight, there shall still
Ingomar's eye glare on thee : thou shalt find
Thyself with Ingomar alone !

Pol. Help ! mercy !

I will consent—I——(*Aside*) Oh, the whip, the chain
Shall make him pay for this !

Ing. Give me those papers. [*Snatching them.*]

Now, Myron, thou art free ! All, all are free

Par. Oh, misery !

[*Throwing herself into the arms of Ingomar.*]

Ing. And now, old man, although unwillingly
Thou hast kept thy word, yet will I freely mine.
I will work for thee, truly, diligently,
And, weep not—cling not to me thus, Parthenia ;—
Of all the joys with which thou hast cheered my soul,
This is the purest, holiest. The slavery
That gives thee freedom, brings along with it
So rich a treasure of consoling joy,
Liberty shall be poor and worthless by its side.

Pol. I'll put thee to the proof—come, slave ! Ah, help !
What do I see ? the enemy ! the barbarians ! [*Shouts from R.*]
Treachery ! the city's taken ! Oh, my gold !

Ing. (*Looking off, R.*) Peace, fool ! do you not see they
bear green boughs ?

They come in peace—they are ambassadors.

*Enter Timarch with attendants ; with him ALASTOR, NOVIO,
and several of the Alemanni bearing green boughs.*

Tim. Behold the man you seek !

Alas. Ingomar !

[*Ingomar rushes to them and greets them.*]

Ing. Novio ! why come you here ?

Alas. We heard a rumor

One of our people was a prisoner
Within these walls ; and paused, upon our way
Against the Allobrogi, to ask its truth.

Tim. He is free as yourselves.

Alas. Silence, and let him speak. Ingomar, speak
If thou, the pride and glory of our race,
Art here under restraint, though but the lightest,
We have a force without shall quickly level
These vile walls with the dust, and bear thee off

In triumph from them. Say, then, art thou free?

Ing. (*Calmly.*) No.

Tim. No!

Alas. What art thou, then?

Ing. (*With a smile.*) A slave.

Alas. Pass round the sword without!—to the attack!—

Down with the walls!

Ing. Hold! and let no man stir.

How! think you Ingomar would live a slave

But by his own submission?

Alas. Where's the chief, then,

The mighty warrior who has vanquished thee?

I burn to look on him.

Ing. [*Pointing to Polydor, who has crept into a corner.*

Behold him, there!

Alas. Ah, he! [*Flourishes his axe, standing over him.*

Pol. Help! mercy! help!

Tim. [*Who has been talking with Myron, advances.*

Oh! noble, matchless man,

Take back thy liberty—my word confers it.

Ing. Not so—

My honor pledged me yonder creature's slave

For a condition: he has granted that:

My faith is pledged, and must be kept: who would

That Ingomar were free, must pay his ransom.

Tim. That be my privilege. (*To his attendants.*) Dis-
charge this ransom.

Be justice done—but not imperfectly—

More justice rests behind. When he is paid,

See he collects his wealth, all that he owns;

Then drive him forth beyond the city walls—

Massilia's shame and scorn.

Pol. Mercy, great Timarch!

The barbarians are without—they'll plunder me!

Tim. See thou to that—away with him!

Noble Ingomar, [*Polydor is driven out.*

If such as thou the Alemanni breed,

They must be made Massilia's friends, allies,

At any honorable price.

A few hours back we offered thee a house,

Lands, and this maid for wife.

Alas. The Greek girl ! then
 He is lost to us. Farewell—peace to Massilia !
Tim. We must have more than peace—fellowship, friendship.
 Let us be brothers—land shall be assigned you
 To found a city near us, of which city
 We name thee, Ingomar, the Timarch.

[*They shout ‘Peace!’ ‘Massilia!’ and ‘Ingomar!’*

Myr. There, wife ! dost hear ? our son-in-law a Timarch !
 Who is right now ? How, Ingomar, not a word ?

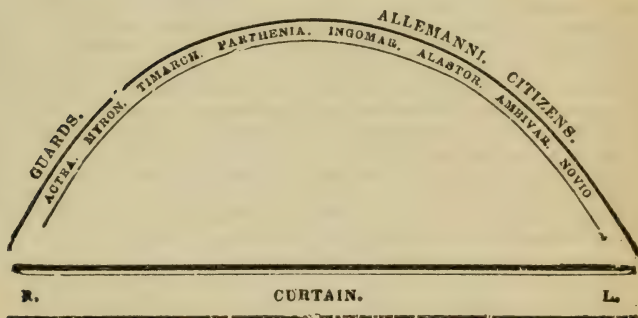
Ing. Oh, hush ! my swelling heart has only room
 For one thought, for one word—Parthenia, mine,
 For ever mine ! (*Embracing her.*) To love I owe this bliss.

Par. To love and honor.

Ing. Ah ! now, indeed, for ever we are joined—

‘Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.’

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